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POST

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VIRUS MYSTERY

DR. SPOCK babies, 'the book' and the bomb

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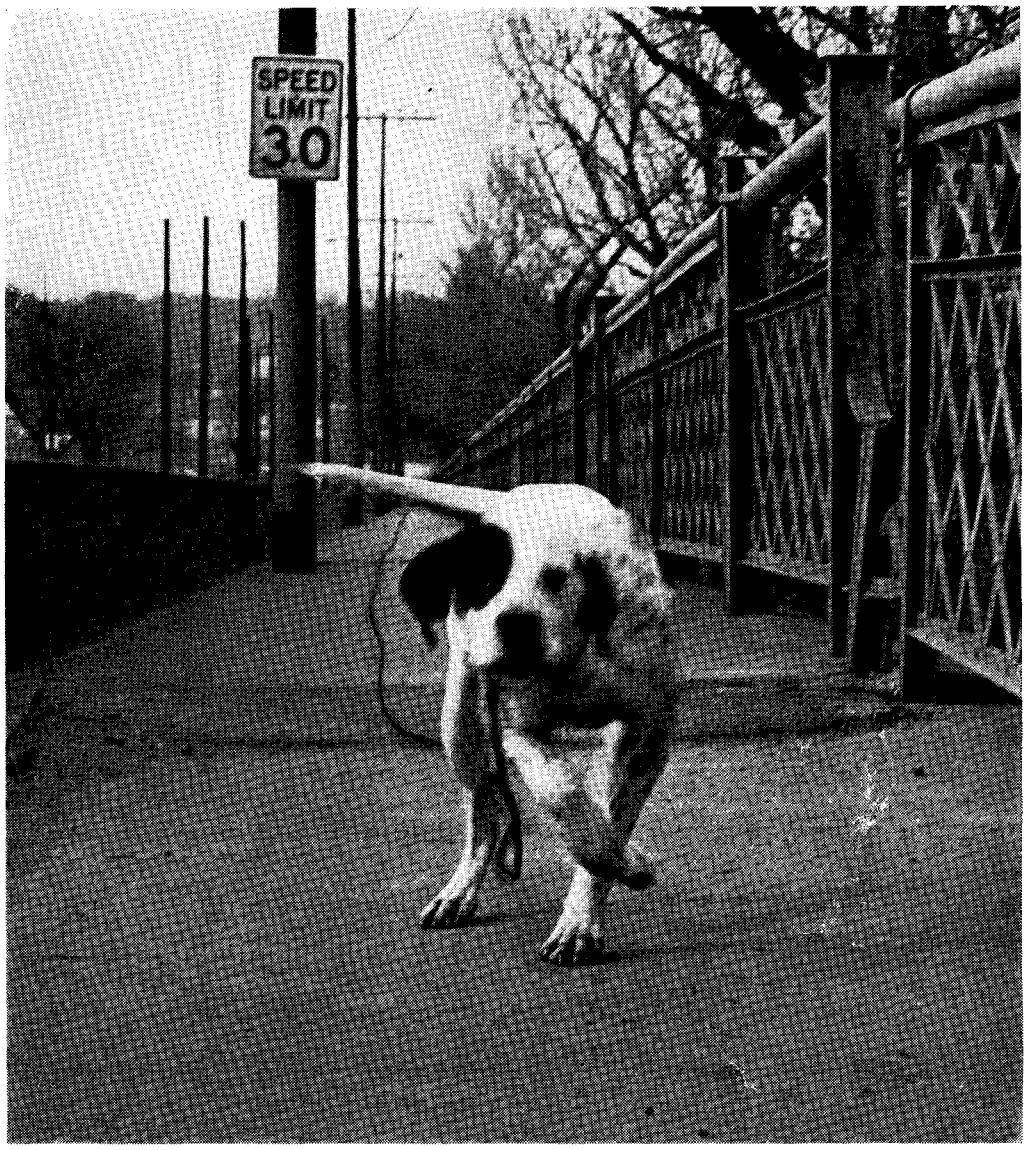
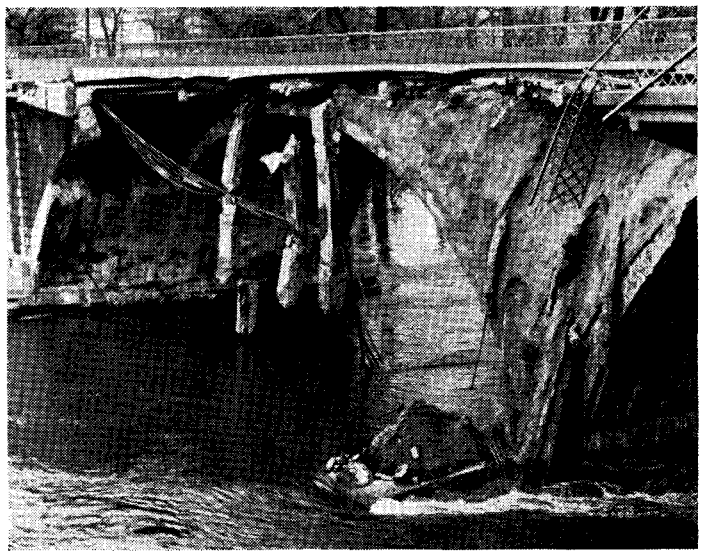
How the "Duke of Des Moines" helped restore service to 10,000 telephone customers



Duke trots lightly across the dangerous span with a line tied to his collar.



This twisted, broken bridge kept hundreds of telephone men and women from enjoying Easter with their families.

A line crew in the cable pit, painstakingly splicing thousands of wires in one cable to their mates in another.

On the Saturday before Easter, 1965, a section of the Sixth Avenue bridge in Des Moines, Iowa, collapsed with a roar into the flooded river below. Seven telephone cables beneath the bridge were broken. 10,000 telephones were silenced.

The bridge break was sudden and unexpected. But within minutes, telephone workers were rushing to restore service—hundreds of men and a dog.

The dog was Duke. And his first job was to help get an emergency cable across the treacherous, weakened section of the bridge still standing—which might go down under human weight.

Duke's owner, a telephone man, tied a light line to the dog's collar. Then he drove to the other side by another route and whistled for Duke. The dog came trotting eagerly across the span, bringing the line with him. This, in turn, was used to pull the first temporary cable across. Fire stations, fire call boxes, state police headquarters and other essential phones were soon operating again.

Meantime, work went on around the clock. Special operators intercepted calls to the affected area. Girls in service centers checked records, helped cable splicers identify customers' lines. On the spot, telephone crews spliced thousands of lines, wire by wire.

By Easter morning, men, trucks and materials were arriving from all over Iowa. And just 86 hours and 20 minutes after the bridge collapsed, 13,400 splices had been made and every phone was back in service.

The Bell System meets many emergencies, big and little—fires, floods, hurricanes, earthquakes, blackouts, transit strikes. During 1965 alone, thousands of Bell System people pitched in to repair disaster damage costing millions of dollars. And each emergency is handled as quickly and humanly as possible—as on that Easter in Des Moines.

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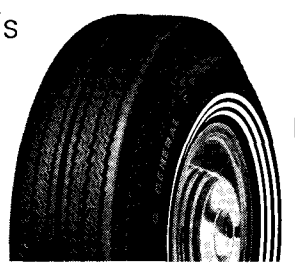

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About this issue

JOHN SKOW was a hero to neighborhood kids when they found out about his Batman assignment. However, when the kids started showing more interest in Batman than in him, Skow tried to get even by claiming (falsely) that their champion is just over four feet tall. Thereupon, says Skow, the inflamed young fans stoned him through the streets. . . . WELLES HANGEN, who wrote the article on the booming new industries of the Ruhr valley, spent two years in East and West Germany as an NBC correspondent. He holds a press fellowship from the Council on Foreign Relations in New York. . . . JOAN DIDION, who probes a strange murder in California, has published one novel, *Run River*, and has written for such periodicals as *Vogue*, *Holiday* and *Harper's Bazaar*. . . . JOYCE STRANGER's novel, *The Running Foxes*, was a best seller in England. An amateur naturalist, Miss Stranger is now working on a book about shire horses. The cover photo, showing Dr. Spock with grandsons Peter and Daniel, was taken by PHILIPPE HALSMAN.

Joan Didion

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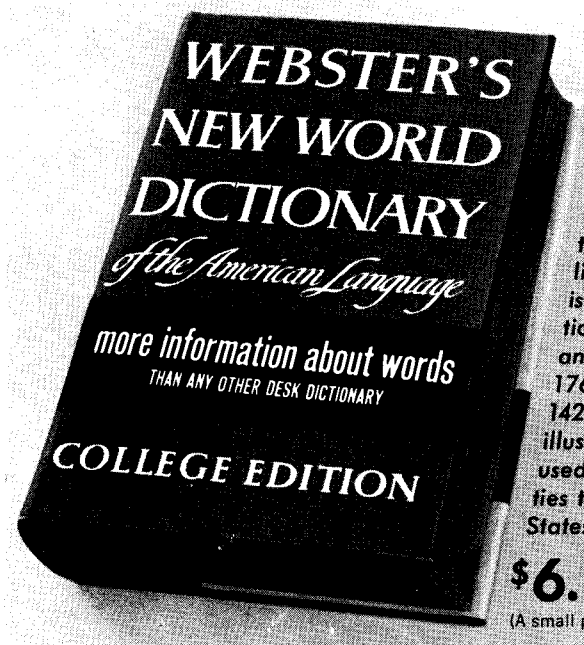

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Letters

Star-struck

Dear Sir:

I'd like to compliment you on the first intelligent article on astrology I have ever read in a national magazine [A LOOK AT TOMORROW TODAY, March 26]. Most of them are written by people who have as much grasp of the subject as pussycats. Richard Armstrong did a fine job.

MURIEL FULLER
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

The dissemination of horoscopes is harmful in the same fashion that the publication of quack medical beliefs may be. Sick and ignorant and gullible people should not be hoodwinked. As a responsible publication, *The Post* should not encourage the horoscope racket.

ALFRED GRAY REID
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sir:

If astrology is such bunk, rest assured that J. P. Morgan, one of the most astute financiers who ever lived, would not have employed Evangeline Adams, America's late premiere astrologer and great-great-granddaughter of President John Quincy Adams, to chart the stock-market rises and depressions. Mr. Armstrong failed to mention *how* Miss Adams won her acquittal on a charge of fortune-telling in a New York court in 1914. When she was up before the judge, he asked her to look in her astrological ephemeris and describe the character of his wife. Merely by looking up the positions and signs tenanted by the planets on the day of his wife's birth, she told him that his wife was a habitual kleptomaniac! The judge said it was all too true and acquitted Miss Adams on the spot.

FREDERIC VAN NORSTRAND
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

If the astrologers have valid arguments, it is hard to see why they lean so heavily on the claimed support of prominent people. There may still be those who think that 50 million Frenchmen can't be wrong, at least if the Frenchmen are famous enough; but it is hardly flattering to assume that we are all in this stage still.

Also, the lists of successful predictions which characterize so much of astrological literature mean nothing unless we can compare them with the number of unsuccessful ones. A batting average means more than a list of hits.

HARRY C. STUBBS
Milton, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

As a college student seriously interested in astrology, I find myself a heretic. No wonder so many astrologers are dropouts in an academic world where astrology is unanimously condemned without benefit of trial.

HUGH HIGGINS
Urbana, Ill.

Sir:

The article on astrology omits one extremely pertinent fact. Because of the slow movement of the earth's axis with respect to the heavens (the precession of the equinoxes), the constellations after which the ancient stargazers named the signs of the zodiac have moved over one place.

Astrologers still speak of a person born, for example, during the month following the vernal equinox, March 21, as an Aries personality, for the sun at that time of year was in Aries—about 2,000 years ago. Nowadays, the sun during the same month is in Pisces—the constellation, that is. This dislocation extends all around the circle of signs used for astrological computations.

Knowing this, who could doubt that astrology is neither science nor pseudoscience, but a bit of mumbo jumbo 20 centuries behind the times?

JEROME BARRY
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

In the paragraph relating to Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, the astrologer says: ". . . will she (Mrs. Kennedy) marry again? This latter question I would answer with a very firm "No" (parentheses mine).

When delineating a natal chart, your ethical astrologer is cognizant that he reads and interprets same according to his knowledge and educational background—which may be excellent but seldom is perfect. The astrologer does not assume the prerogatives of the Almighty and make solemn predictions that the client will act thus and so like a puppet. Rather does the ethical astrologer suggest upcoming trends, possibilities and sensitive dates of good fortune or stress and strain, suggesting how to handle the adverse periods and how to make the most of harmonious times.

If the chart for Mrs. Kennedy is correct as to time, etc., contrary to your astrologer's statement, I would suspect Mrs. Kennedy *will* marry again, and she could very well marry a nobleman who has money! She will very likely be faced with this decision before the end of 1967. But in the final analysis, the decision rests with Mrs. Kennedy.

OLIVE ADELE PRYOR
Elmhurst, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

Having been involved in these things for many years, I greatly appreciated the constructive way in which you tried to picture the growing interest in astrology. I must, however, take exception to Mr. Zoltan S. Mason's interpretation of Mrs. Kennedy's horoscope with respect to the question of her marrying again at some future time. Undoubtedly there are indications that would lead one to a judgment as rendered by him. Especially the opposition of Venus and Saturn is a sign of "duty before happiness."

But far more important is her Jupiter in the seventh house of marriage in the double sign Gemini. The answer is a very firm "yes," she will marry again. It may take some years to come about, with the transits of Uranus giving a clue as to when this may occur.

G. C. DENCKER
Winnetka, Ill.

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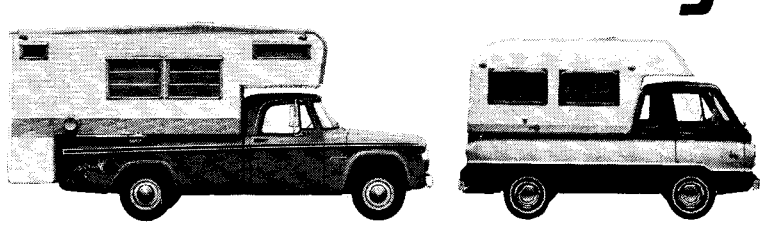

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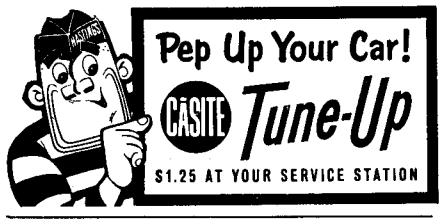

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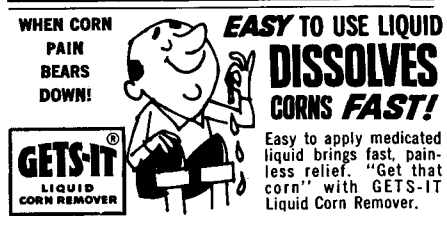
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Letters

Policy for Vietnam

Dear Sirs:

At last, a possible ray of light on the Vietnam issue. Many senators have pointed out many of the fallacies of our Vietnam policies, but Jim Morris seems to indicate a way of coming out on top of the mess. [WE MUST COLONIZE VIETNAM, March 26.]

(REV.) CARTER PARTEE, O.F.M.
Bloomfield, N. Mex.

Editor:

It was a terrific article. Just don't mislead the public with the title, WE MUST COLONIZE VIETNAM. This was not the message the writer intended to convey. More important, it is precisely the kind of headline the Communists have been looking for.

We don't want to colonize Vietnam or anywhere else. The current theme (which I hope is true) is that we are no longer imperialists looking for foreign colonies. We want no land, trade or anything else material from our effort in Vietnam. We just want to stop Red China in her little wars of liberation. Please get this straightened out, as I'm sure you did not intend to hurt the cause in which Jim Morris is so interested, and which 98 percent of the American people support.

CHARLES BELOUS
Port Washington, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

. . . I greatly fear that the adverse effect of this title . . . will be such as to prejudice any further public statements I may make on the subject [of Vietnam]. The title places me in the position of defending views which are opposed to my own, for the point of the article was that the United States, rather than continue to prop up an inept democracy, must force the Vietnamese to develop a viable indigenous government—surely the opposite of colonization.

JIM MORRIS
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Death as a deterrent

Dear Sirs:

Don't you see any connection between our galloping crime rate and our diminishing rate of executions [TOWARD THE END OF THE DEATH PENALTY, March 26 editorial]?

To give an example of the converse: When the American army was driving across Germany from the Rhine to the Elbe in World War II, I commanded the leading infantry regiment in the Ninth Army. For the first few days we had a number of casualties from Germans who would hide out until our combat troops passed, then bushwhack our communications troops that were following. When flushed out, they would raise their hands in surrender.

After two days of this, I issued orders that Germans who opposed the combat echelon would be taken as P.O.W.'s, but those who tried to bushwhack the communications and supply troops would, when they offered to surrender, be shot down. The nearest burgomaster was notified and told to pass the word on. We only had to shoot about a dozen before the German roads were safer than ours are.

COL. E. B. CRABILL (RET.)
Riviera Beach, Fla.

Editor:

Congratulations on your editorial against capital punishment.

Having witnessed an execution, I feel this is one of the most tragic acts of man in our time, and that, unless a citizen protests it, he shares a responsibility in it.

HOWARD BRODIE
Palo Alto, Calif.

Pot likker

Dear Sir:

You need hogs if you are making whiskey. You put the stuff into charred kegs and roll them into the hog yard. You pour crankcase oil, which your filling-station friends save for you, over the kegs. Hogs keep rubbing their sides on the kegs, and the result is a fast aging, which in a month will equal a voyage in a small ship to Australia and back. Besides, the hogs like the spent mash and thrive on it, although most have a sort of silly look on their faces.

Your Mr. William Price Fox appears to have been around a little, but a very great deal has been withheld from him. [THE LOST ART OF MOONSHINE, March 26.]

VERN O. HOLGATE
Marquette, Mich.

The loyal opposition

Dear Sir:

In your editorial headed IS THERE A REPUBLICAN PARTY? [March 12] you ask the question: "Is there a Republican Party program nowadays that offers any constructive alternatives on civil rights or economic planning or urban blight or anything else?"

The "alternatives" to civil rights are civil wrongs. You didn't mean that this is what the Republicans should offer "nowadays," did you?

The Republican Party has an alternative for "economic planning." You must have heard of it. It's called the free market—or competitive enterprise—or free enterprise.

What do you mean by an "alternative" to urban blight? It is obvious that the action which should be taken—not an alternative—is to remove the blight. The Republican Party is as much in favor of such action as the Democratic Party. The issue is who plans the removal of the blight, who pays the taxes on it, and who controls the spending of the money.

Yes, the Republican Party has a constructive policy and all of our citizens can be grateful for it. It is a policy of individual, community and state responsibility rather than of federal economic planning, spending and control. It is the only policy which can perpetuate our freedom.

ROSS ROY
Detroit, Mich.

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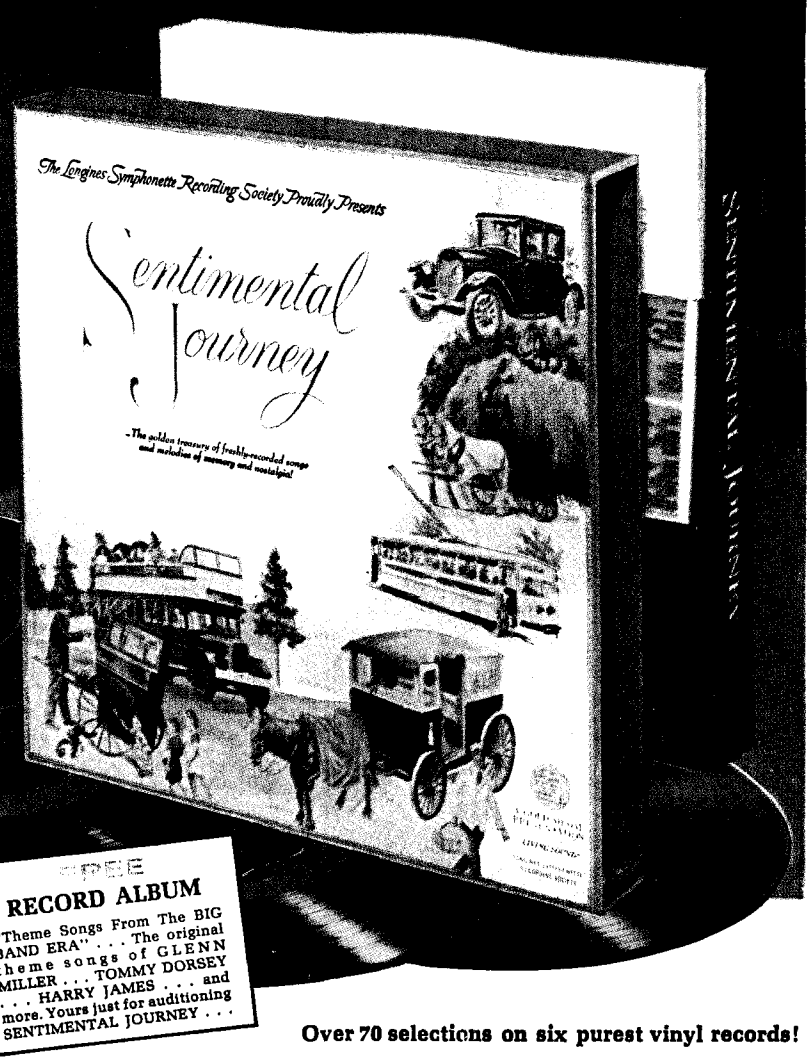
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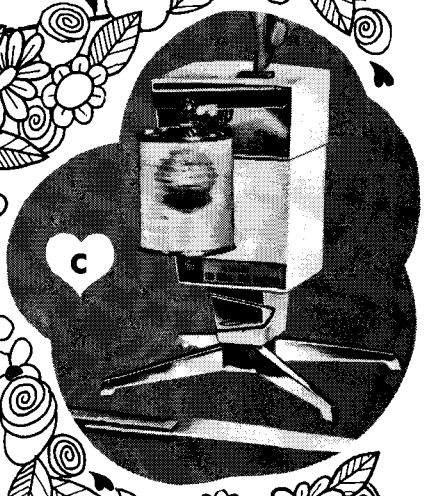

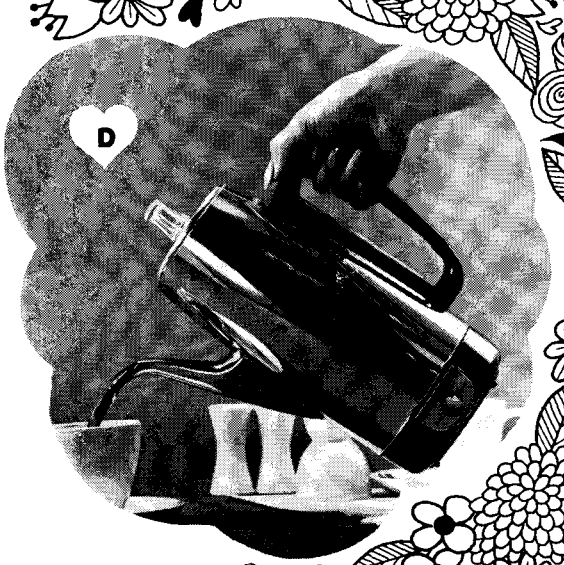

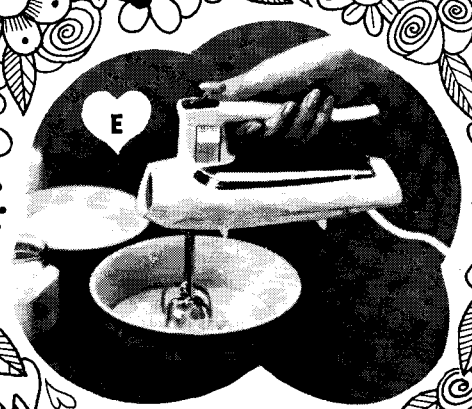

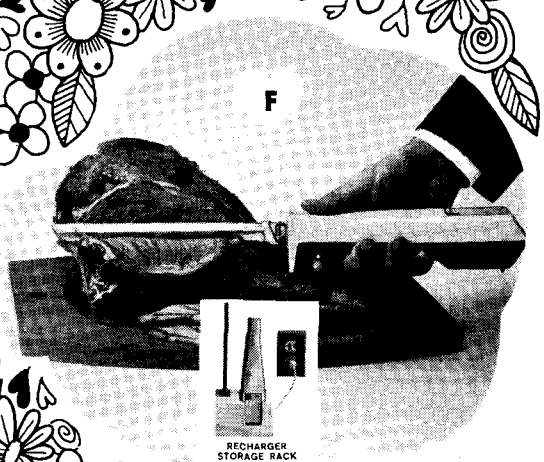

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Speaking Out

CIVILIANS SHOULDN'T JUDGE COPS

BY WALTER ARM

The author was a deputy commissioner of New York City's Police Department for 10 years, after 20 years as a newspaperman. Among books he has written is Payoff, *an exposé of how bookies operated in New York with police protection.*

At a time when crime rates are frighteningly high and rising, the power of the police to protect life and liberty is being jeopardized by City Hall itself. Many mayors and other city officials, whether they realize it or not, are responding to the national fad of using police as whipping boys and political pawns. The City Hall ploy is to empower civilians to sit as judges when citizens have complaints against cops, under the guise of thus alleviating the city's tensions. What city officials fail to realize is that such a politically motivated step would reduce hard-won police discipline and effectiveness to a mockery.

The move to set up such a system now centers in New York, where Mayor John V. Lindsay, pressured by charges that police are often "brutal," has promised to establish a civilian-review board. Police officials elsewhere have beseeched the New York police to "stand fast" in their fight against civilian review, for they know that if New York adopts the system many other cities will do the same. Police all agree that such a development will damage police work irremediably. This is something we can ill afford at a time when a burglary is being committed somewhere in the country every 28 seconds, an assault every three minutes and a murder every hour.

The idea that civilians should judge all police actions has popular appeal, for police today are a minority, victims of a stereotyped misconception and group libel. Many people have become infected with the idea that policemen get their kicks by beating and shooting people. Many politicians, including Mayor Lindsay, have predicted that tensions that afflict minority groups will be eased if authority to deal with complaints against policemen is taken away from the police department. Civil-rights leaders have gone a step further and argued that one of the rights their people lack is protection against policemen.

Former New York Police Commissioner Vincent L. Broderick called the move for an outside board a "cruel hoax" and lost his job. But he was right. The hoax lies in the fact that such a board is presented as a panacea for many urban problems, just as cops are used as the convenient target for every type of grievance, whether the cause is racial prejudice, slum violence or a needed traffic light.

Obviously the threat of police brutality is a problem, and it will continue to be a problem so long as we need to give human beings clubs, guns and the mandate to deal in our behalf with the enemies of society. What is not so obvious is that policemen are confronted by the threat of violence almost daily, and must meet force with force to protect themselves and others. A good cop must learn to control his temper or face the consequences. He knows that if he misuses his power, he faces punishment by his superiors.

I particularly remember one day when a New York detective inspector told me, only half-jokingly, that a spectacular murder of the 1950's would have been solved if he'd arrived at his office five minutes later that morning. What he meant was that, when he opened the office door, a frustrated detective was about to punch a suspect who had been under questioning and was at the breaking point. "Stop it," the inspector yelled. The punch was never thrown, the confession never came, and the crime was never solved.

To the proponents of civilian review the detective's action may prove he was a sadist. This would be a wrong-headed point of view, for detectives on a hot case often work for days without sleep, and this one had reached a breaking point of his own in a business that can be demanding in ways that only cops know. What is worth noting here is that the detective knew at once that his superior would not permit the beating of a prisoner, and he also knew that only one punch could get him in trouble—a lot of it. The inspector explained that he was worried not only about the charge of brutality that would inevitably follow but also that the confession would be useless if extracted by force.

He knew what most advocates of civilian-review boards can't seem to understand—that "brutality" is the exception, not the rule. For that matter most hate-the-cops fanatics seem to think that police blindly reject all civilian control. In fact, the typical department is run by a civilian commissioner appointed by the mayor, and it gets its funds from an elected city council. Another popular myth is that policemen are exempt from punishment for crimes. In fact, cops can be indicted and tried by the courts like any other citizens. But policemen also insist that their work is so unusual that only people with knowledge of this work can judge whether it is done correctly.

As police officials universally point out, their position is not unique: The military services, the medical and legal professions also have problems which would be outside a layman's ordinary experience, and they are allowed to police their own ranks, under their own code. If a marine training sergeant marches his men into a creek and they drown, if a surgeon performs a questionable operation, the guilty man's colleagues judge him.

The police consider, and rightly so, that their problems are just as exceptional. What civilians tend to forget is that a policeman, *as part of his job*, may be attacked with knife or club or gun, and he *must* respond with all necessary force to make the arrest. A cop's critics can later tell him what he should have done, but they weren't there.

Consider this case. A policeman in upper Manhattan came on two Puerto Ricans who had cornered a young couple. One of the Puerto Ricans had a knife. The cop ordered him to drop the knife. Instead, he slashed at the policeman, cutting his coat, and then ran. Policemen have precise rules for such incidents—fire a warning shot, shout "Halt!" and then shoot at the fugitive if, in the officer's judgment, this is warranted. The cop decided in that split second that the second shot was warranted, and the fugitive was killed.

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

The dead fugitive was small and young. The cop was a husky veteran, and of course newspapers make a lot out of such a situation. The case was so clear-cut that it never came to the department's review board, of which I was chairman nearly 10 years while holding rank as deputy commissioner of community relations. This board, composed of three civilian appointees who know police work well, carefully considers all civilian complaints against cops and issues charges which lead to public departmental trials. Almost all police departments have such a system.

For a review board outside the department there would have been tremendous pressures for the board to get involved in the case. When the public's emotions run high, there is often prejudgment and a demand for a police scapegoat. Minority groups are particularly sensitive to police actions against any of their members. In fact, the demand for review boards has grown out of the struggle for civil rights, and a civilian board would be beset by all the political complexities of that struggle

Aside from this, there would be the emotional issue—a boy had been shot. Thus the board would become a People's Court, reflecting the public passions and political expediency. That the cop had to make a lightning decision, and that he followed the rules, would be overlooked.

And I'll tell you what the reaction would be. Cops are realists, and they can live with anything, even a civilian-review board. They'd adapt to the board with its political pressures. Cops give the public what it wants, and if enforcement is too tough, then it can be relaxed very easily.

The incessant and generally phony charges of "police brutality" have already made their mark on cops, you can be sure. "What I'm going to have to do," one officer said bitterly, "is to bring a scale along and make sure I don't get any puny criminals." Among New York cops the typical reaction to the threat of a civilian-review board takes the form of advice, one cop to another: "If it comes, just don't stick your neck out; in case of doubt do nothing and sweat out the job until retirement."

A test of how civilians act in judging policemen has been made in Philadelphia, where a civilian-review board has been set up as an adjunct to the mayor's office after the city council had refused to endorse it. The results I've heard prove that such a board provides no miracle cures. Tensions are still high. Complaints from minority groups are as

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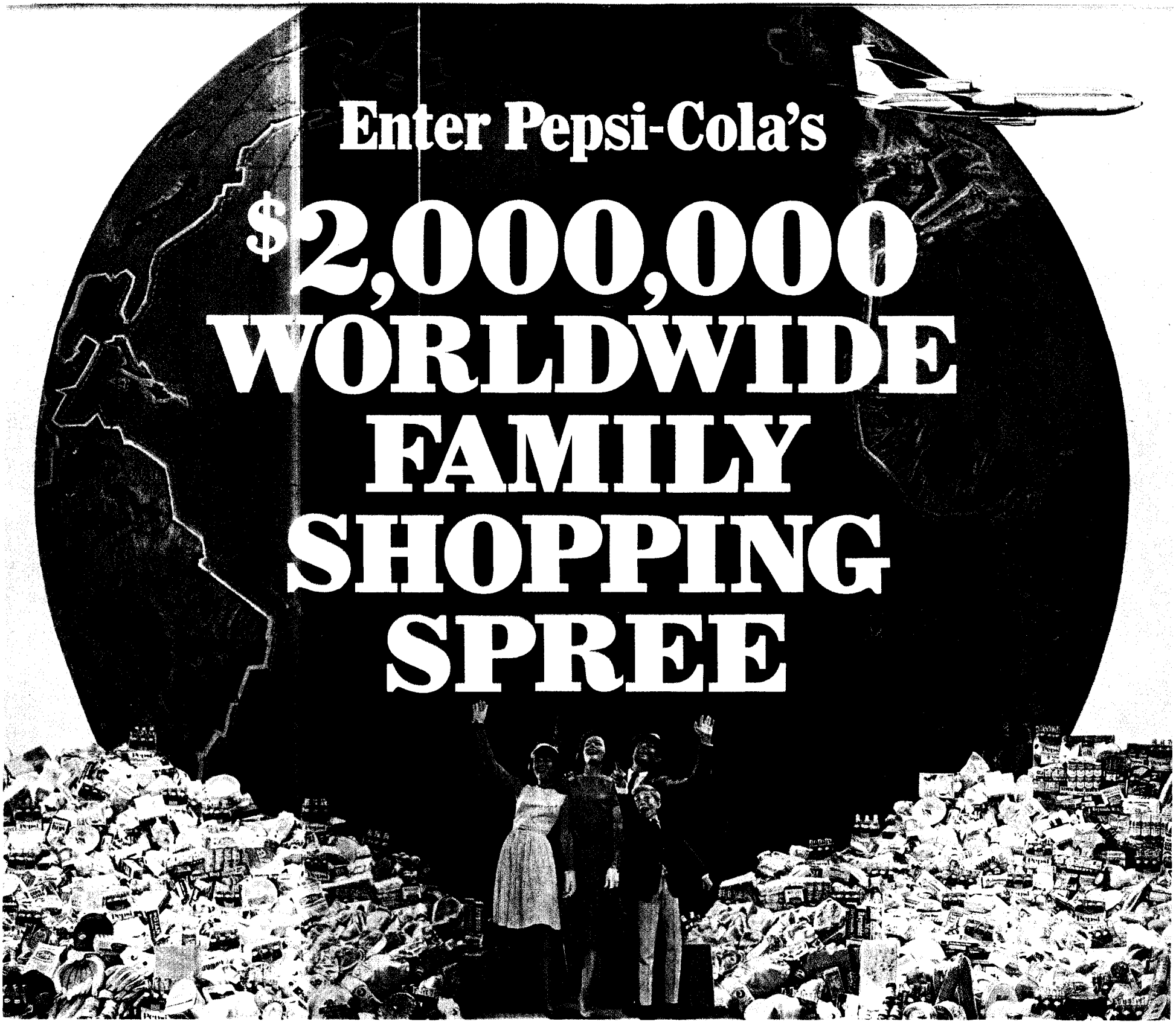

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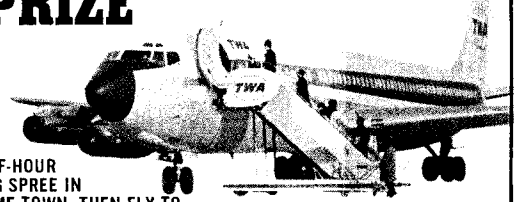

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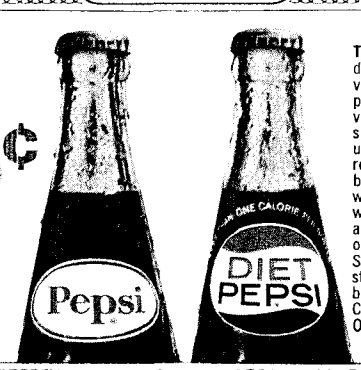

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numerous as ever. A Philadelphia N.A.A.C.P. official charged that the board is "too lenient." But aside from this, the board has been trying some things that would strike any police administrator as absurd. Policemen accused of abusing citizens have been told to apologize and shake hands and the case is marked "settled." But a cop in trouble will be glad to say, "I'm sorry," to get off the hook. Inside the police department, which is a paramilitary organization, misbehavior cannot be arbitrated. When punishment of a cop is justified, the department must always impose it so that discipline can be maintained and a lesson learned. I remember many cases before our board in which complainants declined to testify against policemen, but we indicted and punished the officers anyway.

In a *Harvard Law Review* study of police-review boards, Harold Beral and Marcus Sisk of Harvard Law School reported: "One major advantage of review of citizens' complaints by the police themselves is expertness. The relation of police discipline to the needs and operations of the police force may best be evaluated by high-level officers who face the problems of police administration daily...." I doubt that people outside a police department realize what "police administration" entails and what kind of decisions a civilian-review board would have to make.

Take a charge that is not too uncommon these days when the cry of "police brutality" is so popular. "The cop hit me across the mouth with a nightstick." As any cop will tell you, this is a most unlikely charge, if the complainant is talking, because a nightstick will shatter a jaw every time.

Another charge: A cop held a citizen while a second cop squeezed his throat. True—and brutal-sounding. The cops had stopped the citizen, a narcotics suspect, and he'd popped something into his mouth. A cop had held his throat so he couldn't swallow the deck of heroin. To make the "brutality" even worse, the other cop had forced open his jaws to get the evidence. Factually, that was the extent of the "brutality" complaint.

The gravest charge of all, of course, is homicide. A lieutenant named Thomas Gilligan shot and killed 15-year-old James Powell in full view of many witnesses. Civil-rights groups screamed "murder"; two days later the terrible Harlem riot of 1964 erupted. The easy thing for the department to do would have been to suspend Gilligan, but this would have meant prejudging the case. The public had already made prejudgments on the basis of widely circulated stories that Powell did not have a weapon and that Gilligan had shot him in the back.

While Negro groups distributed circulars carrying Gilligan's picture and the words "Wanted for Murder," a grand jury cleared Gilligan of criminal liability. The case then came to our review board. This is what had happened, according to witnesses, including medical and ballistics experts. Powell, with a knife in his hand, had shouted a threat and was charging up a stoop toward an apartment superintendent when Gilligan, off duty and wearing a sports shirt, came out of a shop next door. He told Powell to stop and pulled out his shield and revolver and announced himself as a police officer. Powell started toward the lieutenant. Again Gilligan told him to stop, and when he did not, Gilligan fired a warning shot. Powell slashed Gilligan's knuckles, drawing blood. Gilligan, a veteran officer who has many commendations and is an expert marksman, fired again and hit the knife arm. Powell kept on coming, Gilligan fired a third shot, and Powell fell on the sidewalk, face down. Gilligan, shaken, remained standing over the body until the police and an ambulance arrived.

The scars of this tragic case will never quite disappear, particularly from Gilligan's mind. Ironically, if Gilligan had not injected himself into the case, and Powell had injured the apartment superintendent, Gilligan would have faced a departmental charge of evading his duty. If Gilligan had not fired, he might have been a dead hero. The police job, I submit, is not designed to bring many thanks. I also pose a question: Could a board of civilians have weighed the facts dispassionately and without concern for political consequences?

I doubt it. Not long afterward I attended a meeting with Harlem leaders, intended to improve the neighborhood's relations with police. One after another, speakers rose and asked us furiously, "When are you going to stop shooting little boys in the back?" It was hard to convince them that police did not shoot wantonly and were not waging war against "boys," but against criminals.

The worst aspect of the move to take self-policing powers away from police is its timing.

What must be realized is that the policeman of today is far different from his predecessors. He is better educated, better trained. He is aware of the new problems which confront him and society. The modern police officer is determined to make law enforcement his career and to make his career into a profession. Self-improvement is the mark of professionalism. So is self-discipline. Today's cops know the day of the nightstick is gone. Even civil-rights leaders agree that "police brutality" is scattered and spontaneous rather than systematic, and that it is extremely rare in terms of the number of contacts between police and civilians.

No police force can function well if it knows that every decision will be the subject of debate by persons unfamiliar with the problems of policing a city. The police are the first arm of government. To subject them to political interference and adulterate their authority is to expose them to indecision and impotence.

The New York Civil Liberties Union recently reported that it would institute a review of all citizens' complaints against policemen to find out how widespread brutality is. I hope it goes ahead with that job. I am certain that the myth of the "brutal cop" would be disspelled. But more important, it's about time that the misconceptions were removed, and that people realized that a conscientious police force can police itself, and that the public enemy is not the policeman—but the criminal.

Charles Rose

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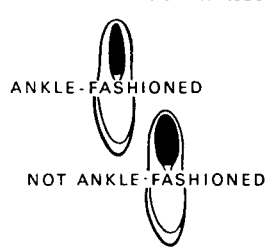

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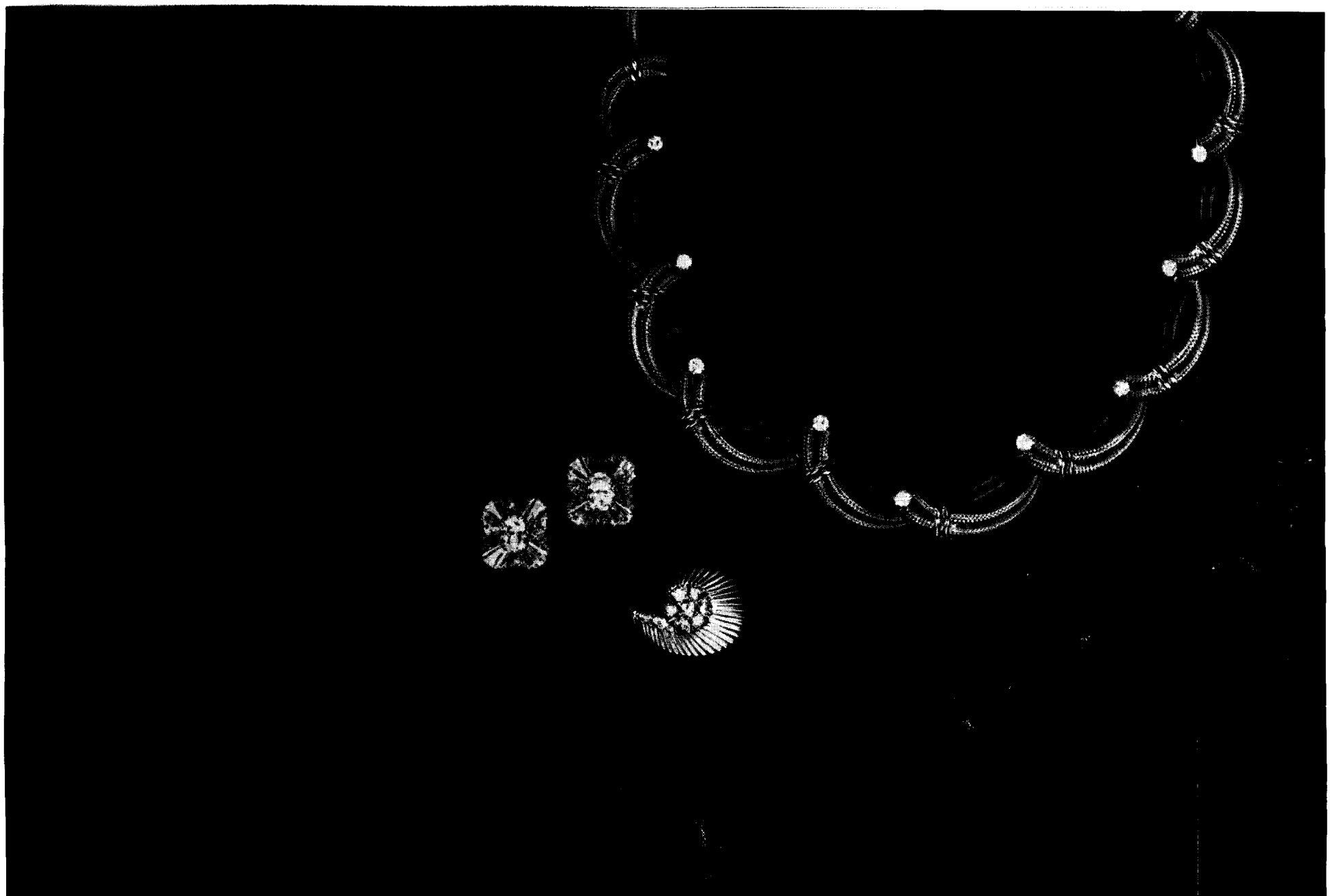

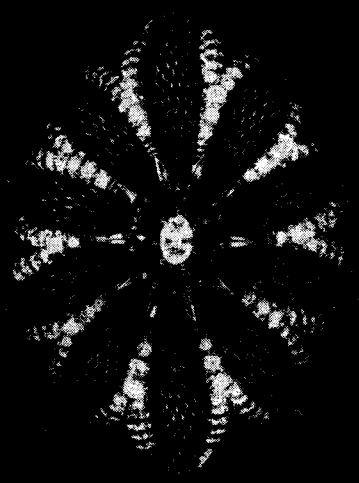

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"Our bond grows stronger" and it gives flattery and joy,
time without ending. A gift of diamonds
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Uncle Sam's pound of flesh

WASHINGTON:

Two rather heartrending letters from an Iowa farmer to this reporter, with the replies, may interest taxpayers burdened with the prospect of higher taxes in the future and smarting from the painful memories of April 15. The Iowa farmer prefers not to have his name used, but he has given permission for his letters to be published. The correspondence follows, in somewhat abbreviated form.

MR. STEWART ALSOP KEOTA, IOWA

Dear Sir: A party gave me some papers and one of them was the Saturday Evening Post of July 31, 1965, in which you had a page about loopholes in income tax and some people pay very little and some not any tax.

I am a farmer here in Iowa and work very hard put in long hours and save to make any money on the farm and I would like to keep it and not give a big share for income tax

Would you please tell what I have to do in order that I do not need to pay very little if any income tax and take advantage of the loopholes. Please let me know by return mail the answers Thanking you very kindly

Yours truly

DEAR SIR:

I'm afraid I cannot help you with your problem, since I am not a tax lawyer and do not know your particular situation.

Yours sincerely,
STEWART ALSOP

MR. STEWART ALSOP

Dear Sir:—I wrote to you several weeks ago about that I seen in the Saturday Evening Post that there was some loophole in the tax law that some people take advantage of and pay very little if any tax. I received your answer but it did not give me any information and if you could give me a few of the main requirements that are necessary to get by paying this income tax I would greatly appreciate it. I would give it to my local tax man and maybe we could work it out.

Please let me know by return mail and do not forget to give me the name of a good tax man that knows.

Thanking you for all the trouble and the information.

Yours Very Truly

DEAR SIR:

I must say I admire your persistence, and so I'll try to answer your letter in more detail, although I'm afraid this letter won't be much more useful to you than my first.

You are quite right that "some people pay very little and some not any tax." In the last year on record, 1959, five of the 19 richest people in the country, all with incomes over five million dollars a year, paid no income tax at all. Moreover, the figures show that the income-tax system in this country, as it really works, is not progressive at all. On the average, the richer you are, the less you pay in income taxes as a proportion of your income, after about $100,000 a year.

And that is why I'm afraid this letter won't be very useful to you. Your problem, if my guess is right, is that (a) as you say, you work very hard and put in long hours, and (b) you're not very rich, or at least I gather you're not very rich. There is no way for people who work very hard and who are not very rich to avoid paying income tax.

If you work, you earn income, and as any tax lawyer will tell you, "earned income" is what you must at all costs avoid, because that is what you pay income taxes on. If your earned income is very high, a good tax lawyer can tell you how to save money on it. Almost all the big law firms in New York—or in Chicago, which is more convenient to you—have lawyers specializing in tax law. But you ought to be warned, tax lawyers come high, and unless your income is in six figures, it's hardly worth consulting a high-priced tax lawyer.

Of course, some Iowa farmers are pretty rich. Are you in corn-and-hog farming? Well, if you have a very big outside income, you might think of switching to cattle. In *The Great Treasury Raid*, by Philip M. Stern, you will find how, by "cowboy arithmetic," it is possible for someone in the 69 percent tax bracket to *make* $64,367 while actually appearing, for tax purposes, to *lose* $94,750. But mind you, to achieve this kind of tax magic, you have to have a six-figure income.

How much is your farm worth? You might consider selling it, and putting the money into tax-free bonds. For example, Mrs. Horace Dodge inherited $56 million and put the whole bundle into tax-free bonds. She was thus, as Philip Stern points out, "in a position to enjoy over $1,500,000 of yearly income *without even reporting it on her tax return.*" You don't have to bother with income-tax forms if all your money is in tax-free bonds. But tax-free bonds rarely pay higher than 3 percent or so, and your farm would have to be worth a lot of money to give you an income you could live on comfortably. If you sold the place for around $200,000, for example, you'd have to get along on $6,000 a year, or a bit less. That's not much these days.

Not much chance of finding oil on your place, I suppose? If you do, by any chance, be sure to hire a good tax lawyer specializing in oil. By taking advantage of "intangible drilling expenses" and that sort of thing, you should be able to get away with very little tax, or none at all.

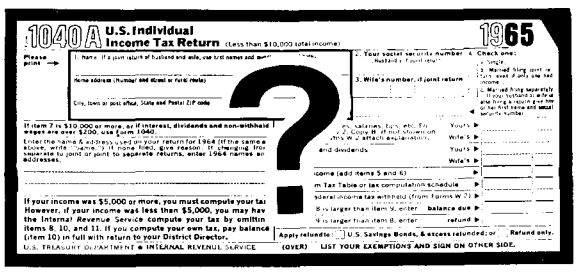
I must confess I'm beginning to run out of ideas about how you might deal with your situation. I don't suppose there's much of a market in Keota for apartments or office suites? If there were, you could work out some such deal as this with a farmer friend: You could build an apartment house or office building on your place while he built one on his. You could write off the rental income, or most of it, as depreciation over a five-year period, on the accelerated-depreciation basis, and thus pay no income taxes or very little, while enjoying a fine income.

After five years you could sell your apartment house to your friend, while he sold his to you and start depreciating all over again. But of course you'd have to have the money, or at least the credit, to build in the first place, and there would have to be a lot of people in Keota who wanted to rent apartments or offices.

Not much chance of your starting a flourishing insurance or savings-and-loan business, is there? They're both fine tax shelters, but it's not easy to switch from corn-and-hog farming to that kind of business. No, Sir, I'm afraid your best bet is to stick with your "local tax man" and give Uncle Sam his pound of flesh. As I say, if you work for your money, and if you're not very rich, Uncle has got you where he wants you. If it irritates you that there are people with incomes of over five million dollars a year who don't pay any income tax at all, just forget it. No use being small-minded about things like that.

Yours sincerely,

Stewart Alsop



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Dr. Kenneth Flynn of Stamford, Conn., works in the research lab of a major chemical company

"My career in chemistry comes first. Life insurance can wait!"

"Then a MONY man showed me a low-cost plan that would let me protect my family while I furthered my career."

MONY man Al Kovacs talks it over with Dr. Kenneth Flynn

"'I'm just starting out,' I told MONY man Al Kovacs. 'Besides that, I still want to get my Ph.D. Life insurance is out of the question!'

"But Al surprised me. He showed how I could adequately protect my family for the least amount of money. And still have enough left to finish school!

"Part of his program for me included temporary protection then. But now that I have my doctorate, I'll be converting that part into permanent insurance that will build up cash value I can get my hands on if I ever need to. Later it will all become part of an estate for my family.

"Al has already worked out a program for my wife... and now we're talking about a plan for the kids.

"It sure is nice to know that I've got just the right insurance... and that Al Kovacs and MONY are on my side."

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Last year, Jimmy Clark won the Indianapolis 500 on Firestone tires. The year before that—and in fact for the last 42 consecutive races—the winners have all driven home on Firestone tires. Even in the first race, back in 1911, Ray Harroun rode to victory on Firestones. And frankly, we get a great kick out of winning. But that's not the point. What's important is what's in it for you.
There's plenty. For what we learn on the track, we put in our tires.

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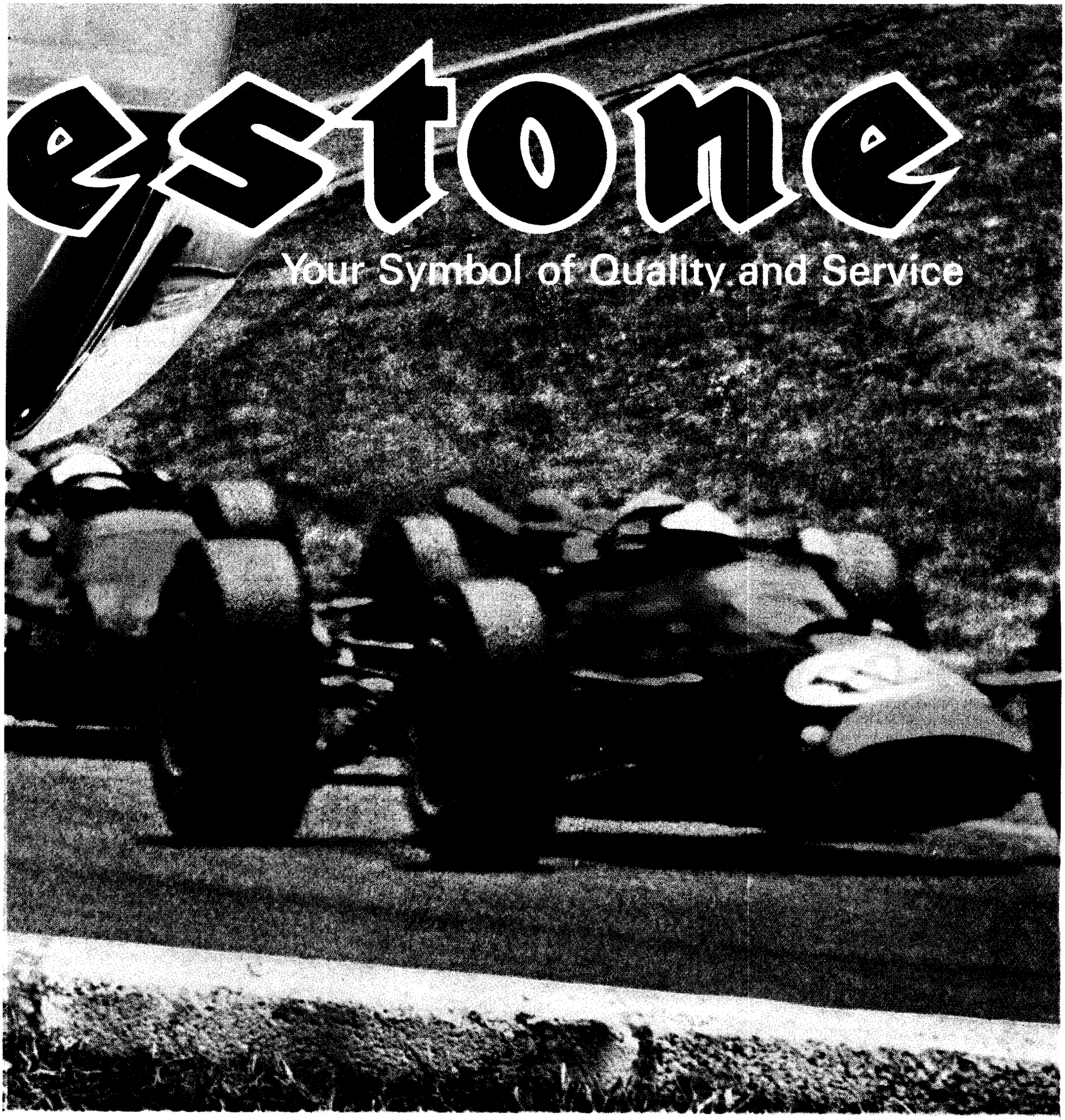

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The tires for *your* car. Like our Nylon "500". Its main features were first developed in our racing tires. The body construction, the nylon cord, the long-lasting rubber (we call it Sup-R-Tuf; race drivers call it a lifesaver), the wraparound tread, even the nice touch of the golden ring styling. They all add up to a special kind of tire—a high-performance tire to take on the cross-country runs over today's big interstate highways and do it longer and livelier than any tire we've ever built.

Firestone gets a lot from racing research. So can you. Next time you need tires, get the ones that are speedway-proved for your highway safety. Firestone tires! You can charge them or buy, on easy payments, at your Firestone Dealer or Store. "500"®, Sup-R-Tuf®

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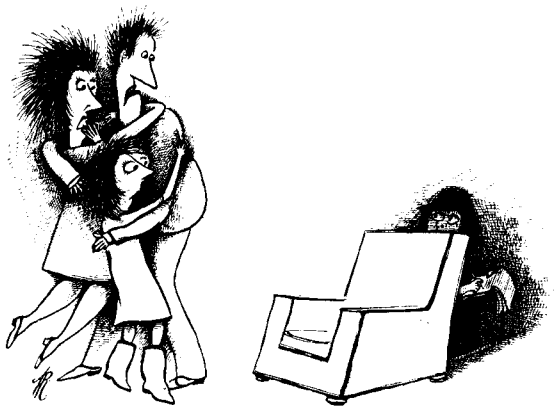
The Human Comedy

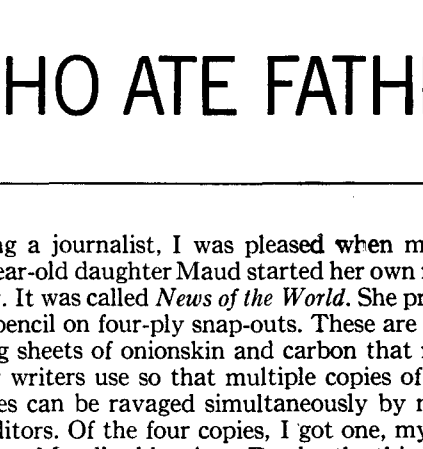
WHO ATE FATHER'S SCARF?



by Charles Simmons

Being a journalist, I was pleased when my 13-year-old daughter Maud started her own newspaper. It was called *News of the World*. She printed it in pencil on four-ply snap-outs. These are alternating sheets of onionskin and carbon that newspaper writers use so that multiple copies of their articles can be ravaged simultaneously by multiple editors. Of the four copies, I got one, my wife another, Maud's older sister Deedee the third, and the fourth went into the morgue. One early issue went like this:

HOME, Monday—This morning at breakfast my father said that scrambled eggs should be wet. My mother should get the frying pan hot. She should turn the eggs around fast and put them on the plate before they got dry. My mother said my father liked eggs wet because he was all wet. My father said that English muffins should be pulled apart and that cutting them with a knife ruined them. My mother said that when she pulled English muffins apart they broke into pieces but that she would fix them that way if my father wanted. My father said he does not like canned orange juice. My mother said that if my father wanted fresh orange juice he should buy the oranges himself as they were too heavy for her. My father said he would do that. My sister agreed with my father and I agreed with my mother.



News of the World was a great hit, and the fourth issue contained a special boxed message:

TO OUR READERS

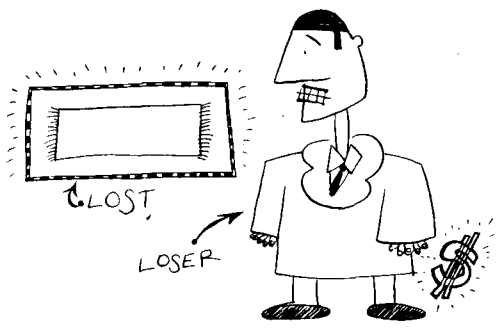
Because of increased operating costs the management finds it necessary to raise the price of *News of the World* from nothing to 5 cents per copy. We hope this will not inconvenience our readers.

My wife and I paid up, but Deedee resisted the inflationary advance. Rather than lose a customer, Maud made Deedee an "honorary subscriber," but I think she resented doing it.

Money, we are told, talks. *News of the World*, whose four issues had been published haphazardly, suddenly became a daily. In fact, whenever the editor-publisher was pressed for funds she would put out an extra. One such read:

* * EXTRA * *
FATHER LOSES SCARF

HOME, Wednesday—FLASH! My father could not find his new scarf today. He said he bought it on sale for $11 but it was a $20 scarf. The lost scarf was described by witnesses as wool on one side and silk on the other, brown in color, and very beautiful. This reporter saw the scarf before it was lost and does not think it was so beautiful. My father asked my mother if she had borrowed it. My mother said no. Then my father asked this reporter and her sister. We did not borrow it either. My mother and sister could have been lying but I was not. My father even looked in the refrigerator. My mother said maybe somebody ate it by mistake. FLASH! A reward has just been offered for the return of the scarf. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of the scarf should contact this newspaper immediately as it will soon be too warm to wear scarves.



One evening I showed some back copies of *News of the World* to a neighbor, who is also a journalist. Maud was present and pleased at the compliments she got. The neighbor asked if he could subscribe. Maud said yes, and the next day she made additional copies by putting two snap-out sheets together and leaning hard on the pencil. The first issue to go abroad ran this story:

GIRL'S BRA FOUND ON BOY

HOME, Saturday—Last night the mother of a well-known popular boy phoned the mother of a girl of this community and said that she had found the girl's bra in the pocket of her son's jacket. The girl's mother said she would call back after speaking with her daughter as the daughter was at a dance with the boy. The girl's mother told the father, and the father said that the mother should handle it. The girl's father said that it was no tragedy but no comedy either and that the mother should be serious and understanding. This reporter went to bed before the girl got home but interviewed the girl today in her room. The girl said that she had given the boy her bra before going away with her family on Christmas vacation because the boy wanted something personal when she was gone. This reporter believes the girl's story and so do our mother and father. The names of the boy and girl are being withheld because they are only 17.

Maud had delivered the neighbor's copy before the domestic copies. Like a gentleman, however, the new subscriber was at our door in 20 minutes to return it. I offered to refund his nickel, but he said he already had read the paper. I asked him who else had read it. He said his wife had. But, he explained, they were also parents and anyway they were not in the habit of discussing world affairs in public. He added that he would like to remain a subscriber to the *News of the World* if the paper continued to publish.

After he left, we had a family conference—the editor-publisher and the three domestic subscribers, one of whom was angry. The angry subscriber suggested that the editor-publisher be tried for criminal libel. The editor-publisher said that she would have to report the entire proceedings in her newspaper. The angry subscriber said in that case she would take justice into her own hands and made a lunge at the editor-publisher. She was restrained, and after further discussion it was decided that I, a professional journalist of long standing, would be named chairman of the board of *News of the World* and my wife vice president in charge of circulation. One or the other of these officers would see all stories before they left the plant. Since then *News of the World* has become a respectable organ, printing, like *The New York Times*, only "all the news that's fit to print." □

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flavor as great as
all outdoors.
Del Monte®
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A perfect way
to enjoy the
hearty taste of a
cook-out
any place, any
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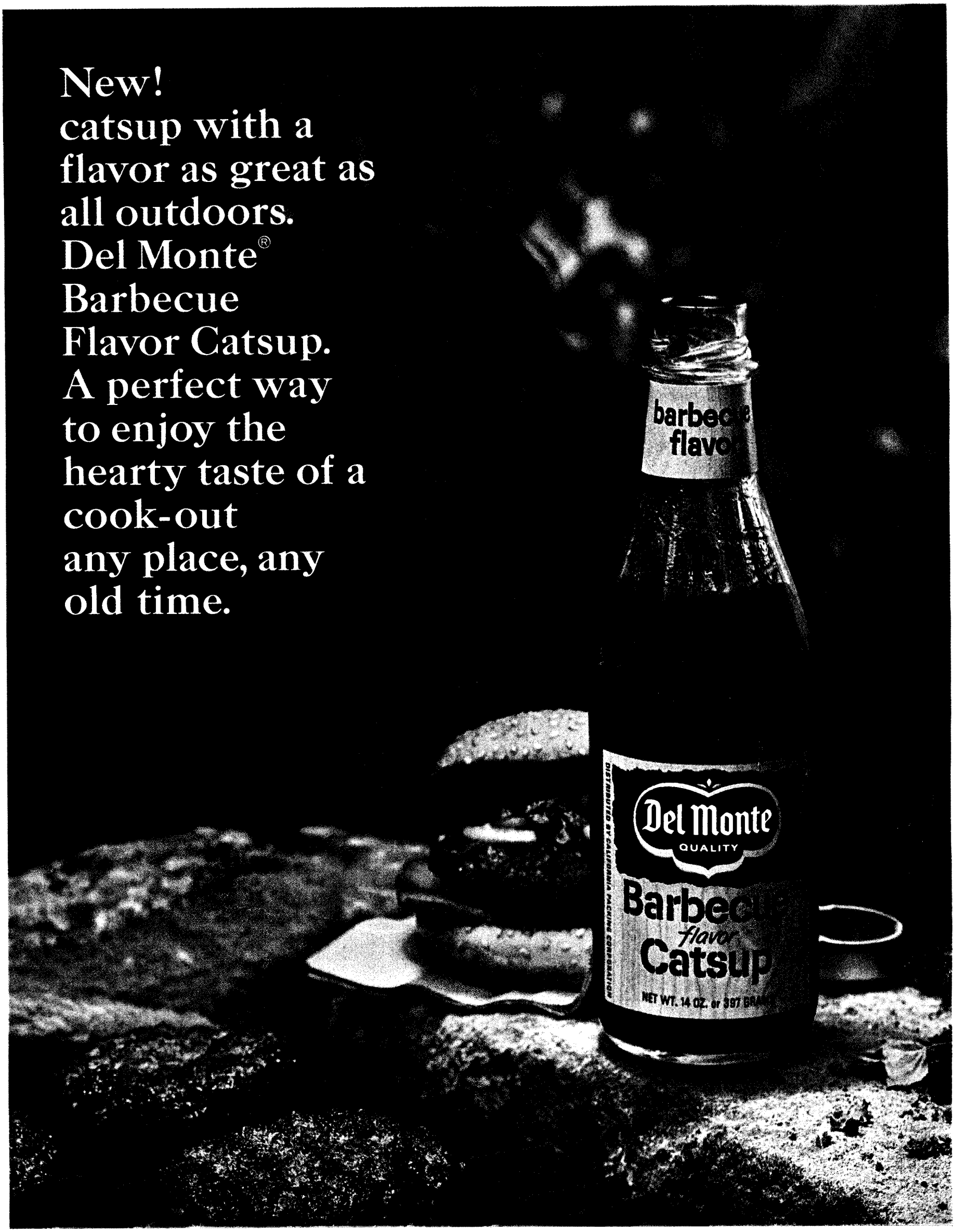

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Grand Prix. On the surface, a luxury car. Rich bucket seats, glistening center console, warm walnut trim, dual-speed wipers with washers to clear the way ahead. And then you twist this little key, and 389 cubic inches of V-8 and a formidable Wide-Track suspension come into play—to an extent that makes you realize, very suddenly, what all the pavement is out there for. And what the other luxury cars are still missing. You may not use Grand Prix's hidden talents every day. But isn't it nice to know you've got them? In case you might want to deal with something in a hurry sometime. A road, for instance.

GRAND PRIX BY PONTIAC GM

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The Saturday Evening POST

'THE RACE OF THE THOUSAND CLOWNS'

This amazing year in Alabama, segregationist Gov. George Wallace is running in his wife's name, against an odd crowd of rivals. But Negro voters have won so much new strength that a Republican may seize the victory.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN *Photographs by Wayne Miller*

In the living room of the Prime Minister Suite in the Parliament House Hotel in Birmingham, Gov. George C. Wallace of Alabama sloshed ketchup on his filet mignon and poked at it nervously with his fork. Within the hour his wife, Lurleen, would appear onstage with him to make her maiden speech in her race for governor, the first time in Alabama's history a woman had offered for that high office. But it was her husband, the old campaigner, who showed the signs of campaign jitters. "They picked out too big a hall," he fretted. "That armory will hold three thousand people."

Across the table from him, Mrs. Wallace, a gentle, smiling lady, her brown hair flecked with gray, patiently answered a reporter's questions. "My maiden name was Lurleen Burns," she said. "I was born in Tuscaloosa and went to high school and business school there. I was working in a store there when I

Struck by the resemblance between Governor Wallace and his wife, Lurleen, photographer Wayne Miller asked them to cooperate in producing the composite picture above, a portrait of the strangest partnership in American politics.

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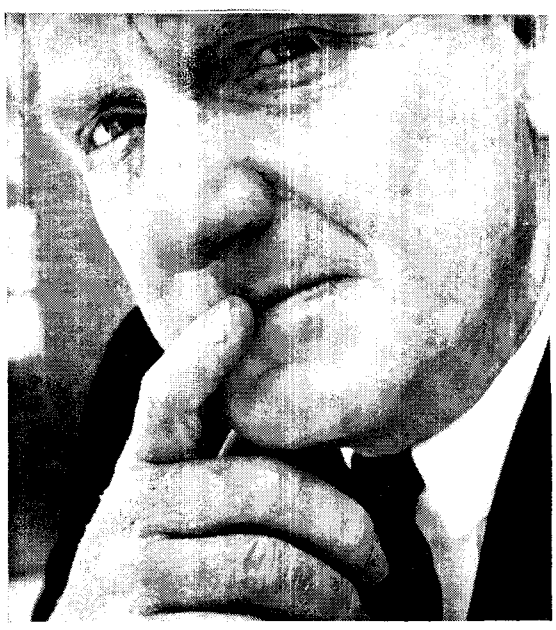
John Patterson, who once beat Wallace for governor by taking a harsher line on race, is running again this year.

In Congress, Carl Elliott supported President Johnson, and this hurts his chances in the Alabama governor's race.



Richmond Flowers, Alabama's attorney general, has championed civil rights, should get large Negro vote.

THOUSAND CLOWNS

met the governor—he was an employee of the state highway department then, and he would come to see me in a pickup truck. We . . ."

"Put in the paper," Wallace broke in, "that my wife is honest, and being honest is ninety-five percent of being a good governor . . ."

Mrs. Wallace went on: "We have four children; a married daughter, Mrs. Joe Parsons—her husband is at the University of Alabama—Peggy, she's sixteen; George Jr., our fourteen-year-old son; and our baby, Lee, named for Robert E. Lee . . ."

Wallace was looking at his watch. "We got about twenty minutes," he said. "I hope they get a crowd out. It's hard for George Wallace to draw a crowd in this section of Birmingham. I hope we don't look out there and see any empty seats. I hope there'll be some music to draw a crowd."

Again Mrs. Wallace smiled. "All the candidates have bands, you know," she said. "We'll have two high-school bands tonight. Later on, as we campaign, we may take our son, George Jr., with us. He plays an electric guitar and sings a song called *Little George*. It's one of the shortest songs I ever heard, but the youngsters like it. It goes like this—'Little George! Who? Me? Yeah! You.' And that's all."

Wallace ignored this small talk. "We are letting the people decide who they want for governor," he said. "When I asked the legislature to make it possible for me to run for governor again, seven senators got together and blocked it. They said they were doing it on a 'technicality.' Well, we are running Lurleen Wallace on a 'technicality.' The way I feel is this. A governor ought to be able to serve two terms, and he ought to have to run on his record at a time when he is still warm in people's minds, and not have to wait four years till folks have forgotten all about his record. And I'll tell you why my wife is running. Because I want to be able to continue to raise my voice all over the country, trying to wake up the American people to the dangers we face in this country. She'll be the governor, but I'll be her Number One adviser. You see anything wrong with that?"

An aide came and whispered in Wallace's ear. He got up. "Time to go," he said.

A few minutes later, to the thunder of the Berry and McAdory high-school bands, the governor and Mrs. Wallace strode to center stage in the Mortimer Jordan Armory. Wallace's cohorts had done their work well; there were no empty seats. A huge WALLACE FOR GOVERNOR sign hung behind the speakers' stand. It did not make a point of the fact that it was Mrs. Wallace who was the candidate. Along the sidewalls faded banners bore George Wallace's old cry of defiance—STAND UP FOR ALABAMA. At the doors Wallace aides held out baskets into which the faithful dropped dollar bills. An elderly minister offered a long and fervent prayer. At the end of it he paused and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to present to you the First Lady of the State of Alabama."

Mrs. Wallace stood up and calmly began to read her little speech. "As you know," she said, "I am a candidate for governor of Alabama (***mild cheers***). I am happy to offer to you a continuance of the honesty and efficiency so much in evidence during the administration of my husband."

In the back of the hall a man leaning against the wall muttered to a companion, "That's enough of her—let's get on to George." Wallace could not possibly have heard this remark, but his political antennae were responding to the mood of the audience. He sensed its impatience. He rose and moved to his wife's side.

"My election," she was saying, "will enable my husband to carry on his program for Alabama—we want to continue to serve you together. . ."

He whispered something in her ear, she stopped, and the cheers began. She hesitated for a moment, smiled uncertainly, and sat down.

"I appreciate the approval you are giving our administration," said Wallace amiably.

First he warmed them up with a little humor of the particularly biting Wallace brand. He had heard that there had been some criticism of Mrs. Wallace's entry from the state of Oregon, he said. "That's the state," he mused, "that sends Wayne Morse to the Senate." The crowd laughed.

"I also see where the Minneapolis papers have come out against Lurleen," he said. "They are the people who elected Hubert Humphrey." Again they laughed.

"We've spent a lot of your money," Wallace said. "I admit that. We've spent it on things like schools and free textbooks for Alabama's children. People have come from afar to investigate our administration, trying to find where we had been mishandling your money. Even the attorney general of Alabama tried to find some stealing, but he couldn't find any. And I'll tell you this. *If there's anybody who would recognize stealing when he saw it, it's the attorney general of Alabama.*" A great burst of laughter greeted this jab at the attorney general, Richmond Flowers, another candidate for governor.

Wallace's speech, as it unfolded, was a masterpiece of political oratory. It sounded rambling and disjointed, but into it Wallace put all he had learned about reading the mood of Alabamians. In 1958 he had misread their mood. He had taken a moderate line on racial issues, and John Patterson had beaten him in the election for governor.

"He outsegged me," Wallace said at the time, resolving not to make that mistake again. He hasn't. In 1962, correctly reading that Alabama's mood was still one of fierce defiance, Wallace had loudly outsegged his rival, Ryan deGraffenried.

Now, it seemed, Wallace sensed a subtle change. To those who might have been disturbed by certain dreadful things that had happened during the years of his administration, he gave the assurance that if Alabama's image had suffered abroad, he had seen no sign of it; investment of outside money in Alabama had increased apace during his tenure, and the state, he insisted, was now No. 1 in the South in the growth of industry.

"I haven't talked to a single industrialist from New York to California," he said, "who didn't say, 'I agree with the effort being made in your state.'" He then went on to tell them that in his travels around the country he had not found any people anywhere who were "more intelligent or more cultured or more refined" than the people of Alabama. Thus with a phrase he laid the ghosts of the children killed in the Birmingham church bombing, wiped out uneasy memories of the murders of Mrs. Liuzzo and the Reverend Mr. Reeb, and of the road to Selma. His audience clapped and cheered and stamped and whistled and felt good about themselves.

There were other fears and doubts Wallace found it necessary to allay. There were among his hearers, he knew, those who would not gladly vote for a woman for governor, even though she did bear the magic name of Wallace. To these he spoke forthrightly. Let them have no fear of petticoat government. If his wife were elected, she would be governor in name only. He would run the state as he always had.

In all his address he did not mention the Negroes, except to point out that he had built schools for them and provided free textbooks for them, the same as for the whites. In the event that there should be some who would think he had grown too soft, however, he thundered, "I stand today on the issues just where I stood in 1962. I do not like for a central government to take control of every phase and aspect of our lives."

Here, too, there was subtle difference in the angle of his attack. He was no longer referring specifically to "civil rights." He was talking about "federal encroachment on property rights, the sanctity of private ownership."

"The reason I want you to elect my wife governor of Alabama," he said, "is so that I can still go about this country talking to all the people, North and South, East and West, warning them, trying to wake them up to the dangers of some of the trends in this country." In effect, Wallace was saying that though his wife might be candidate for governor in 1966, he was getting ready to run for President on a Conservative third-party ticket in 1968. "Why not?" he said, when questioned about his plans. "I've got no inferiority complex about being an Alabamian. I think an Alabamian would make just as good a President as a man

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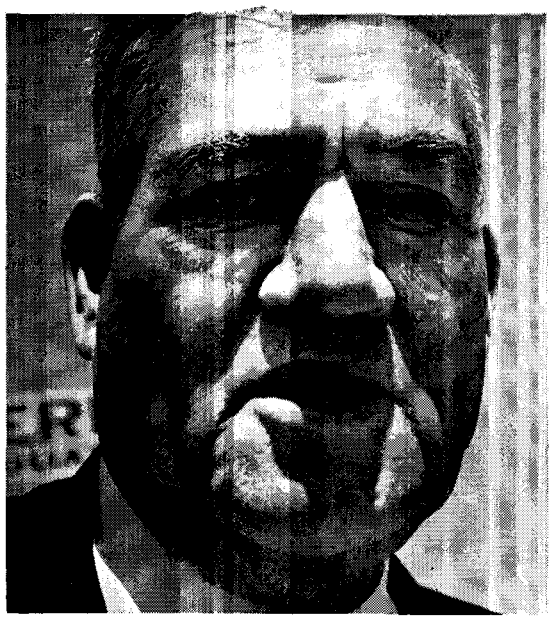
The big questions among Alabama's Democrats: Who can beat Mrs. Wallace? How will the Negroes vote?

Bob Gilchrist is a moderate on racial matters. In the campaign he calls for "an end to division and demagoguery."



Ex-governor "Big Jim" Folsom, though in bad repute for drinking and other lapses, is still loved by many in the state.

from New York. And maybe a little better than a man from Texas."

Thus began what was to become one of the most bewildering political races in Alabama history and, perhaps, one of the most significant. For beyond the surprising Wallace shenanigan were other political surprises with revolutionary implications. For the first time Negroes in the state would be voting in strength—more than 225,000 would be eligible to cast a ballot—and from certain counties they were almost certain to elect Negro legislators. Also there was the new and still undigested fact that the Democrats no longer dominated the state. Whoever won in the savage political knife fight that made up the Democratic primary would have to face a Republican opponent in the general election in November.

Bemused by their own family squabble, however, most Democrats failed to notice the Republican enemy creeping up on them through the tall grass. And, curiously, few seemed to resent the fact that Wallace was using an arrogant and transparent subterfuge to advance his own long-range political ambitions—to set up a statewide Wallace dynasty, the germ of a national empire. Alabama, like most other southern states, apparently assumes that its more egoistic politicians will seek to perpetuate themselves in office by any stratagem short of mayhem. The big question seemed to be whether or not George's political magic can be transferred to Lurleen. The crowds she has been drawing say "Yes" with thunderous cheers. Newspapermen pointed out to Wallace that at one rally in Gadsden, Mrs. Wallace drew a bigger crowd than Wallace had drawn in the same place in 1962. Wallace is so completely a politician that he could not bear the thought of being outdrawn by anybody, even his wife. "Yeah," he said, chewing hard on his cigar. "But you have to remember it rained the day I was there."

Some Alabamians asked uneasy questions. What if something happened to George? After all, planes do sometimes fall, cars do collide, hearts do stop beating. If, during the next four years, George should prove mortal, as other men, what then for Alabama? Another candidate for governor pointed out, "Wives and husbands don't always see eye to eye on everything. They quarrel and have spats. What happens if Lurleen gets mad at George and decides she ain't going to do what he tells her? He can't do a thing without she signs it."

Many Alabamians, however, seemed less disturbed by the fact of Mrs. Wallace's candidacy than by the size of the field. So numerous and peculiar are Alabama's Democratic candidates for governor that one cynic described the contest as "the race of the thousand clowns."

"Any party," rumbled an editorial writer for the Alabama *Journal*, "that dumps a dozen candidates for governor on the table serves its state poorly. The present Democratic extravaganza, seemingly produced by people who don't even know each other, should be colorful enough. But so is a chase for a greased pig."

"It is a total hodge-podge," said E. L. Holland Jr., an editor of the Birmingham *News*. "So, cast your vote for Hodge. Or Podge. Or somebody."

"The way I see it," said one disgruntled voter, "they have made a damned farce out of the governor's race."

The contest, in its early days, did take on the characteristics of a farce. One of the early entrants was Mrs. Delores Price, aged 23. Though seven years too young to serve, she was entered in the race as a spoof of the Wallace candidacy by her husband, Ralph (Shorty) Price, a perennial candidate for public office. Price, who is fond of attending University of Alabama football games in a dinner jacket and a high silk hat, first came to public attention in 1958, when George Wallace was running for governor against John Patterson. Wallace at that time liked to be called "the fighting little judge," and Price, a small, frog-shaped man, would harass Wallace. "Stand up, George, and let them see I'm littler than you, and tell 'em I can fight better 'n you," he would yell.

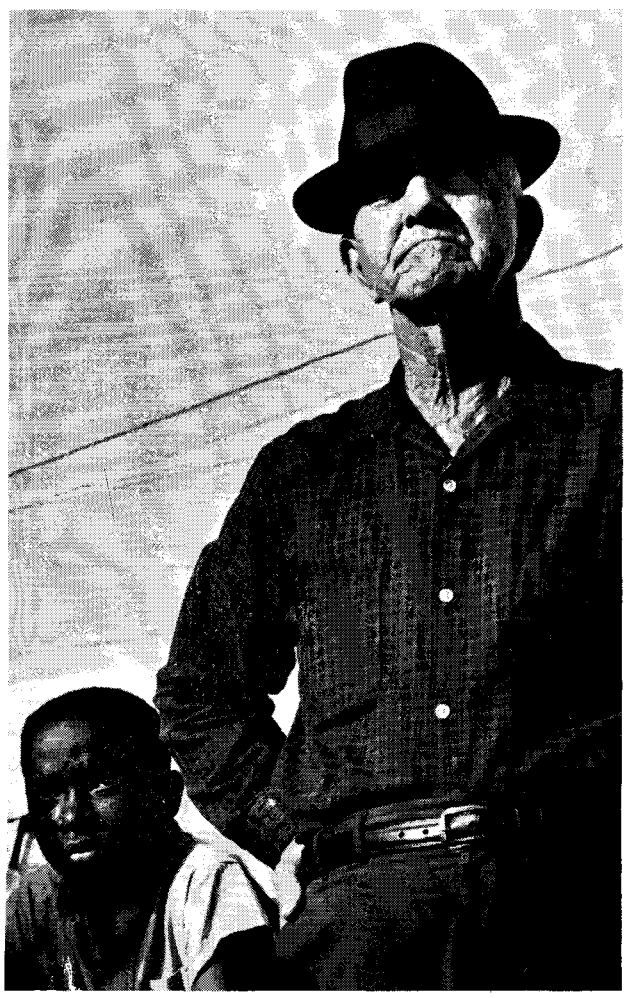
When the word began to get around last fall that Wallace was thinking of thwarting his enemies by putting his wife in the race, friends of Patterson immediately thought of Shorty Price, and the abrasive effect he had on Wallace's nerves in 1958. They put up $500 necessary to qualify Mrs. Price, a doe-eyed blonde with a voice that strikes the eardrums like an ice pick. They also bought the Prices some new clothes to campaign in and had cards printed bearing their portraits with heads together, under the campaign slogans "Two Hearts That Beat As One" and "The Prices Are Right." The arrangement was for the nonfriends of Wallace to pay Price and Mrs. Price $130 a week to follow the Wallaces all over the state, speaking at the same rallies. The plan fell through when Price withdrew his wife's name at the last minute and asked the Democratic executive committee to give him his $500 back. His ostensible reason was a dig at the Wallace candidacy: "I do not believe," he said, "that any woman can be elected governor of Alabama." The real reason, as he confided to his backers: The Internal Revenue people claimed he owed $581.12 in back income taxes, and if he didn't dig it up fast, they were going to attach his car.

The withdrawal of Mrs. Price left 11 candidates still in the race, though one of them, C. Rex Scott, a Cordova grocer, soon found that campaigning was hurting his health, and he joined Mrs. Price on the sidelines. This was a loss, for Scott, who was running on a simple one-plank platform—"There's some things need changin' in Alabama"—never did get around to saying what they were.

Now stumping the state with their hillbilly troubadours are four other candidates who do not have a chance. There is Mr. Eunice Gore, of Leeds, for example. A retired office worker, Gore claims that he has the backing of the Lord in his race for governor. When last seen, he was earnestly beating the bushes seeking more tangible support. There is also Sherman Powell, of Decatur, an attorney, lay preacher and coon hunter. Powell describes himself as "just an ole country boy," an appellation that causes all the other ole country boys in his vicinity to clutch convulsively at their pocketbooks. Powell is not a compelling orator, but he draws good crowds with his Go-Go girl, Jackie Whitley, who dances the Watusi wearing white alligator boots.

And there is Charles Woods of Dothan, a strange, proud, angry, fiercely triumphant man. A multimillionaire at 44, Woods is spending a quarter of a million dollars of his own money in a race which he must know is hopeless, possibly to prove something to himself. In 1944 he was an Air Force captain in the China-Burma-India Theater, a blue-eyed, handsome young pilot with

Two Alabamians listen to Governor and Mrs. Wallace speak in Goodwater. Negroes will win many state offices.



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The hopeless candidates (from left): Eunice Gore, who claims he has the backing of the Lord; A.W. (Nub) Todd, who feels he will win because "I know the people at the crossroads"; multimillionaire Charles Woods, who regards his badly burned face as a campaign asset; and Sherman Powell, an attorney who describes himself as "just an ole country boy."

THOUSAND CLOWNS

his crushed cap cocked at a rakehell angle. One night, while taking off from a short dirt field in India with a load of gasoline in the bomb bay, his B-24 crashed and burned. He alone of a crew of six survived. His face and scalp were burned away, and only the stumps of his fingers remained. The plastic surgeons have done their best, but his face today is a dreadful mask. He uses two pictures in the big ads he buys in the papers. One shows him as he looked as a handsome young pilot in 1944. A far larger one is the tragic remodeled face he wears today. Watchers stare transfixed when his face appears on television, his harsh, cracked voice announcing, "My name is Charles Woods. I'm running for governor. The Alabama working man is being taxed to death . . ."

Woods apparently feels no self-consciousness about his appearance. "Why should anyone pity me?" he asks. "I'm healthy, I'm happy, I'm a multimillionaire." (He owns housing developments and a TV station in Dothan, ranches, farmland, and apartment houses in Florida, oil wells in Texas, an advertising agency in Atlanta and an electronics plant in Bermuda.)

"My looks do not bother me," he says. "When I was still in the hospital, I asked the nurse for a mirror. She wouldn't give it to me. So, that night, I got up and went into the bathroom and looked at myself. My wounds were raw then, and you can imagine how I looked. I went back to bed. I said, 'God, that's the face you've given me. I'll live with it.' Then I went to sleep. Actually, my looks have been an asset to me. Being burned this way makes me look stupid. And in business, that helps, for people underestimate you."

Woods feels that his looks also will help him greatly in the governor's race. "I'm a great believer in advertising," he says, "and the first duty of advertising is to get attention. Nobody can help looking at me. If they look at me, I can make them listen to what I am saying, and if they listen to what I am saying, I can convince them."

The fourth earnest contender who is given little chance to win is A. W. (Nub) Todd, a ruddy, baggy-faced man with the forced joviality of the professional politician. Todd, who earned the nickname of Nub when he shot his left arm off while hunting groundhogs as a small boy, is the present commissioner of agriculture and industry for Alabama. He feels that his labors as commissioner make him a shoo-in for the governorship.

"I carry more power than any other commissioner of agriculture in the U.S.," Todd says. "I tell people what is edible, and what is not edible. I protect them against foreign meat. I know more people at the crossroads than anybody else. And more people know me. Every housewife knows my name, for she sees it on every carton of eggs and every bottle of milk she buys."

Todd has still other reasons for expecting victory. "People want a good middle-of-the-road man," he says. "They are tired of extremists on both sides. For that reason, a lot of the deGraffenried vote is coming to me."

Todd's remark about the deGraffenried vote points up another unusual factor affecting the Alabama governor's race. Over the contest looms the shadow of a man now dead, and every candidate in the race hopes that the mantle of the late Ryan deGraffenried will fall upon him.

In 1962 deGraffenried ran against George Wallace on a platform of reason and restraint. He lost, but as is customary with gubernatorial runners-up in Alabama, he had continued to campaign throughout the four years that followed. Young, handsome, personable, earnest, honest, deeply concerned about his state and the tragic excesses into which it had fallen under the leadership of its angry and embittered segregationists, deGraffenried had built a strong organization in every county. His leaders were respected and outstanding citizens, and his rank-and-file supporters were drawn from all the older political factions and camps. His popularity kept rising, steadily and strongly. A poll in late 1965 showed deGraffenried favored by 64 percent of the voters.

Shortly afterward, last February 9, he was killed in the crash of a private plane in which he was campaigning.

Every candidate, including George Wallace, who beat him in the last race, now is seeking to lure his old followers. State Sen. Bob Gilchrist of Hartselle seemingly has the best chance. Before deGraffenried's tragic death Gilchrist had announced that he would not seek reelection to the senate. As one of deGraffenried's closest friends, as well as his ardent political supporter, he would manage deGraffenried's campaign in north Alabama. In turn, it was understood that deGraffenried and his people would support Gilchrist in the race for governor in 1970. The death of deGraffenried forced Gilchrist to move his own political timetable up four years. Two days before the final deadline, after much soul searching, he entered the governor's race. In his opening speech at Hartselle, he struck the note that had proved so effective for Ryan deGraffenried. "The time has come," he said, "for the people of Alabama to put an end to dissent and division. It is time to bring an end to demagoguery on the one hand, and agitation on the other."

To candidate Carl Elliott, a former congressman, the belated entry of Bob Gilchrist into the race was extremely bad news. Elliott was for 16 years an Alabama congressman until, in 1964, a coalition of John Birchers, White Citizens Councillors and Klansmen, acting with the blessing of both George Wallace and Republican candidate Jim Martin, combined to shoot him out of the saddle. Yet those who know Elliott best insist he is the natural heir to the deGraffenried support.

"By any standard you want to judge him," an Alabama editor said, "Carl Elliott is the best man in the race. He's intelligent. He's a man of character and integrity. He's a moderate, middle-of-the-roader. He is in every respect a thoroughly decent man. But he hasn't got a chance. The Wallace people have smeared him as a lackey of the Federal Government, a water boy for L.B.J., and that's killed him in south Alabama. On top of that, to tell the truth, Carl is a dull man."

James Elisha Folsom, six feet eight, two times governor and again a candidate, could hardly be called a dull man. though neither in mind or body does he have that strength that in the old days moved Alabamians to send him to the statehouse twice. "Shore I stole," Big Jim shouted in his second race. "But look who I was stealing from!" And the voters laughed and cheered and sent him back to Montgomery. They might have sent him back a third time if it had not been for what Folsom refers to as his "accident." It happened on his final TV program, on the eve of the first primary in 1962. When he went on the air, it was obvious he was not "at hisself," as Alabamians say. He introduced his wife, Jamelle, but he could not remember the names of his children. He then gave an imitation of a cuckoo clock, going "cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo," at considerable length. "He said later that somebody had drugged him," a friend said, "but it was plain to everybody that old Jim was knee-walking drunk."

That "accident" cost Folsom untold thousands of votes, particularly among women, and he has never been a serious contender since. Many Alabamians regret this. He was preaching peace and tolerance while Wallace was preaching hate and defiance—and he still is. His statement, "I do not aim to fo'ce our nice little colored children to go to school with white people," still strikes the right note with most white Alabamians. And the sound of Jim's country-music makers playing *Peace in the Valley* held out the promise that Alabama could be spared the agony that it was to endure as Wallace beat deGraffenried and took the defiant stand that led to Selma.

Folsom is running today, many of his old friends say, merely as a reflex action, as an old firehorse heads for the stable door when he hears the clang of a bell. There is also economics. "Old Jim needs the money," a friend said. "He's got a big family to feed. He'll get some contributions, and that will help." Many an elderly Alabamian will contribute to Big Jim's campaign merely for old times' sake. To many of them he is still a folk hero and always will be, drunk or sober, sick or well. "There was a sort of rude nobility about him," a newspaperman said. "He was crude, he was rough. But there was a refreshing honesty about him, and a Lincolnesque compassion."

Actually, Big Jim's era had ended even before his performance on TV in 1962 had offended all the good temperance-minded ladies of Alabama. In 1958, his last year in office, he committed what was then the unpardonable political sin: He received Rep. Adam Clayton Powell, a Negro, at the executive mansion. Worse than this,

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Voting Republican is the 'in' thing to do for many young well-to-do Alabamians. Others will vote Republican out of hatred for the President.

G.O.P. congressman James Martin may be the strongest candidate—except for Mrs. Wallace.

Powell went back North and reported that while there he had had a drink of Scotch whiskey with Folsom. This was obviously a canard. Folsom never took a drink of Scotch in his life, if he could help it. He always drank bourbon.

In this year's election, what Alabamians cynically call the Black Hand—the Negro vote—is supposed to fall, not upon Folsom, but on Atty. Gen. Richmond Flowers. A tall, vigorous, big-nosed, red-headed man, Flowers has stoutly defended not only the laws of Alabama but the edicts of the U.S. Supreme Court with eloquence and feeling. He pushed the prosecution of the slayers of Mrs. Liuzzo and the Reverend Mr. Reeb, and he speaks out boldly against the Ku Klux Klan. As a result, a majority of white Alabamians look upon him as a renegade and a traitor, and there are counties in the state where his life would be in danger if he walked abroad after dark. He is expected to receive only a few thousand white votes—from a mere handful of stubborn liberals and moderates. But by rights his Negro vote should embrace all the registered Negroes in Alabama. As one Negro leader put it, "If there is such a thing as gratitude in this world, and a sense of obligation, the Negro of Alabama can vote for nobody but Mr. Flowers."

On May 3, Alabama Democrats will vote in a primary, and, if no candidate receives a majority, the two with the highest votes will face each other in a runoff on May 31. It is assumed that one of the strong segregationists, either Mrs. Wallace or John Patterson, will reach the runoff. Patterson, the former governor who "outsegged" Wallace in 1958 and whose supporters tried to get Shorty Price's wife to run against Mrs. Wallace this year, is a hard campaigner but also a cold-eyed, harsh-voiced man, and there are indications that voters feel no great warmth toward him.

Attorney General Flowers might reach the runoff, but only if he could get the whole Negro vote on May 3. And once in the runoff he would undoubtedly be trounced as all the other candidates ganged up on him. If the Negroes should split their vote—as is likely, since their leadership is divided among Flowers and Elliott and Folsom—they might push either of the last two into the runoff, with the same dire results.

It seems probable, in fact, that the Negro vote will make itself felt more effectively in state and county races than in the governor's race. When Al Lingo, Wallace's former highway-patrol chief, announced that he was going to run for sheriff of Jefferson County, 20,000 angry Birmingham Negroes went to register in the short span of two weeks. In Dallas County (Selma) it is possible that a heavy Negro vote might elect ex-public-safety director Wilson Baker in his race for sheriff against Jim Clark. In 18 counties of Alabama, including the home county of Governor Wallace, Negroes themselves are running for office. They now outnumber white voters in eight counties, and they may be in the majority in 15 counties by November. This means that unless there is chicanery at the polls—a possibility of which the U.S. Justice Department is aware—it is almost inevitable that there will be Negro legislators in the statehouse and Negro sheriffs, tax collectors, tax assessors and school-board members in courthouses scattered throughout the Black Belt.

Of more concern to some thoughtful Democrats than the possibility that a Black-Belt county may elect a Negro tax assessor is the extremely strong possibility that in the election this November, Alabama will elect a Republican governor.

No longer is the Republican party in Alabama a dreary gaggle of old post-office patronage seekers, forlornly waiting for the national party to throw them an occasional rainwashed bone. Today Republicans are swarming over the state as thick as Mayflies, and in 58 out of the 67 counties they claim a strong and vigorous organization. There is no way to number them, for in Alabama the voter is not required to register under the emblem of a party, but they are native-born and represent no great influx of population from Republican strongholds in the North. Many are young, well-to-do Alabamians who find it is now the "in" thing to be a Republican in the South. Others are disenchanted old Democrats whose blood pressure began to rise with the first mild civil-rights efforts of Truman's Administration, and who have been getting madder ever since. Today, hating L.B.J. and faced with the dread prospect that the party of their forefathers might ask them to vote for Hubert Humphrey or Robert Kennedy, they are changing party labels.

The Republicans have high hopes for their candidate for governor, Congressman James D. Martin. Martin has bright blue eyes, curly hair and a boyish smile. As a politician he combines corn, conservatism, folksiness and fierce combativeness against the Federal Government in the formula that Alabamians seem to admire. In 1962, with the tacit assistance of Gov. George Wallace, he came within 6,700 votes of unseating Democratic Sen. Lister Hill. In 1964, in his successful race for Congress, he ran almost as strongly as Goldwater.

To many a pessimistic Democrat, therefore, it does not greatly matter whom the Democrats nominate for governor. Mr. Martin, handsome, smiling, will tear him to pieces in the fall.

Tear *him* to pieces, that is. Tear Patterson to pieces, or Elliott, or Flowers. If Mrs. Wallace is the nominee, all bets are off. For not even the cocky young Republicans can be sure of beating George Wallace on his home grounds, even if Wallace is running in his wife's name. □

Lurleen Wallace and her husband on the campaign trail. If she wins, he promises to run Alabama just as before.

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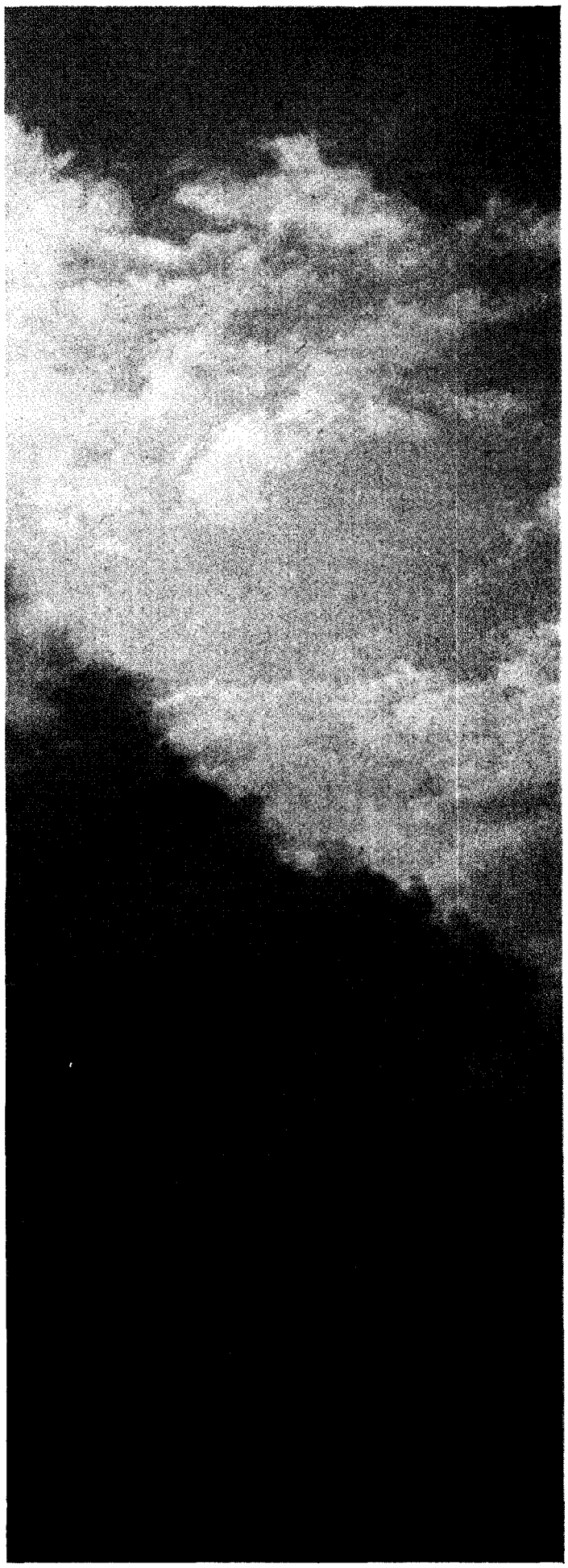

Fumes from Thyssen steel mill darken the sky over plant offices and a church at Duisburg-Hamborn. Anti-smog laws have limited effect, despite politicians' promises of "blue skies" in the Ruhr.

THE NEW RUHR

A prodigious transfusion of money and men is 'internationalizing' Germany's industrial heartland—and helping German business from New York to Peking.

BY WELLES HANGEN

Photographs by John Launois

The only thing about Germany that really frightened Nikita Khrushchev was the Ruhr. To him, as apparently to his successors in the Kremlin, it has always been capitalism's most formidable expression, more awesome than Wall Street. President Roosevelt, too, considered the Ruhr so pernicious that for a time he espoused the Morgenthau plan for dismantling its industry, clearing out all the natives and internationalizing the pastureland that remained. Since Germany first rose to real power in the world, this sausage-shaped piece of land somewhat smaller than Delaware has had an importance and a symbolism far greater than its size. Here Europe's mightiest complex of coal and steel blackened the ground and kept the skies gray with smog. Here the Krupps and the other industrial barons ruled their cartels with absolute autocracy and built the weapons for the Kaiser's war and for Hitler's. Here was the engine of German expansionism, the vital nexus of Teutonic power.

Today, two decades after the war, the engine again smokes and thunders beside the river from which the Ruhr takes its name, a meandering little stream that empties into the Rhine 130 miles upstream from Rotterdam. Almost six million people live and work here in a forest of factory chimneys atop a vast coal field that extends into five of the six countries of the European Common Market. The best coal has been worked out, but man-made resources have taken its place. "This is where the money is," says an American machinery dealer in Düsseldorf, largest of the Ruhr's 40 cities.

The Ruhr has cast off its old, menacing image. Instead of making tanks for the Afrika Korps or guns for the Russian front, its plants now ship cars

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The modern breed of Ruhr businessman tries hard to imitate American informality, avoiding heel-clicking Germanic stiffness.

THE NEW RUHR

to Africa and complete chemical factories to Russia. The old clanking, grunting, hissing Ruhr of coal tipples and coke ovens still produces huge tonnages of coal and steel, but there is a new Ruhr as noiseless and precise as a slide rule. Old mining towns have been transformed into electronics and engineering centers. Light industry has moved in, using the Ruhr's skilled labor and unrivaled marketing position to produce clothing, furniture, glass and appliances. Automated refineries linked by pipeline to North Sea ports supply almost half of West Germany's oil needs; oil and gas from new fields in Holland and the North Sea are spawning sophisticated industries based on petrochemicals.

There are echoes of the past in places like the Villa Hügel, the monstrous 220-room Krupp family mansion which disfigures a hill outside Essen. This brooding example of Krupp baroque, likened by one writer to a Victorian opera house with a Victorian railroad station tacked on, is now a museum devoted to the family firm. Gobelin tapestries still adorn the marble-floored Krupp throne room, and the museum has functioning models of Krupp factories, although there is no display or mention of the firm's wartime activities. When I visited the "moth-eaten mammoth," as Germany's late President Theodor Heuss called the villa, a Bulgarian art exhibit was in progress. Pictures of smiling collective farmers hung incongruously beside unsmiling family portraits of the Krupps and assorted Hohenzollern royalty.

Alfried Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, now divorced from his second wife (a German-born American), lives in solitude in a 15-room "bungalow" on the villa grounds. Convicted of exploiting slave labor during the war, Krupp emerged from an American prison in 1951 after serving six years of a 12-year sentence—with an acquired taste for American cigarettes, a professed aversion to making arms and a determination to repossess his family's industrial empire, which the Nuremberg tribunal had ordered confiscated.

Today, his more than 100 companies do $1.5 billion of business a year. While the Allied occupation authorities long ago ordered Krupp to sell all his steel and coal holdings to the first bidder who offered a "reasonable price," it was not until last January that Krupp gave anyone a chance even to buy in—with a public sale of shares representing a minority interest in his steel and coal properties. In the meantime, he has enlarged his metallurgical interests and diversified into other fields, adding such items as mineral water, hothouse orchids and a chain of supermarkets to the company's traditional heavy industrial output.

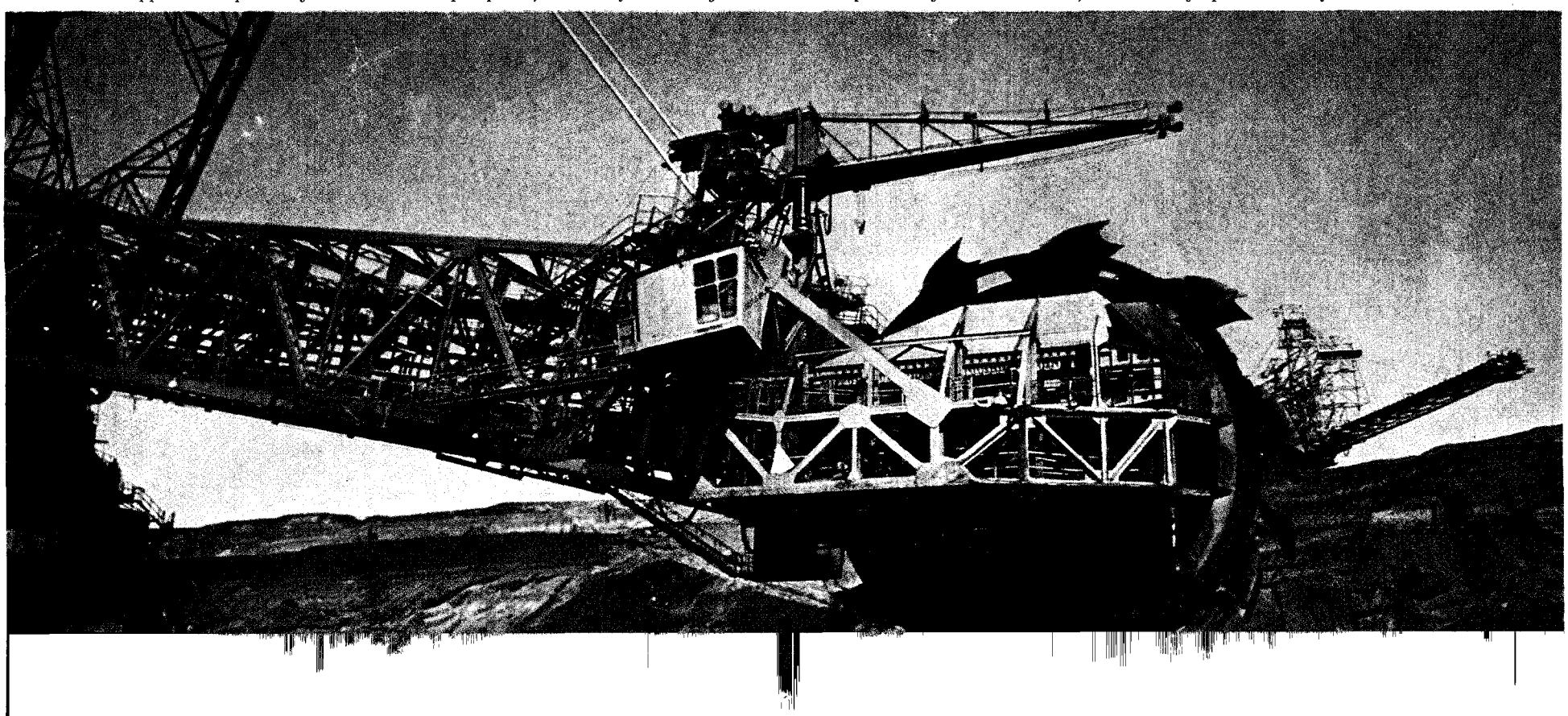
Krupp is probably the richest man in Europe, and still seems dazed by his comeback. He is a quiet, withdrawn man of 58, and one of his few pleasures is to mix the Martinis at the North Sea vacation cottage of his managing director while various distinguished guests discourse on world affairs.

"We have to understand that we are now selling brains," says Berthold Beitz, the 52-year-old chief executive of the Krupp empire, who is one of the new class of professional managers now in power in the Ruhr. Rising by brains and ambition, these men are gradually taking over effective operating control from the aging autocrats who have inherited the great family-owned firms. Most of the new managers are young enough to be free of the deepest stains of the Nazi past; almost all claim to be apolitical, wearing a neutral gray flannel acceptable to businessmen in Detroit or Dnepropetrovsk. They have scrapped the traditional Germanic stiffness in their business dealings. Beitz, for example, obviously enjoys the sobriquet his brash and breezy manner has earned him—"Der Amerikaner." Mine Inspector (emeritus) Doctor-Engineer (honorary) Hans Günther Sohl, 60-year-old general director and chairman of the mighty August Thyssen steel combine, is the dean of the new managerial oligarchy and perhaps the prototype of the class: no heel-clicking, only a slight bow as he shakes hands, a ready if slightly practiced smile, and a conscious effort for informality. Some German executives go off the deep end in efforts to imitate their American counterparts. An American in Düsseldorf relates the following story: "My German partner, who has a figure like a half-filled cement sack, walked into the office one day with his shirt open down to his navel and wearing open sandals without socks. He told me, 'This is the way I'm going to dress as long as we have such hot weather. It's the way the Americans beat the heat.'"

There is another, larger change in this onetime arsenal of German nationalism. The Ruhr is being internationalized—not in the way Henry Morgenthau Jr. foresaw, but through an epic influx of outside money and men.

Since 1960, several hundred foreign companies—British, American, Japanese, French, Belgian, Swiss and even Israeli—have set up plants or sales subsidiaries in the Ruhr and nearby areas. American firms are manufacturing galvanized steel, synthetic fibers, diesel trucks, farm machinery, passenger cars, push-button silos and nuclear reactors. The French own the largest Rhine-Ruhr barge company. But the Japanese are now the largest foreign community in Düsseldorf, outnumbering American businessmen ten to one. Düsseldorf has a Mitsubishi department store,

Krupp-built strip-mining machine can scrape up 110,000 tons of coal a day. As the Ruhr depletes its great natural asset, it is building up its wealth of man-made resources.



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two Japanese banks, and two Japanese restaurants with hostesses to match. One Ruhr equipment dealer says whenever he signs a contract with the Japanese his office is overrun by small men armed with cameras and tape-recorders. "Before they're through," he says, "they've photographed or recorded everything connected with the order. When they get back to Tokyo they bombard us with cables asking for more technical details."

The Germans used to scoff at Japanese competition, but now they are showing signs of resenting the size of the Japanese commercial invasion. For example, Japanese businessmen have specifically been excluded from membership in the American-style Düsseldorf golf club.

The "internationalizing" of the Ruhr is most evident in its polyglot labor force. Since Frederick the Great first conscripted Saxon peasants to hack coal from the Ruhr's open-cast pits, the region has had to import brawn from the East; every third Ruhr resident today is said to be of Polish origin, and Ruhr football teams are studded with as many unpronounceable Polish names as the best American squads. The economic boom and labor shortages in the last 15 years have obliged West Germany to bring in more than 1.2 million workers from Italy, Greece, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Yugoslavia, North Africa, Japan, South Korea and even Chile. Most come without their families, on one- to three-year contracts, and about a quarter of them work in the Ruhr. One Ruhr coal mine employs 25 different nationalities. At the change in shifts, when they swarm out of the pit-shaft elevator cage, the miners are indistinguishably grimy and exhausted. Only when a foreman speaks to them in German and gets blank stares in return do you realize how little the foreigners absorb in their six-week German cram course.

The "guest laborers," as the Germans like to call them, have taken over hostels once occupied by young German mine apprentices. In the coal town of Hamborn the Turks have removed all furniture from one room in the hostel, covered the floor with thick Turkish carpets and converted it into a prayer room. One Turkish foreman boasted to me that he and his buddies had repaid the Greeks for the Cyprus War by killing several of them in a barroom brawl.

The South Koreans vent their aggressions on each other at judo sessions in Hamborn's lavishly appointed miners' recreation center. At Hamborn hostels, workers live two or three to a room in more comfort than most American undergraduates enjoy. But elsewhere in the Ruhr many foreign laborers are crowded in barracks-like dormitories that provide shelter but little incentive to stay out of downtown bars and brothels. The Germans complain that foreign laborers, especially the volatile Mediterranean types, account for a disproportionately large share of the Ruhr's criminal cases.

The fault is at least partly German. In almost all Ruhr communities, organized social contacts between Germans and "guest laborers" are painfully restricted, and the Germans have a tendency to look down on the immigrants. Sensing the opportunity, Radio Prague and Radio Budapest have begun beaming special programs to the foreign workers in their own languages.

"Cordial birthday greetings to Giuseppe Montini in Bochum," an Italian-speaking announcer will say, "from his wife and family in Naples and from Radio Prague. Your wife is well, Giuseppe, and the children are fine."

The West Germans have belatedly begun radio and television broadcasts in the languages of foreign workers, but these programs tend to be stiff and impersonal. "Naturally they listen to the Iron Curtain stations and absorb heavy doses of Communist propaganda along with the birthday greetings," says Georg Neeman, an able official of the German Labor Federation (DGB).

Glass skyscraper houses Düsseldorf headquarters of the August Thyssen steel empire. Düsseldorf is the administrative capital of the Ruhr, and the largest of its 40 cities.

The DGB has special liaison bureaus to deal with each nationality among the laborers, and has tried to organize them and collect union dues, without notable success. Neeman complains, "These men have no interest in shorter hours. They want to work seven days a week and send every penny back to the folks at home."

Whatever problems foreign investments or foreign labor may cause, the Ruhr has no reservations about foreign trade. The old business barons, secure in their hereditary positions, were usually content to make slightly higher profits each year. But the new breed of managers is fiercely expansionist, willing to go anywhere and make agreements with anyone to enlarge their markets.

Trading on his wartime record of intervention to save Polish concentration camp inmates, Krupp's Berthold Beitz paved the way for Bonn's first postwar economic agreement with Poland. A similar agreement between Bonn and Budapest resulted from a shooting trip Beitz made to Hungary. He has made several pilgrimages to Moscow to preach the virtues of coexistence and Krupp equipment, and Krupp is the only German firm that has been permitted to keep a resident representative in the Soviet Union. German diplomats sourly dub Beitz "the ambassador from Essen," but Aleksei Adzhubei, Khrushchev's son-in-law and former editor of *Izvestia*, called him "the kind of capitalist we want."

Beitz helped persuade Chancellor Ludwig Erhard that it would be a good thing for Bonn to underwrite commercial credits to the Russians to enable German exporters to compete with the British, French and Japanese. Beitz, however, would prefer to eliminate competition by dividing the world into commercial spheres of influence—an idea reminiscent of the old cartels that the Allies never fully broke up after the war. "It's ridiculous," he says, "that the industrialized Western countries should all be competing against each other. There should be some system of alloting areas. We spend too much time cutting each other's throats." With "proper administration" he thinks it would be possible to avoid creating global cartels.

Beitz is not the only reluctant throat-cutter in the Ruhr. Most German industrialists are attracted by the idea of parceling out world markets. Ernst Wolf Mommsen of the Phoenix-Rheinrohr steel-and-pipe combine frequently visits Washington in his efforts to promote German-American "joint ventures" in Africa, Asia and the Communist countries. "We're already working closely with French and Italian companies in joint ventures," the professorial-looking businessman says. "We'd like similar cooperation with American firms, but your antitrust laws are the obstacle."

Alfred Schulz of DEMAG A.G., one of the world's leading heavy-equipment producers, is almost lyrical about the vistas for German trade in the East: "Go a few miles over there to the Dutch border," he says, gesturing out the window of his skyscraper office in Duisburg, "and you won't hear a word of German spoken. But in southeast Europe you can use German all the way to Constantinople. That's also true for Russia. After all, Germans set up industry there under Peter the Great. They know us."

No place fascinates today's leading Ruhr industrialists more than Communist China. Many of them cut their teeth on trade with the East and feel a kind of commercial nostalgia for the old days. "They remember the Jockey Club in Shanghai," says an experienced American diplomat. "Most of them are smart enough to realize those days are gone forever, but they'd still love to see Eastern trade revive."

The campaign to renew German trade with China began when DEMAG's Schulz returned from a trip to Peking and Canton in 1963, proclaiming that the Chinese market was "like a dry sponge ready to soak up our goods." When American pressure induced Chancellor Erhard in 1964 to drop plans for a new trade agreement with Peking, the Ruhr magnates were furious. "Your government," Schulz angrily told Americans, "is forcing us to ignore one quarter of the human race. Without a trade agreement and government-backed export credits we can't do any worthwhile business with the Chinese."

Schulz was needlessly agitated. Even without guarantees from Bonn, West German exports to mainland China more than doubled in 1965, and early this year Erhard agreed to underwrite an $87.5 million credit for the construction of a major steel mill in China by a consortium headed by DEMAG. The plant will have a two-million-ton annual capacity, and is said to be the largest ever built by Western firms in Communist China.

Trade with all Communist countries (excluding the $600 million annual exchange with East Germany) now amounts to less than 4 percent of West Germany's total foreign commerce. Before World War II the Germans shipped 30 to 40 percent of their manufactured exports to Russia and Eastern Europe in exchange for food and raw materials. "The Ruhr boys aren't really hurting from the low level of Eastern trade," says one disabused American observer; "it's just that a Ruhr baron and a Bavarian peasant have the same mentality. They always want more."

One reason for the new commercial *Drang nach Osten* is German disappointment with the Common

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'I don't know why anyone wants to live here,'

says a businessman. But it was worse in the old days.

The Ruhr depends heavily on "guest laborers." At Duisburg-Hamborn, Koreans (left) train for coal-mining jobs, Turks (right) worship in a dormitory converted into a mosque.

THE NEW RUHR

Market. When it was founded in 1957, the Ruhr managers expected the six-nation community to respect German industry's marketing arrangements. Instead France, Italy and Belgium began underselling Ruhr coal and steel with the help of generous government subsidies. Chairman Sohl of August Thyssen expressed the Germans' resentment when he said the price-cutting "makes us wonder if the Coal and Steel Community belongs to those people who have become footsore on the road to integration. There will be no more pace-setting [toward integration] from us."

Disenchantment has deepened as a consequence of what Ruhr industrialists call "the end of the miracle"—an economic slowdown marked by West Germany's first adverse balance of trade in 12 years and by growing inflationary pressures at home. With German workers earning more and working shorter hours than anyone else in Europe, the country is in danger of pricing itself out of competition. Ruhr steel production dipped last year because German firms now buy more than a fifth of their steel from new low-cost coastal mills in France, Italy and other Common Market countries.

Sohl and his fellow managers lobby in Bonn as diligently as U.S. businessmen do in Washington, although they profess to disdain the Federal German capital and all its works. They naturally prefer Erhard's vague "social market" philosophy of capitalism with its minimum government interference, but the big firms are shrewd enough to hedge their bets by contributing money to the opposition Social Democrats and the liberal Free Democratic Party as well as to Erhard's ruling Christian Democratic Union. Consequently the Sohls and the Beitzes would feel free to ask a Social Democratic government for the same tariff protection and other favors they now get from Erhard. In the Ruhr, the profit motive tends to override matters of political principle.

Principles of many sorts tend to get obscured in the scramble for profits, as attested by the number of legal actions against West Germany's postwar economic *Wunderkinder*.

Until his private plane developed engine trouble and crash-landed west of Bonn in March, 1964, Alfons Müller-Wipperfürth had the reputation of being Germany's shrewdest "tax refugee" as well as the country's uncrowned "trouser king." He made a fortune manufacturing men's clothing in Germany, then skipped to Switzerland in 1960 when tax investigators threatened to close in on him. For four years he commuted with carefree ease between his enterprises in Switzerland and Belgium without touching Germany. "I'm saving a heap of money," he boasted. Just to be on the safe side, "Don Alfonso," as Müller-Wipperfürth's friends call him, took out Cuban citizenship, hoping Castro might again allow private textile plants on his island. After being pulled from the wreckage of his plane by German police two years ago, the once-debonair industrialist was hospitalized, then obliged to post half a million dollars in bonds to ensure he will still be around when his case finally comes before the German tax court.

Another businessman to run spectacularly afoul of the law is Fritz-Aurel Goergen, the self-made millionaire who rescued the giant Henschel truck-and-locomotive works from bankruptcy. He was dining with Chancellor Erhard at the Hannover Fair in the spring of 1964 when the police—recognizing Goergen by the dark glasses that make him look like a German Mafia boss—moved in to arrest him. He was charged with conspiring with a New York supplier to defraud Bonn of almost half a million dollars on spare parts for American tanks used by the Germans. Goergen has now brought a counter-action against the government, and a trial is expected soon.

Whatever the state of their affairs, most of the new German millionaires make a fetish of keeping out of public view, in the manner of the old industrial barons. But their private pleasures are often lavish. Helmut Horten, the department-store czar, often entertains guests in his walled Rhine-front villa by importing the "Blue Bell" chorus line from Paris's Lido nightclub. To entertainers who catch his fancy he sends silver medallions bearing his profile and the Latin inscription HELMUT I, THE EMPEROR OF HORTEN'S MERCURY AND DEFEKA STORES. THE SERVANT OF LOVE. THE FRIEND OF WINE. I DO NOT LIVE TO WORK BUT WORK TO LIVE.

Many servants of love, or what passes for it in the Ruhr, have given the German *nouveaux riches* a rather lurid reputation for moral turpitude. They are probably on a par with their counterparts elsewhere, except that the diversions of the Ruhr elite seem more joyless and certainly more methodical. Düsseldorf's biggest brothel is conveniently located and plainly marked for tired businessmen arriving by train. Patrons at the city's posh night spots wax suddenly belligerent when a photographer appears. The proportion of wives among the ladies at such establishments is not high. The Ruhr's "industry monks," as the tycoons like to call themselves, regard a little extracurricular weekend relaxation as salutary—much like their required yearly medical "cure."

"It doesn't take five minutes," says one hard-boiled public-relations man, "for everyone here to know when somebody starts sleeping with somebody else's wife. The place is incestuous."

It was probably no better in the old days; the difference is that more people know what's going on in the Ruhr nowadays. The old Ruhr was an industrial ghetto—raw, grimy and uncultured. The new Ruhr is building four modern universities (one of which is using abandoned coal-mine shafts to build air-raid shelters for students and faculty). Dortmund has a modern domed theater, Düsseldorf's opera is one of the best in Germany, and even such dismal mining towns as Oberhausen and Gelsenkirchen now boast competent professional dramatic groups. The Ruhr most nearly approaches *la dolce vita* along Düsseldorf's tree-lined Königsallee (the Kö, as Germans call it), with its sidewalk cafés and Italianate fountains.

The old Ruhr was perennially overcast except in a few spots. The war against air pollution is now as popular in Germany as in America, but the problems are equally baffling. "I don't know why anyone would want to live in the Ruhr," says Alfred A. Northacker of the American-owned Deutsche Kellogg construction firm. "We installed soot-measuring devices on our golf course here in Düsseldorf, and every time we look at them they are full up." You can taste Ruhr air. In Oberhausen there are twice as many cases of rickets as in adjacent rural areas where children can absorb the sun's Vitamin D unfiltered by smog.

The state of North Rhine-Westphalia, in which the Ruhr is located, now requires industry to install dust-suppression equipment, and Ruhr politicians compete in promising "blue skies" to

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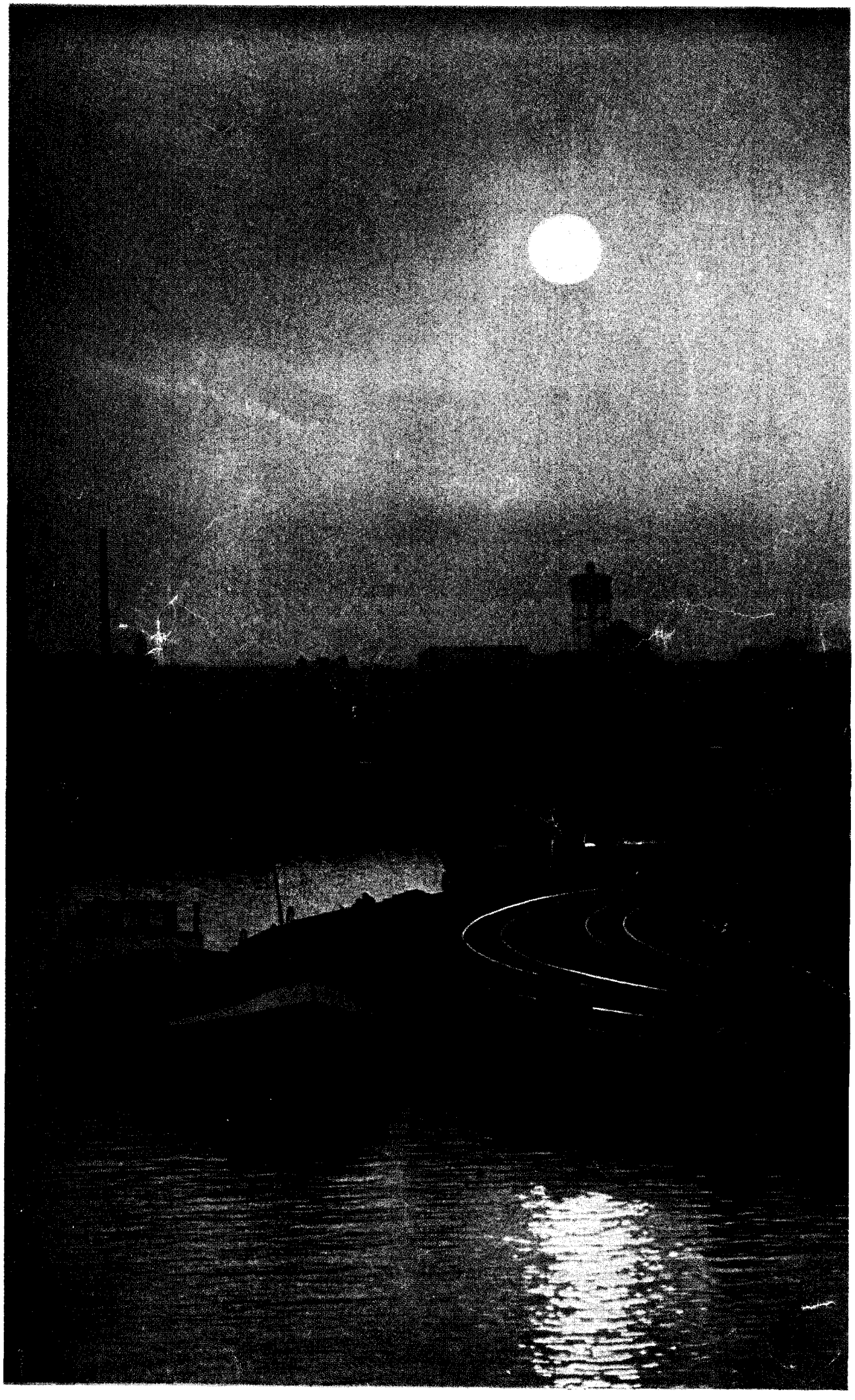
Europe's largest inland port, where the Ruhr River joins the Rhine at Duisburg-Ruhrort (right), is being deliberately undermined to keep it level with the sinking riverbed.



constituents. But many industrialists privately call this pie in the sky. "Since French steel sells more cheaply here than our own," an Oberhausen steelman told me, "you can imagine how eager we are to add to our costs for purifying the air."

In the bad old days Ruhr workers lived in airless row houses under the shadow of factory chimneys. Now they commute up to 50 miles a day to and from work, and the roads are a refined form of paralysis. Hitler's Autobahns have been little improved by his successors, although considerable sums have been spent on secondary roads. The only pleasant thing about traveling in the Ruhr is the Düsseldorf-to-Duisburg streetcar that serves wurst, beer and goulash to passengers.

There are still open spaces in the Ruhr—some of them bucolically beautiful—but almost no place to build. Everywhere hollowed-out coal seams pose the threat of sinkage for buildings. General Motors met this problem by building what may be the world's only movable automobile plant—the new half-billion-dollar Opel factory located on top of an abandoned coal mine at Bochum. "If you could see a cross-section of our foundation it would look like a huge inverted mushroom made of concrete," says Alexander A. Cunningham, the factory's manager. "That's to protect us against subsidence. We've also installed hydraulic screws that can literally raise the roof if the ground starts sinking. We can change the position of the whole building if we need to."

Near where the Ruhr River joins the Rhine, German engineers have deliberately made the earth sink to save the Ruhr's six main port basins at Duisburg-Ruhrort. The fast-flowing Rhine is deepening its bed by almost two inches a year. Since 1900 the water level has dropped more than six feet, threatening to leave the port high and dry. To forestall this, the Germans have mined 12 million tons of coal from beneath Duisburg-Ruhrort. The harbor is obediently sinking to the level of the Rhine without damaging anything more than a few basement floors. "I lock my place every night," says one barkeeper, "but in the morning the ground has sunk a little more and the door is wide open again." The Rhine will go on burrowing deeper for another 50 years. By then its gradient will be about level and the Germans will no longer have to keep Europe's largest inland port complex subsiding in terrestrial harmony with the river.

The Ruhr has always been ready to adapt itself to the currents of history as well as rivers. It has needed foreign capital, foreign techniques and foreign labor to survive, so it has "internationalized." It has needed foreign markets to prosper, so its new managers give much more than lip service to the ideals of free trade and international cooperation. They consider the whole world their economic hinterland, and are fond of remarking that "peace pays."

Yet nationalism is not dead in the Ruhr. If tariff talks now under way in Geneva were to produce a contraction in world trade, the Ruhr could be expected to seek business wherever it could find it, perhaps by expanding dealings with the East, more likely by supporting the forces of militant nationalism at home. If the profit incentives in peace and cooperation were to diminish, the Ruhr could be expected to go back to making guns and tanks and bombs.

The world has reason to regret such reactions—and reason to remember that the powerful new jinni in the Ruhr can serve many masters. □

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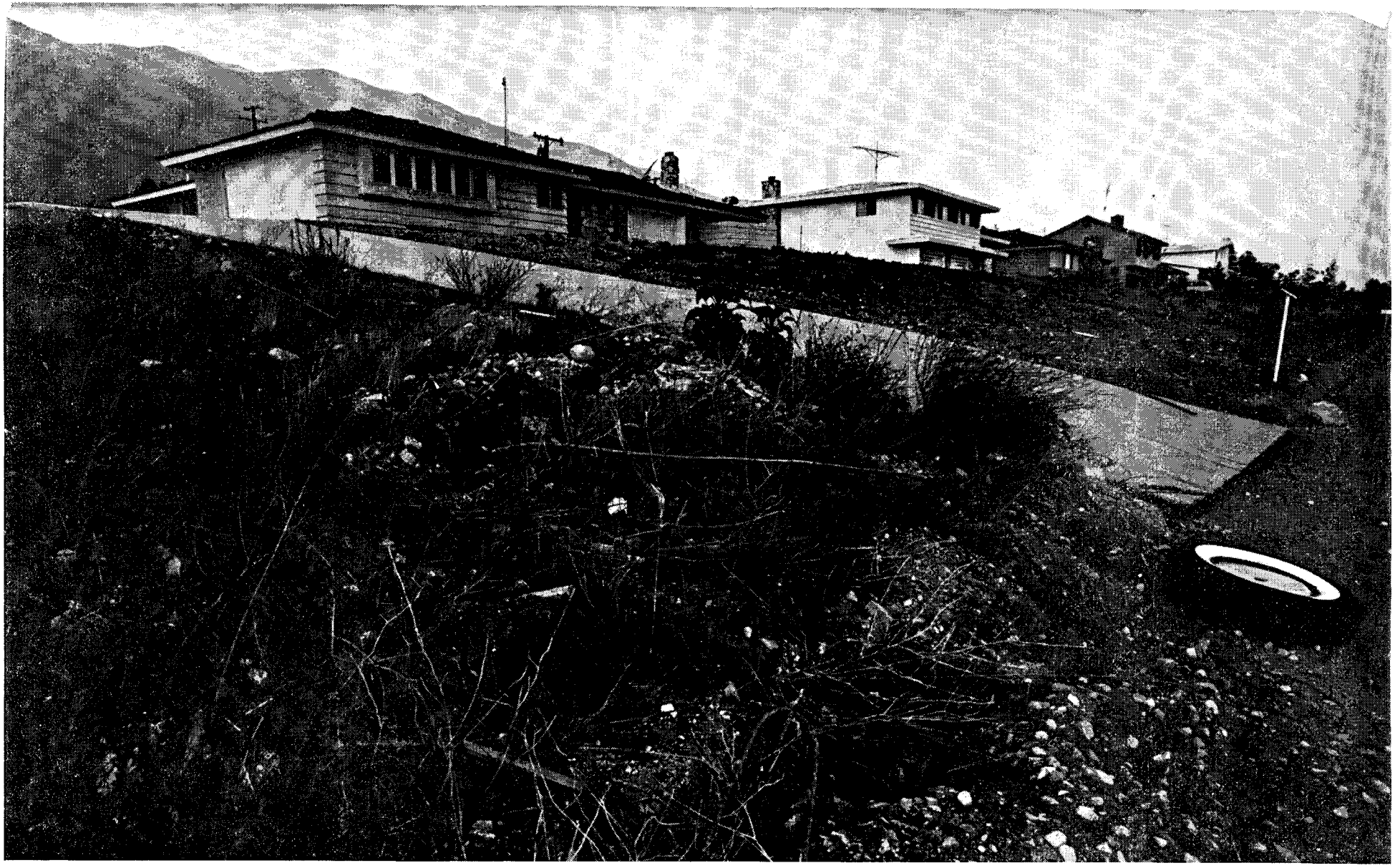

The Miller house is empty now. A sign on what would have been the lawn reads "Estate Sale." The TV aerial has toppled. In the trash can is a child's game called "Lie Detector."

To her lawyer, Mrs. Miller was just impulsive: A woman unable to control her foolish heart. But the prosecutor said she wanted too much.

By JOAN DIDION

This is a story about love and death in the golden land and begins with the country. The San Bernardino Valley lies only an hour east of Los Angeles by the San Bernardino Freeway but is in certain ways an alien place: not the coastal California of the subtropical twilights and the soft westerlies off the Pacific, but a harsher California, haunted by the Mojave just beyond the mountains, devastated by the hot dry Santa Ana wind that comes down through the passes at 100 miles an hour and whines through the eucalyptus windbreaks and works on the nerves. October is the bad month for the wind, the month when breathing is difficult and the hills blaze up spontaneously. It is the season of suicide and divorce and prickly dread, wherever the wind blows.

The Mormons settled this ominous country, and then they abandoned it, but by the time they left, the first orange tree had been planted, and for the next 100 years the San Bernardino Valley would draw a kind of people who imagined they might live among the talismanic fruit and prosper in the dry air, people who brought with them Midwestern ways of building and cooking and praying and who tried to graft those ways upon the land. The graft took in curious ways. This is the California where it is possible to live and die without ever eating an artichoke, without ever meeting a Catholic or a Jew. This is the California where it is easy to Dial-a-Devotion, but hard to buy a book. This is the country in which a belief in the literal interpretation of Genesis has slipped imperceptibly into a belief in the literal interpretation of *Double Indemnity*, the country of the teased hair and the Capris and the girls for whom all life's promise comes down to a waltz-length white wedding dress and the birth of a Kimberly or a Sherry or a Debbi and a Tijuana divorce and a return to hairdressers' school. "We were just crazy kids," they say without regret, and look to the future. The future always looks good in the golden land, because no one remembers the past. Here is where the hot wind blows and the old ways do not seem relevant, where the divorce rate is double the national average and where one person in every 38 lives in a trailer. Here is the last stop for all those who come from somewhere else, for all those who drifted away from the cold and the past and the old ways. Here is where they are trying to find a new life style, trying to find it in the only places they know to look: the movies and the newspapers. The case of Lucille Marie Maxwell Miller is a tabloid monument to that new life style.

Imagine Banyan Street first, because Banyan is where it happened. The way to Banyan is to drive west from San Bernardino out Foothill Boulevard, Route 66: past the Santa Fe switching yards, the Forty Winks Motel. Past the motel that is 19 stucco teepees: SLEEP IN A WIGWAM—GET MORE FOR YOUR WAMPUM. Past Fontana Drag City and the Fontana Church of the Nazarene and the Pit Stop A Go-Go; past Kaiser Steel, through Cucamonga, out to the Kapu Kai Restaurant-Bar and Coffee Shop, at the corner of Route 66 and Carnelian Avenue. Up Carnelian Avenue from the Kapu Kai, which means "Forbidden Seas," the subdivision flags whip in the harsh wind. HALF-ACRE RANCHES! SNACK BARS! TRAVERTINE ENTRIES! $95 DOWN. It is the trail of an intention gone haywire, the flotsam of the New California. But after a while the signs thin out on Carnelian Avenue, and the houses are no longer the bright pastels of the Springtime Home owners but the faded bungalows of the people who grow a few grapes and keep a few chickens out here, and then

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'HOW CAN I TELL THEM THERE'S NOTHING LEFT?'

Detectives began to wonder about certain inconsistencies: two milk cartons were still upright on the burnt-out back floor.

the hill gets steeper and the road climbs and even the bungalows are few, and here—desolate, roughly surfaced, lined with eucalyptus and lemon groves—is Banyan Street.

Like so much of this country, Banyan suggests something curious and unnatural. The lemon groves are sunken, down a three- or four-foot retaining wall, so that one looks directly into their dense foliage, too lush, unsettlingly glossy, the greenery of nightmare; the fallen eucalyptus bark is too dusty, a place for snakes to breed. The stones look not like natural stones but like the rubble of some unmentioned upheaval. There are smudge pots, and a closed cistern. To one side of Banyan there is the flat valley, and to the other the San Bernardino Mountains, a dark mass looming too high, too fast, nine, ten, eleven thousand feet, right there above the lemon groves. At midnight on Banyan Street there is no light at all, and no sound except the wind in the eucalyptus and a muffled barking of dogs. There may be a kennel somewhere, or the dogs may be coyotes.

Banyan Street was the route Lucille Miller took home from the 24-hour Mayfair Market on the night of October 7, 1964, a night when the moon was dark and the wind was blowing and she was out of milk, and Banyan Street was where, at about 12:30 A.M., her 1964 Volkswagen came to a sudden stop, caught fire and began to burn. For an hour and 15 minutes Lucille Miller ran up and down Banyan calling for help, but no cars passed and no help came. At three o'clock that morning, when the fire had been put out and the California Highway Patrol officers were completing their report, Lucille Miller was still sobbing and incoherent, for her husband had been asleep in the Volkswagen. "What will I tell the children when there's nothing left, nothing left in the casket," she cried to the friend called to comfort her. "How can I tell them there's nothing left?"

In fact, there was something left, and a week later the body lay in the Draper Mortuary Chapel in a closed bronze coffin blanketed with pink carnations. Some 200 mourners heard Elder Robert E. Denton of the Seventh-Day Adventist Church of Ontario speak of "the temper of fury that has broken out among us." For Gordon Miller, he said, there would be "no more death, no more heartaches, no more misunderstandings." Elder Ansel Bristol mentioned the "peculiar" grief of the hour. Elder Fred Jensen asked, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" A light rain fell, a blessing in a dry season, and a female vocalist sang *Safe in the Arms of Jesus*. A tape of the service was made for the widow, who was being held without bail in the San Bernardino County Jail on a charge of first-degree murder.

Of course she came from somewhere else, came off the prairie in search of something she had seen in a movie or heard on the radio, for this is a Southern California story. She was born on January 17, 1930, in Winnipeg, Manitoba, the only child of Gordon and Lily Maxwell, both schoolteachers and both dedicated to the Seventh-Day Adventist Church, whose members observe the Sabbath on Saturday, believe in an apocalyptic Second Coming, have a strong missionary tendency, and, if they are strict, do not smoke, drink, eat meat, use makeup or wear jewelry, including wedding rings. By the time Lucille Maxwell enrolled at Walla Walla College in College Place, Wash., the Adventist school where her parents then taught, she was an 18-year-old possessed of remarkable good looks and remarkable high spirits. "Lucille wanted to see the world," her father would say in retrospect, "and I guess she found out."

The high spirits did not seem to lend themselves to an extended course of study at Walla Walla College, and in the spring of 1949 Lucille Maxwell met and married Gordon (Cork) Miller, a 24-year-old graduate of Walla Walla and of the University of Oregon dental school, then stationed at Fort Lewis as a medical officer. "Maybe you could say it was love at first sight," Maxwell recalls. "Before they were ever formally introduced, he sent Lucille a dozen and a half roses with a card that said even if she didn't come out on a date with him, he hoped she'd find the roses pretty anyway." The Maxwells remember their daughter as a "radiant" bride.

Unhappy marriages so resemble one another that we do not need to know too much about the course of this one. There may or may not have been trouble on Guam, where Cork and Lucille Miller lived while he finished his Army duty. There may or may not have been problems in the small Oregon town where he first set up private practice. There appears to have been some disappointment about their move to California: Cork Miller had told friends that he wanted to become a doctor, that he was unhappy as a dentist and planned to enter the Seventh-Day Adventist College of Medical Evangelists at Loma Linda, a few miles south of San Bernardino. Instead he bought a dental practice in the west end of San Bernardino County and the family settled there, in a modest house on the kind of street where there are always tricycles and revolving credit and dreams about bigger houses, better streets. That was 1957. By the summer of 1964 they had achieved the bigger house on the better street and the familiar accouterments of a family on its way up: the $30,000 a year, the three children for the Christmas card, the picture window, the family room, the news-

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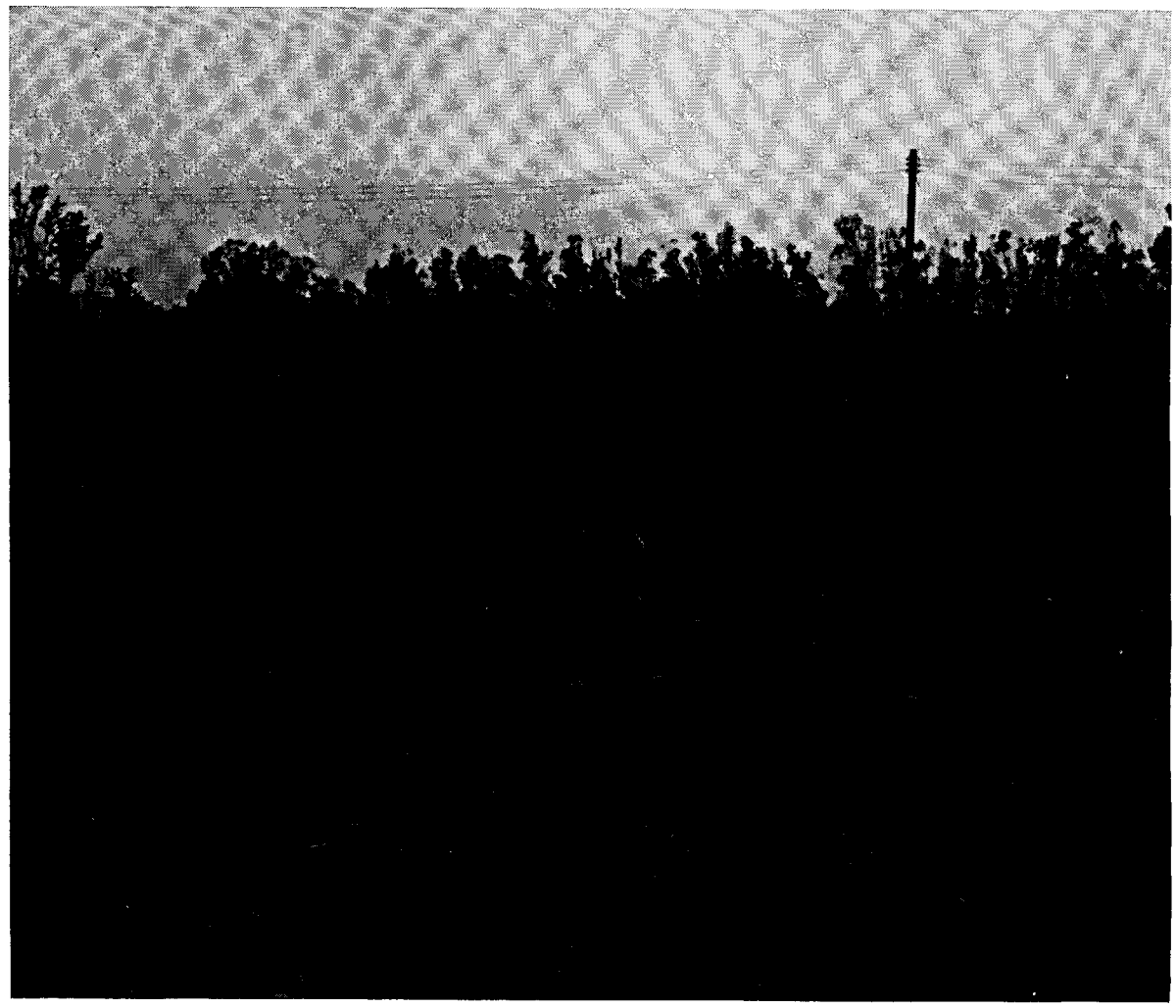

It was a spotty case, and to make it work at all the state was going to have to find a motive that would make a woman want to burn her husband alive.

paper photographs that showed "Mrs. Gordon Miller, Ontario Heart Fund Chairman. . . ." They were paying the familiar price for it. And they had reached the familiar season of divorce.

It might have been anyone's bad summer, anyone's siege of heat and nerves and migraine and money worries, but this one began particularly early and particularly badly. On April 24 an old friend, Elaine Hayton, died suddenly; Lucille Miller had seen her only the night before. During the month of May, Cork Miller was hospitalized briefly with a bleeding ulcer, and his usual reserve deepened into depression. He told his accountant that he was "sick of looking at open mouths," and threatened suicide. By July 8 the conventional tensions of love and money had reached the conventional impasse in the new house on the acre lot at 8488 Bella Vista, and Lucille Miller filed for divorce. Within a month, however, the Millers seemed reconciled. They saw a marriage counselor. They talked about a fourth child. It seemed that the marriage had reached the traditional truce, the point at which so many resign themselves to cutting both their losses and their hopes.

But the Millers' season of trouble was not to end that easily. October 7 began as a commonplace-enough day, one of those days that sets the teeth on edge with its tedium, its small frustrations. The temperature reached 102° in San Bernardino that afternoon, and the Miller children were home from school because of Teachers' Institute. There was ironing to be dropped off. There was a trip to pick up a prescription for Nembutal, a trip to a self-service dry cleaner. In the early evening, an unpleasant accident with his car: Cork Miller hit and killed a German shepherd, and afterward said that his head felt "like it had a Mack truck on it." It was something he often said. As of that evening Cork Miller was $63,479 in debt, including the $29,637 mortgage on the new house, a debt load which seemed oppressive to him. He was a man who wore his responsibilities uneasily, and complained of migraine headaches almost constantly.

He ate alone that night, from a TV tray in the living room. Later the Millers watched John Forsythe and Senta Berger in *See How They Run*, and when the movie ended, about 11, Cork Miller suggested that they go out for milk. He wanted some hot chocolate. He took a blanket and pillow from the couch and climbed into the passenger seat of the Volkswagen. Lucille Miller remembers reaching over to lock his door as she backed down the driveway. By the time she left the Mayfair Market, and long before they reached Banyan Street, Cork Miller appeared to be asleep.

There is some confusion in Lucille Miller's mind about what happened between 12:30 A.M., when the fire broke out, and 1:50 A.M., when it was reported. She says that she was driving east on Banyan Street at about 35 mph when she felt the Volkswagen pull sharply to the right. The next thing she knew the car was on the embankment, quite near the edge of the retaining wall, and flames were shooting up behind her. She does not remember jumping out. She does remember prying up a stone with which she broke the window next to her husband, and then scrambling down the retaining wall to try to find a stick. "I don't know how I was going to push him out," she says. "I just thought if I had a stick, I'd push him out." She could not, and after a while she ran to the intersection of Banyan and Carnelian Avenue. There are no houses at that corner, and almost no traffic. After one car had passed without stopping, Lucille Miller ran back down Banyan toward the burning Volkswagen. She did not stop, but she slowed down, and in the flames she could see her husband. "He was," she said, "just black."

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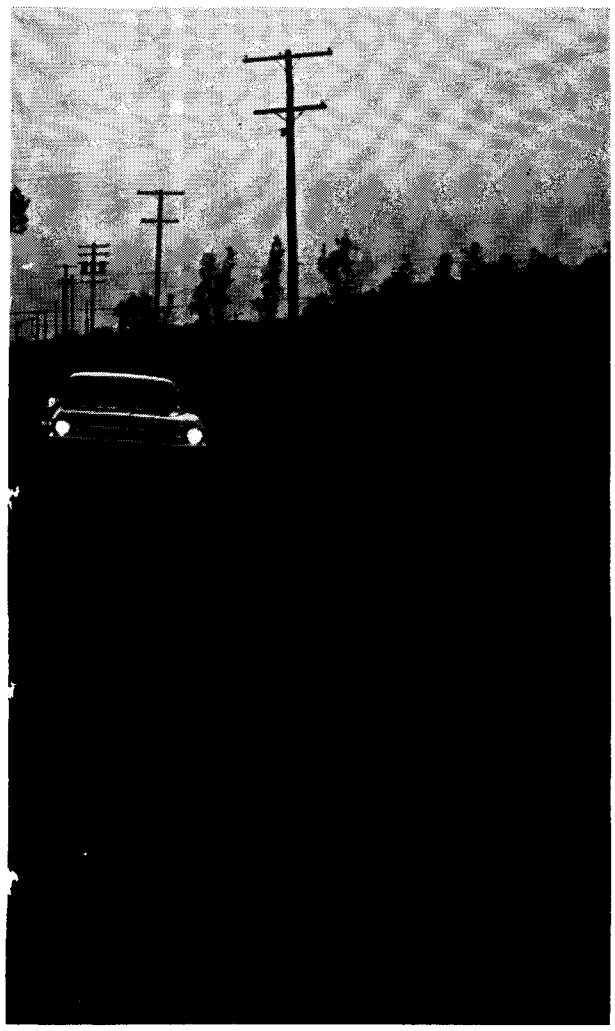
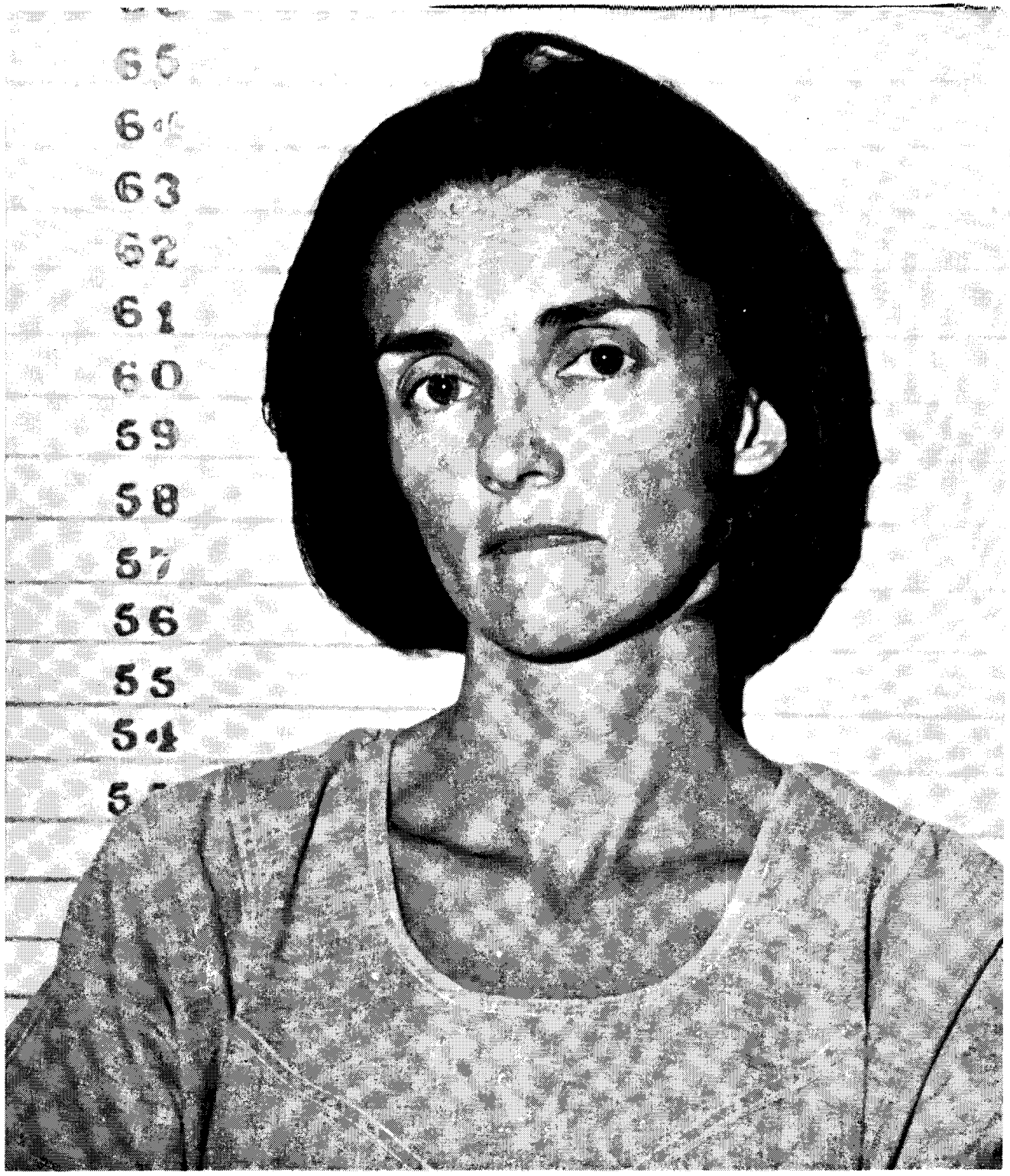


In 1949 she was a radiant bride. By 1964 they had reached the season of divorce, grim tensions in love and money.

Desolate Banyan Street is where it happened. At midnight there is no light at all. No cars passed and no help came.



By the time the trial opened, Lucille Miller's appearance included maternity clothes. Picking a jury was difficult.

At the first house up Sapphire Avenue, half a mile from the Volkswagen, Lucille Miller finally found help. There Mrs. Robert Swenson called the sheriff, and then, at Lucille Miller's request, she called Harold Lance, the Millers' lawyer and their close friend. When Harold Lance arrived, he took Lucille Miller home to his wife, Joan. Twice Harold Lance and Lucille Miller returned to Banyan Street and talked to the Highway Patrol officers. A third time Harold Lance returned alone, and when he came back he said to Lucille Miller, "OK . . . you don't talk any more."

When Lucille Miller was arrested the next afternoon, Sandy Slagle was with her. Sandy Slagle is the intense, relentlessly loyal medical student who used to baby-sit for the Millers and had been living as a member of the family since she graduated from high school in 1959. The Millers took her away from a difficult home situation, and she thinks of Lucille Miller not only as "more or less a mother or a sister" but as "the most wonderful character" she has ever known. On the night of the accident, Sandy Slagle was in her dormitory at Loma Linda University, but Lucille Miller called her early in the morning and asked her to come home. The doctor was there when Sandy Slagle arrived, giving Lucille Miller an injection of Nembutal. "She was crying as she was going under," Sandy Slagle recalls. "Over and over she'd say, 'Sandy, all the hours I spent trying to save him and now what are they trying to *do* to me?'"

At 1:30 that afternoon, Sergeant William Paterson and Detectives Charles Callahan and Joseph Karr of the Central Homicide Division arrived at 8488 Bella Vista.

"One of them appeared at the bedroom door," Sandy Slagle remembers, "and said to Lucille, 'You've got five or ten minutes to get dressed or we'll take you as you are.' She was in her nightgown, you know, so I tried to get her dressed."

Sandy Slagle tells the story now as if by rote, and her eyes do not waver. "So I had her panties and bra on her and they opened the door again, so I got some Capris on her, you know, and a scarf." Her voice drops. "And then they just took her."

The arrest took place just 12 hours after the first report that there had been an accident on Banyan Street, a rapidity which would later prompt Lucille Miller's attorney to say that the entire case was an instance of trying to justify a reckless arrest. Actually, what first caused the detectives who arrived on Banyan Street toward dawn that morning to give the accident more than routine attention were certain apparent physical inconsistencies. While Lucille Miller had said that she was driving about 35 mph when the car swerved to a stop, an examination of the cooling Volkswagen showed that it was in low gear, and that the parking rather than the driving lights were on. The front wheels, moreover, did not seem to be in exactly the position that Lucille Miller's description of the accident would suggest, and the right rear wheel was dug in deep, as if it had been spun in place. It seemed curious to the deputies, too, that a sudden stop from 35 mph—the same jolt which was presumed to have knocked over a gasoline can in the back seat and somehow started the fire—should have left two milk cartons upright on the back floorboard, and the remains of a camera box lying apparently undisturbed on the back seat.

No one, however, could be expected to give a precise account of what did and did not happen in a moment of terror, and none of these inconsistencies seemed in themselves incontrovertible evidence of criminal intent. But they did interest the Sheriff's Office, as did Gordon Miller's apparent unconsciousness at the time of the accident, and the length of time it had taken Lucille Miller to get help. Something, moreover, struck the investigators as wrong about Harold Lance's

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She untied Arthwell's boat.

she said later, 'to save myself from letting

my heart do something crazy.'

MILLER MURDER

attitude when he came back to Banyan Street the third time and found the investigation by no means over. "The way Lance was acting," the prosecuting attorney said later, "they thought maybe they'd hit a nerve."

And so it was that on the morning of October 8, even before the doctor had come to give Lucille Miller a shot to calm her, the San Bernardino County Sheriff's Office was already trying to construct another version of what might have happened between 12:30 and 1:50 A.M. The hypothesis they would eventually present was based on the somewhat tortuous premise that Lucille Miller had undertaken a plan which failed: a plan to stop the car on the lonely road, spread gasoline over her presumably drugged husband, and, with a stick on the accelerator, gently "walk" the Volkswagen over the embankment, where it would tumble four feet down the retaining wall into the lemon grove and almost certainly explode. If this had happened, Lucille Miller might then have somehow negotiated the two miles up Carnelian to Bella Vista in time to be home when the accident was discovered. This plan went awry, according to the Sheriff's Office hypothesis, when the car would not go over the rise of the embankment. Lucille Miller might have panicked then—after she had killed the engine the third or fourth time, say, out there on the dark road with the gasoline already spread and the dogs baying and the wind blowing and the unspeakable apprehension that a pair of headlights would suddenly light up Banyan Street and expose her there—and set the fire herself.

Although this version accounted for some of the physical evidence—the car in low because it had been started from a dead stop, the parking lights on because she could not do what needed doing without some light, a rear wheel spun in repeated attempts to get the car over the embankment, the milk cartons upright because there had been no sudden stop—it did not seem on its own any more or less credible than Lucille Miller's own story. Moreover, some of the physical evidence did seem to support her story: a nail in a front tire, a nine-pound rock found in the car, presumably the one with which she had broken the window in an attempt to save her husband. Within a few days an autopsy had established that Gordon Miller was alive when he burned, which did not particularly help the state's case, and that he had enough Nembutal and Sandoptal in his blood to put the average person to sleep, which did.

Arthwell Hayton insisted that he had never said he loved Lucille. Their affair ended when Elaine died suddenly.

Sandy Slagle screamed at jurors: "You're murderers . . ." Still bitter, she'll talk to visitors, but tapes the talks.

Harold Lance comforted young Debbie Miller at the trial. He once told her mother: "OK . . . you don't talk anymore."

It was a spotty case, and to make it work at all the state was going to have to find a motive. There was talk of unhappiness, talk of another man. That kind of motive, during the next few weeks, was what they set out to establish. They set out to find it in accountants' ledgers and double-indemnity clauses and motel registers—set out to determine what might move a woman who believed in all the promises of the middle class, a woman who had been chairman of the Ontario Heart Fund and who always knew a reasonable little dressmaker and who had come out of the bleak wilds of prairie fundamentalism to try to find what she imagined would be the good life—what should drive such a woman to sit on that street called Bella Vista and look out her new picture window into the empty California sun and calculate how to burn her husband alive. They found the wedge they wanted closer at hand than they might have at first expected, for, as testimony would reveal later at the trial, it seemed that in December of 1963 Lucille Miller had begun an affair with the husband of one of her friends, a man whose daughter called her "Auntie Lucille," a man who might have seemed to have the gift for people and money and the good life that Cork Miller so noticeably lacked. The man was Arthwell Hayton, a well-known San Bernardino attorney and at one time a member of the district attorney's staff.

In some ways it was the conventional clandestine affair in a place like San Bernardino, a place where little is bright or graceful, a place where it is routine to misplace the future and easy to start looking for it in bed. Over the seven weeks that it would take to try Lucille Miller for murder, Assistant District Attorney Don A. Turner and defense attorney Edward P. Foley would between them unfold a curiously predictable story. There were the falsified motel registrations. There were the lunch dates, the afternoon drives in Arthwell Hayton's red Cadillac convertible. There were the interminable discussions of the wronged partners.

There were the confidantes ("I knew everything," Sandy Slagle would insist fiercely later. "I knew every time, places, everything") and there were the words remembered from bad magazine stories ("Don't kiss me, it will trigger things," Lucille Miller remembered telling Arthwell Hayton in the parking lot of Harold's Club in Fontana after lunch one day) and there were the notes, the sweet exchanges: "Hi Sweetie Pie! You are my cup of tea!! Happy Birthday—you don't look a day over 29!! Your baby, Arthwell."

And, toward the end, there was the acrimony. It was April 24, 1964, when Arthwell Hayton's wife, Elaine, died suddenly, and nothing good happened after that. Arthwell Hayton had taken his cruiser, *Captain's Lady*, over to Catalina that weekend; he called home at nine o'clock Friday night, but did not talk to his wife because Lucille Miller answered the telephone, and said that Elaine was showering. The next morning the

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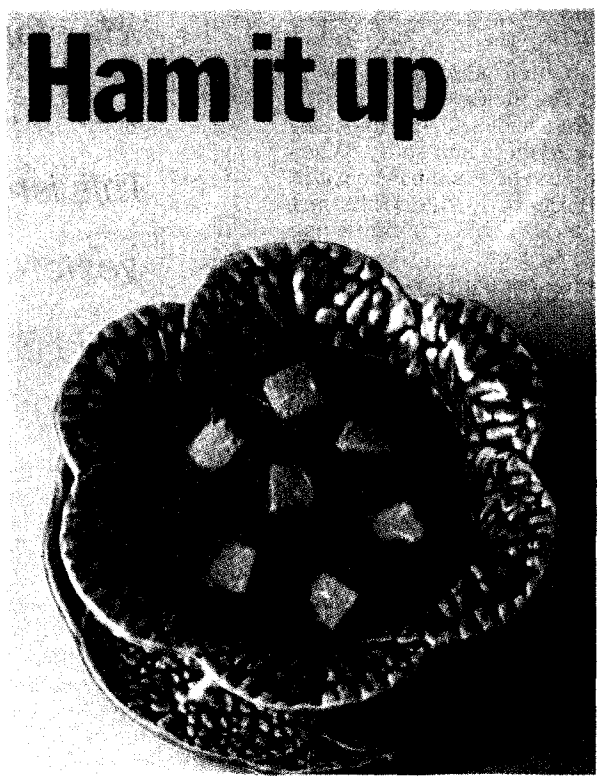

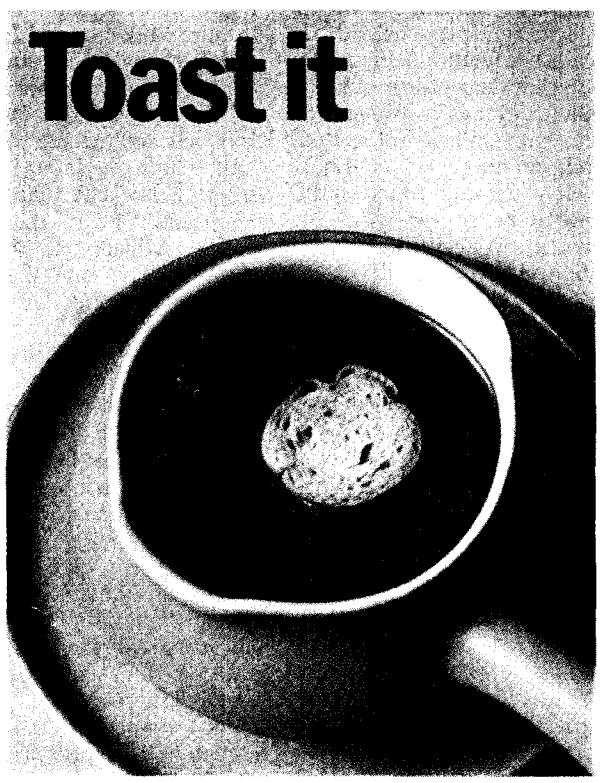

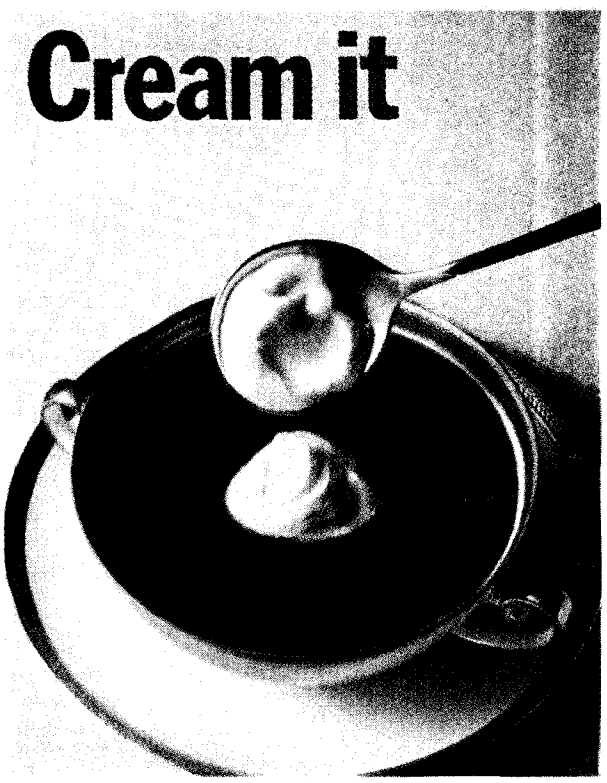

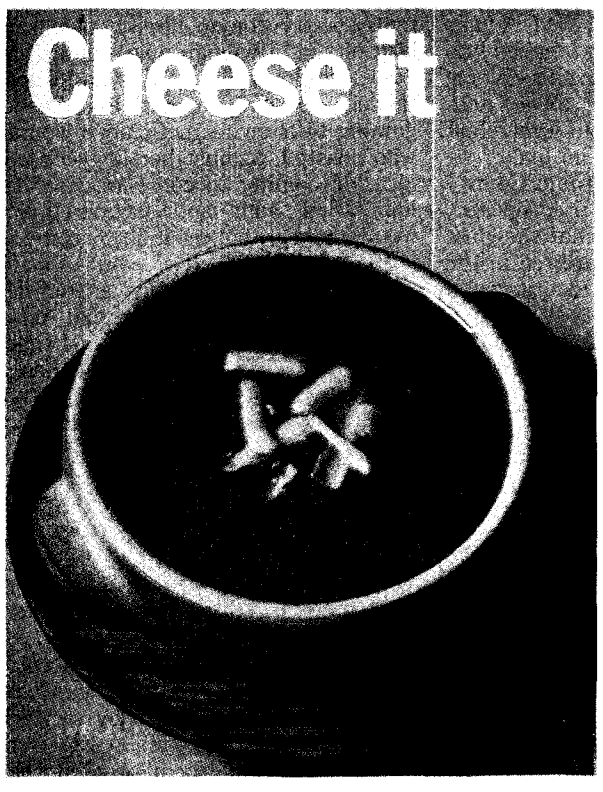

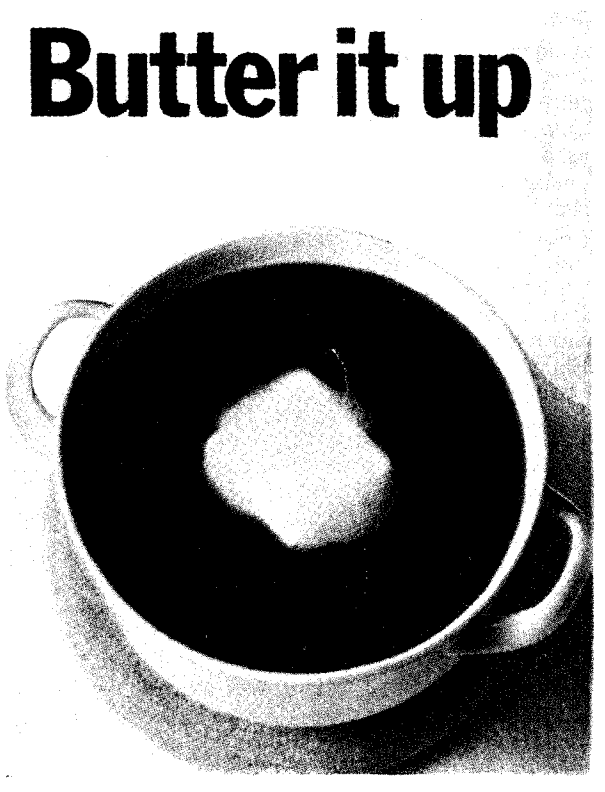

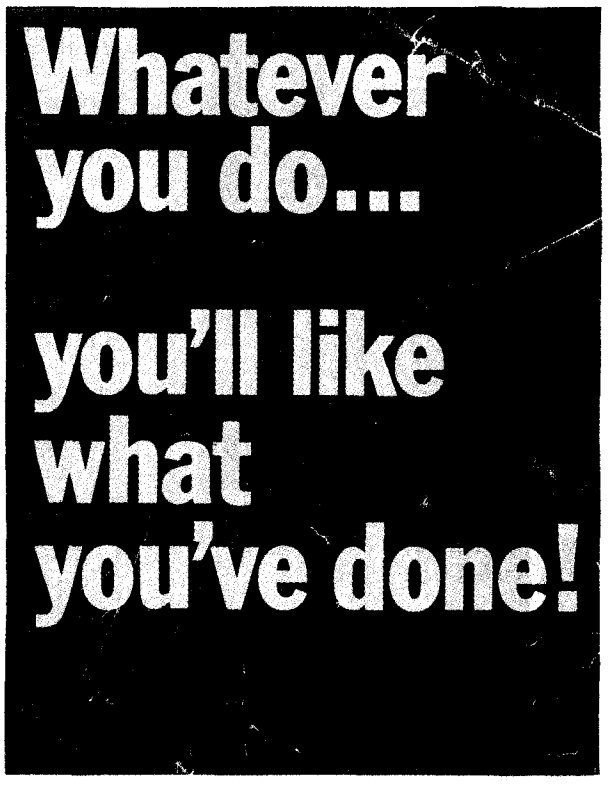

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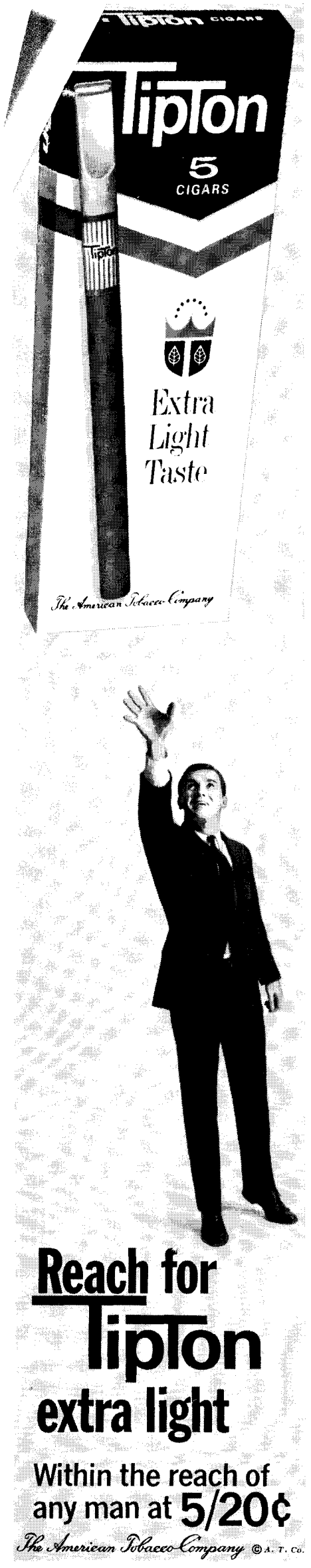

Haytons' daughter found her mother in bed, dead. The newspapers reported the death as accidental, perhaps the result of an allergy to hair spray. When Arthwell Hayton flew home from Catalina that afternoon, Lucille Miller met him at the airport, but the finish had already been written.

It was in the breakup that the affair ceased to be in the conventional mode, and began to resemble instead the novels of James M. Cain, the movies of the late 1930's, all the dreams in which violence and threats and blackmail are made to seem commonplaces of middle-class life. What was most startling about the case that the state of California was preparing against Lucille Miller was something that had nothing to do with law at all, a revelation that never did appear in the eight-column afternoon headlines but was always there between them: the news that the dream was teaching some of the dreamers how to live.

Here is Lucille Miller talking to her lover sometime in the early summer of 1964, after he had indicated that, on the advice of his minister, he did not intend to see her anymore: "First, I'm going to go to that dear pastor of yours and tell him a few things . . . When I do tell him that, you won't be in the Redlands Church anymore. . . . Look, Sonny Boy, if you think your reputation is going to be ruined, your life won't be worth two cents." Here is Arthwell Hayton, to Lucille Miller: "I'll go to Sheriff Frank Bland and tell him some things that I know about you until you'll wish you had never heard of Arthwell Hayton." For an affair between a Seventh-Day Adventist dentist's wife and a Seventh-Day Adventist personal-injury lawyer it seems a curious kind of dialogue.

"Boy, I could get that little boy coming and going," Lucille Miller later confided to Erwin Sprengle, a pudgy Riverside contractor who was a business partner of Arthwell Hayton's and a friend to both the lovers. (Friend or no, on this occasion he happened to have an induction coil attached to his telephone in order to tape Lucille Miller's call.) "And he hasn't got one thing on me that he can prove. I mean, I've got concrete—he has nothing concrete." In the same taped conversation with Erwin Sprengle, Lucille Miller mentioned a tape that she herself had surreptitiously made, months before, in Arthwell Hayton's car.

"I just thought it might be interesting if I got it down. So I said to him, I said, 'Arthwell, I just feel like I'm being used.' . . . He started sucking his thumb and he said, 'I love you. . . . This isn't something that happened yesterday. I'd marry you tomorrow if I could. I don't love Elaine.' He'd love to hear that played back, wouldn't he? . . ."

"Yeah," drawled Sprengle's voice on the tape. "That would be just a little incriminating, wouldn't it?"

"Just a *little* incriminating," Lucille Miller agreed. "It really *is*."

Later on the tape, Sprengle asked where Cork Miller was.

"He took the children down to the church."

"You didn't go?"

"No."

"You're naughty."

It was all, moreover, in the name of "love"; everyone involved placed a magical faith in the efficacy of the very word. There was the significance that Lucille Miller placed in Arthwell's saying that he "loved" her, that he did not "love" Elaine. There was Arthwell insisting, later, at the trial, that he had never said it, that he may have "whispered sweet nothings in her ear" (as her defense hinted that he had whispered in many), but he did not remember bestowing upon her the special seal, saying the word, declaring "love." There was the summer evening when Lucille Miller and Sandy Slagle followed Arthwell Hayton down to his new boat on its mooring at Newport Beach, and untied the lines with Arthwell aboard—Arthwell and a girl with whom he later testified he was drinking hot chocolate and watching television. "I did that on purpose," Lucille Miller told Erwin Sprengle later, "to save myself from letting my heart do something crazy."

"He started sucking his thumb and he said, 'I love you. . . . This isn't something that happened yesterday. I'd marry you tomorrow if I could. I don't love Elaine.'"

January 11, 1965, was a bright warm day in Southern California, the kind of day when Catalina floats on the Pacific horizon and the air smells of orange blossoms and it is a long way from the bleak and difficult East, a long way from the cold, a long way from the past. A woman in Hollywood staged an all-night sit-in on the hood of her car to prevent repossession by a finance company. A 70-year-old pensioner drove his station wagon at five miles an hour past three Gardena poker parlors and emptied three pistols and a 12-gauge shotgun through their plate-glass windows, wounding 29. "Many young women become prostitutes just to have enough money to play cards," he explained in a note. Mrs. Nick Adams said that she was "not surprised" to hear her husband announce his divorce plans on the *Les Crane Show*, and, farther north, a 16-year-old jumped off the Golden Gate bridge and lived.

And, in the San Bernardino County Courthouse, the Miller trial opened. The crowds were so bad that the glass courtroom doors were shattered in the crush, and from then on identification disks were issued to the first 43 spectators in line. The line began forming at 6 A.M., and college girls camped at the courthouse all night, with stores of graham crackers and low-calorie cola.

All they were doing was picking a jury, those first few days, but the sensational nature of the case had already suggested itself. Early in December there had been an abortive first trial, a trial at which no evidence was ever presented because on the day the jury was seated the San Bernardino *Sun-Telegram* ran an "inside" story quoting Assistant District Attorney Don Turner, the prosecutor, as saying, "We are looking into the circumstances of Mrs. Hayton's death. In view of the current trial concerning the death of Dr. Miller, I do not feel I should comment on Mrs. Hayton's death." It seemed that there had been barbiturates in Elaine Hayton's blood, and there had seemed some irregularity about the way she was dressed on that morning when she was found under the covers, dead. Any doubts about the death at the time, however, had never gotten as far as the Sheriff's Office. "I guess somebody didn't want to rock the boat," Turner said later. "These were prominent people."

Although all of that had not been in the *Sun-Telegram*'s story, an immediate mistrial had been declared. Almost as immediately, there had been another development: Arthwell Hayton had asked newspapermen to an 11 A.M. press conference in his office. There had been television cameras, and flash bulbs popping. "As you gentlemen may know," Hayton had said, striking a note of stiff bonhomie, "there are very often women who become amorous toward their doctor or lawyer. This does not mean on the physician's or lawyer's part that there is any romance toward the patient or client."

"Would you deny that you were having an affair with Mrs. Miller?" a reporter had asked.

"I would deny that there was any romance on my part whatsoever."

It was a distinction he would maintain through the wearing weeks to come.

So they had come to see Arthwell, these crowds who now milled beneath the dusty palms outside the courthouse, and they had also come to see Lucille, who appeared as a slight, intermittently pretty woman, already pale from lack of sun, a woman who would turn 35 before the trial was over and whose tendency toward haggardness was beginning to show, a meticulous woman who insisted, against her lawyer's advice, on coming to court wearing her hair piled high and lacquered. "I would've been happy if she'd come in with it hanging loose, but Lucille wouldn't do that," her lawyer said. He was Edward P. Foley, a small, emotional Irish Catholic who several times wept in the courtroom. "She has a great honesty, this woman," he added, "but this honesty about her appearance always worked against her."

By the time the trial opened, Lucille Miller's appearance included maternity clothes, for an official examination on December 18 had revealed that she was then three-and-a-half months pregnant, a fact which made picking a jury even more difficult than usual, for Turner was asking the death penalty. "It's unfortunate but there it is," he would say of the pregnancy to each juror in turn, and finally 12 were seated, seven of them women, the

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Sentry loves to tailor insurance for 'small' businessmen like Erwin Summer...

The man with a men's wear business these days has to wear a lot of hats and be a lot of things. Ask Erwin Summer. He runs Richards, "The Door To A Man's World" in Providence, R. I.

He's a manager, buyer, fashion expert, salesman, personnel director.

He has to be alert, aggressive, patient... and brave.

The competition is fierce!

But Richards has grown. It's a "small business"—smaller than Macy's, that is — But ever since Erwin started in his Dad's store while he was going to the University of Rhode Island, Richards has been growing. It's a great wallop, watching your business grow.

Erwin.

Sentry knows the feeling well. We started out as merchants ourselves — hardware merchants. We got together to insure ourselves. Now we sell all kinds of insurance! homeowners, auto, life, etc. . . . besides business insurance. But one thing we never forget is this: the unique set of problems a small businessman faces!

Like the problems Erwin Summer has. There's his building. (Recently he just had to rebuild the foundation.) There's the stock, all the accessories, a custom department, plus 6,000 garments on the racks.

And how do you protect everything and everyone *properly* with insurance? "I thought I had," says Erwin. "Till a friend of mine told me what had been done for him. By Sentry. My eyes got opened." He called the Sentry man in. But the Sentry man didn't make a *call*. He made a *study*. A comprehensive review of Erwin's problems. Insurance facts were pointed out to Erwin. "That's what got me," says Erwin. "I had facts to work with. Not just a sales story.

"And that's what I like about Sentry: they get at the root of things. 'Cause they know what I'm up against." Now Erwin has a Sentry "package." Everything is covered the way it ought to be. "And," says Erwin, "with everything done the way it ought to be done — I came out with a saving of 15%." Now Erwin can go spend more time doing what he got in business to do. As he puts it: "Run the most modern man's shop in New England!"

We wish we could help Macy's the same way we helped Erwin Summer. But they're a giant.

We just wouldn't have enough men and time to do all the things we'd have to do for Erwin and you, and take care of Macy's, too.

Maybe soon, though. Sentry did $144,000,000 last year. Next year we may be parked on Macy's doorstep. But one thing will *never* change: the kick we get out of applying our special small business know-how to small business! Maybe you'd like to get your insurance worries off your shoulders. The Sentry man would be pleased to show you how we do it. He is in the Yellow Pages. How's about calling him today?

SENTRY® INSURANCE

the "small" business that got big serving "small" business.

...sorry we can't fit Macy's just yet.

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youngest 41, an assembly of the very peers—housewives, a machinist, a truck driver, a grocery-store manager, a filing clerk—above whom Lucille Miller had wanted so badly to rise.

That was the sin, more than the adultery, which tended to reinforce the one for which she was being tried. It was implicit in both the defense and the prosecution that Lucille Miller was an erring woman, a woman who perhaps wanted too much. But to the prosecution she was not merely a woman who would want a new house and want to go to parties and run up high telephone bills ($1152 in 10 months), but a woman who would go so far as to murder her husband for his $80,000 in insurance, making it appear an accident in order to collect another $40,000 in double indemnity and straight accident policies. To Turner she was a woman who did not want simply her freedom and a reasonable alimony (she could have had that, the defense contended, by going through with her divorce suit), but wanted everything, a woman motivated by "love and greed." She was a "manipulator." She was a "user of people."

To Edward Foley, on the other hand, she was an impulsive woman who "couldn't control her foolish little heart." Where Turner skirted the pregnancy, Foley dwelt upon it, even calling the dead man's mother down from Washington to testify that her son had told her they were going to have another baby because Lucille felt that it would "do much to weld our home again in the pleasant relations that we used to have." Where the prosecution saw a "calculator," the defense saw a "blabbermouth," and in fact Lucille Miller did emerge as an ingenuous conversationalist. Just as, before her husband's death, she had confided in her friends about her love affair, so she chatted about it after his death, with the arresting sergeant. "Of course Cork lived with it for years, you know," her voice was heard to tell Sergeant Paterson on a tape made the morning after her arrest. "After Elaine died, he pushed the panic button one night and just asked me right out, and that, I think, was when he really—the first time he really faced it." When the sergeant asked why she had agreed to talk to him, against the specific instructions of her lawyers, Lucille Miller said airily, "Oh, I have always been basically quite an honest person. . . . I mean I can put a hat in the cupboard and say it cost ten dollars less, but basically I've always kind of just lived my life the way I wanted to and if you don't like it you can take off."

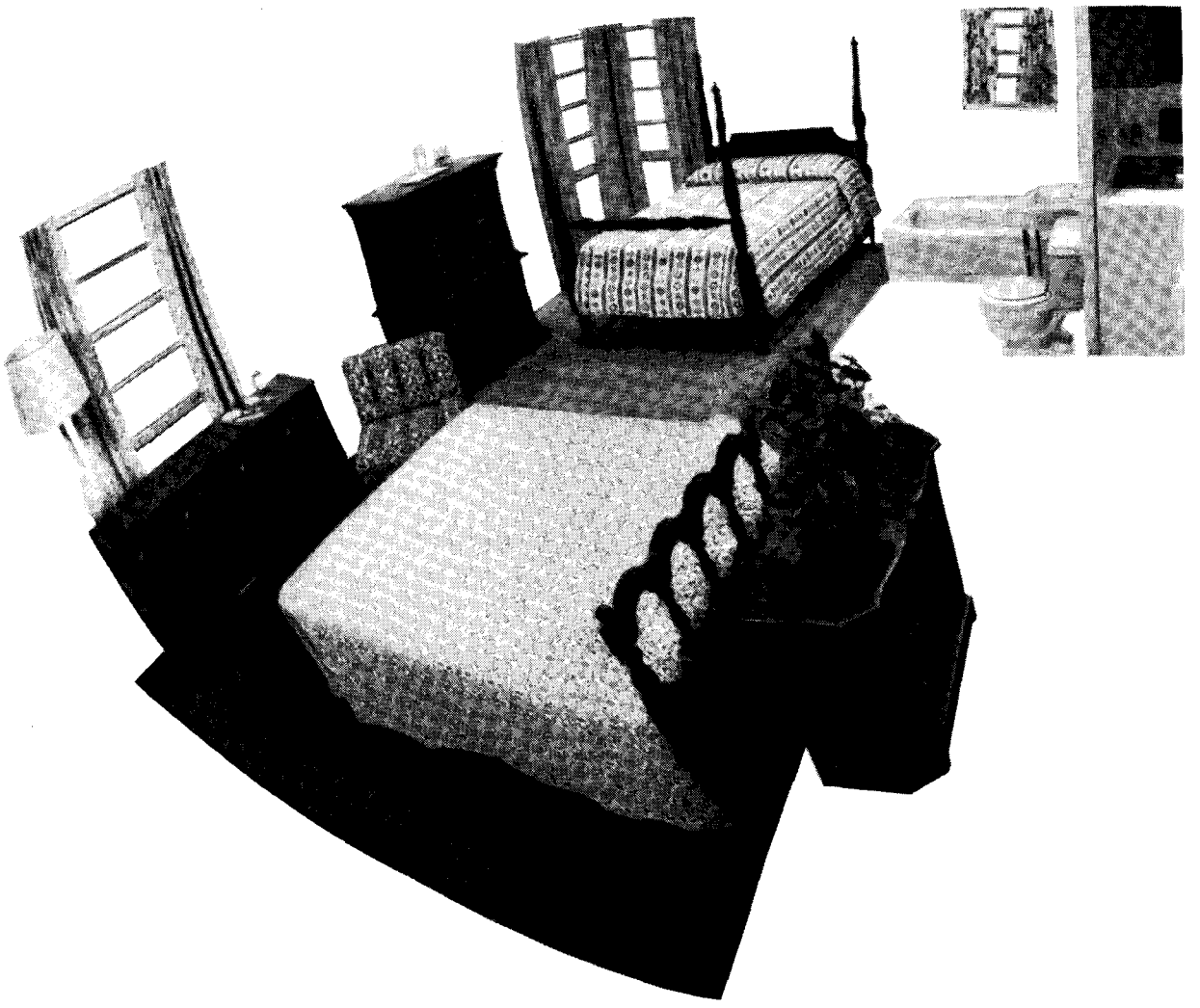
The prosecution hinted at men other than Arthwell, and even, over Foley's objections, managed to name one. The defense called Miller suicidal. The prosecution produced experts who said that the Volkswagen fire could not have been accidental. Foley produced witnesses who said that it could have been. Lucille's father, now a junior-high-school teacher in Oregon, quoted Isaiah to reporters: "*Every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn.*" "Lucille did wrong, her affair," her mother said judiciously. "With her it was love. But with some I guess it's just passion." There was Debbie, the Millers' 14-year-old, testifying in a steady voice about how she and her mother had gone to a supermarket to buy the gasoline can the week before the accident. There was Sandy Slagle, in the courtroom every day, declaring that on at least one occasion Lucille Miller had prevented her husband not only from committing suicide but from committing suicide in such a way that it would appear an accident and insure the double-indemnity payment. There was Wenche Berg, the pretty 27-year-old Norwegian governess to Arthwell Hayton's children, testifying that Arthwell had instructed her not to allow Lucille Miller to see or talk to the children.

Lucille Miller chose to have the baby outside. She paid for the guard who stood outside the delivery room. Debbie Miller took the baby home from the hospital in a white dress with pink ribbons, and named it Kimi Kai.

Two months dragged by, and the headlines never stopped; Southern California's crime reporters were headquartered in San Bernardino for the duration: Howard Hertel from the *Times*, Jim Bennett and Eddy Jo Bernal from the *Herald-Examiner*, in which the Miller trial was pushed off the front page only by the Academy Award nominations and Stan Laurel's death. And finally, on March 2, after Turner had reiterated that it was a case of "love and greed," and Foley had protested that his client was being tried for adultery, the case went to the jury.

They brought in the verdict, guilty

Cool a houseful of air in 15 minutes



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of murder in the first degree, at 5 P.M. on March 5. "She didn't do it," Debbie Miller cried, jumping up from the spectators' section. "She didn't *do* it." Sandy Slagle collapsed in her seat and began to scream. "Sandy, for God's sake please *don't*," Lucille Miller said in a voice that carried across the courtroom, and Sandy Slagle was momentarily subdued. But as the jurors left the courtroom she screamed again: "You're murderers. . . .Every last one of you is a *murderer*." Sheriff's deputies moved in then, each wearing a string tie that read 1965 SHERIFF'S RODEO, and Lucille Miller's father, that sad-faced junior-high-school teacher who believed in the word of Christ and the dangers of wanting to see the world, blew her a kiss off his fingertips.

The California Institution for Women at Frontera, where Lucille Miller is now, lies down where Euclid Avenue turns into country road, not too many miles from where she once lived and shopped and organized the Heart Fund Ball. Cattle graze across the road, and Rainbirds sprinkle the alfalfa. Frontera has a softball field and tennis courts, and looks as if it might be a California junior college, except that the trees are not yet high enough to conceal the concertina wire around the top of the Cyclone fence. On visitors' day there are big cars in the parking area, big cars that belong to grandparents, sisters, fathers (not many of them belong to husbands), and some of them have bumper stickers that say SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE.

A lot of California murderesses live here, a lot of girls who somehow misunderstood the promise. Don Turner put Sandra Garner here (and her husband in the gas chamber at San Quentin) after the 1959 desert killings known to crime reporters as "the soda-pop murders." Carole Tregoff is here, and has been ever since she was convicted of conspiring to murder Dr. Finch's wife in West Covina, which is not too far from San Bernardino. Carole Tregoff is in fact a nurse's aide in the prison hospital, and might have attended Lucille Miller if her baby, now 11 months old, had been born at Frontera; Lucille Miller chose instead to have it outside, and paid for the guard who stood outside the delivery room in St. Bernardine's Hospital. Debbie Miller came to take the baby home from the hospital, in a white dress with pink ribbons, and Debbie was allowed to choose a name. She named the baby Kimi Kai. The children live with Harold and Joan Lance now, because Lucille Miller will probably spend 10 years at Frontera. Don Turner waived his original request for the death penalty (it was generally agreed that he had demanded it only, in Edward Foley's words, "to get anybody with the slightest trace of human kindness in their veins off the jury"), and settled for life imprisonment with the possibility of parole. Lucille Miller does not like it here at Frontera, and has had trouble adjusting. "She's going to have to learn humility," Turner says. "She's going to have to use her ability to charm, to manipulate."

The new house is empty now, the house on the street with the sign that says PRIVATE ROAD—BELLA VISTA—DEAD END. The Millers never did get it landscaped, and the weeds grow up around the fieldstone siding. The television aerial has toppled on the roof, and a trash can is stuffed with the debris of family life: a cheap suitcase, a child's game called "Lie Detector." There is a sign on what would have been a lawn, and the sign reads: ESTATE SALE. Edward Foley is trying to get Lucille Miller's case appealed, but there have been delays. "A trial always comes down to a matter of sympathy," Foley says wearily now. "I couldn't create sympathy for her." Everyone is a little weary now, weary and resigned, everyone except Sandy Slagle, whose bitterness is still raw. She lives in an apartment near the medical school in Loma Linda, and studies reports of the case in *True Police Cases* and *Official Detective Stories*. "I'd much rather we not talk about the Hayton business too much," she tells visitors, and she keeps a tape recorder running. "I'd rather talk about Lucille and what a wonderful person she is and how her rights were violated." Harold Lance does not talk to visitors at all. "We don't want to give away what we can sell," he explains pleasantly; an attempt was made to sell Lucille Miller's personal story to *Life*, but *Life* did not want to buy it. In the district attorney's office, they are prosecuting other murders now, and do not see why the Miller trial attracted so much attention. "It wasn't a very interesting murder as murders go," Don Turner says laconically.

Elaine Hayton's death is no longer under investigation. "We know everything we want to know," Turner says.

Arthwell Hayton's office is directly below Edward Foley's. Some people around San Bernardino say that Arthwell Hayton suffered; others say that he did not suffer at all. Perhaps he did not, for the past is not believed to have any bearing upon time present or future out in the golden land where every day the world is born anew. In any case, on October 17, 1965, Arthwell Hayton married again, married his children's pretty governess, Wenche Berg, at a service in the Chapel of the Roses at a retirement village near Riverside. Later the newlyweds were feted at a reception for 75 in the dining room of Rose Garden Village. The bridegroom was in black tie, with a white carnation in his buttonhole. The bride wore a long white peau de soie dress and carried a shower bouquet of sweetheart roses with stephanotis streamers. A coronet of seed pearls held her illusion veil. □

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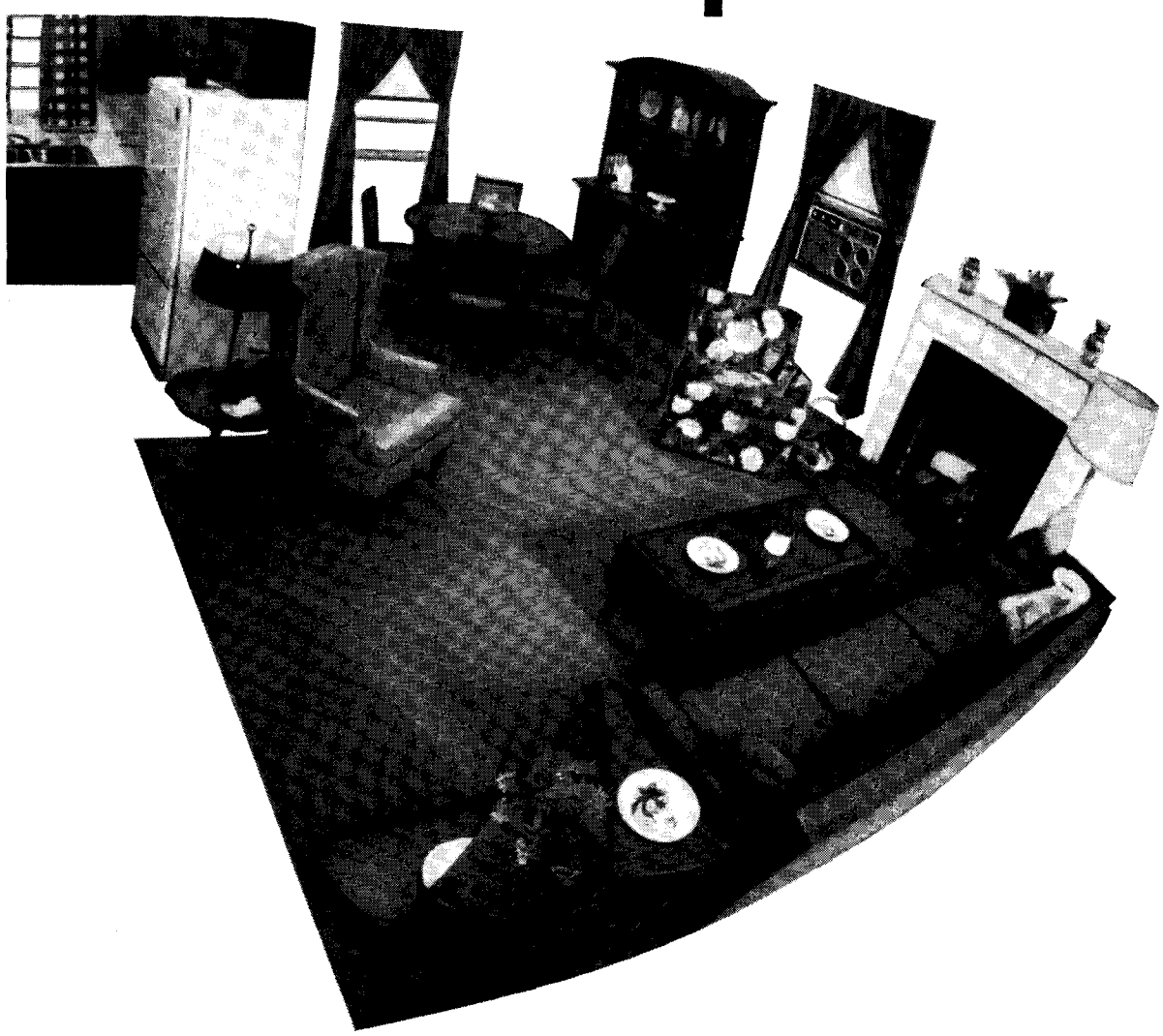

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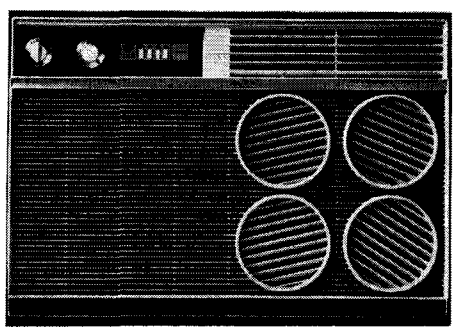

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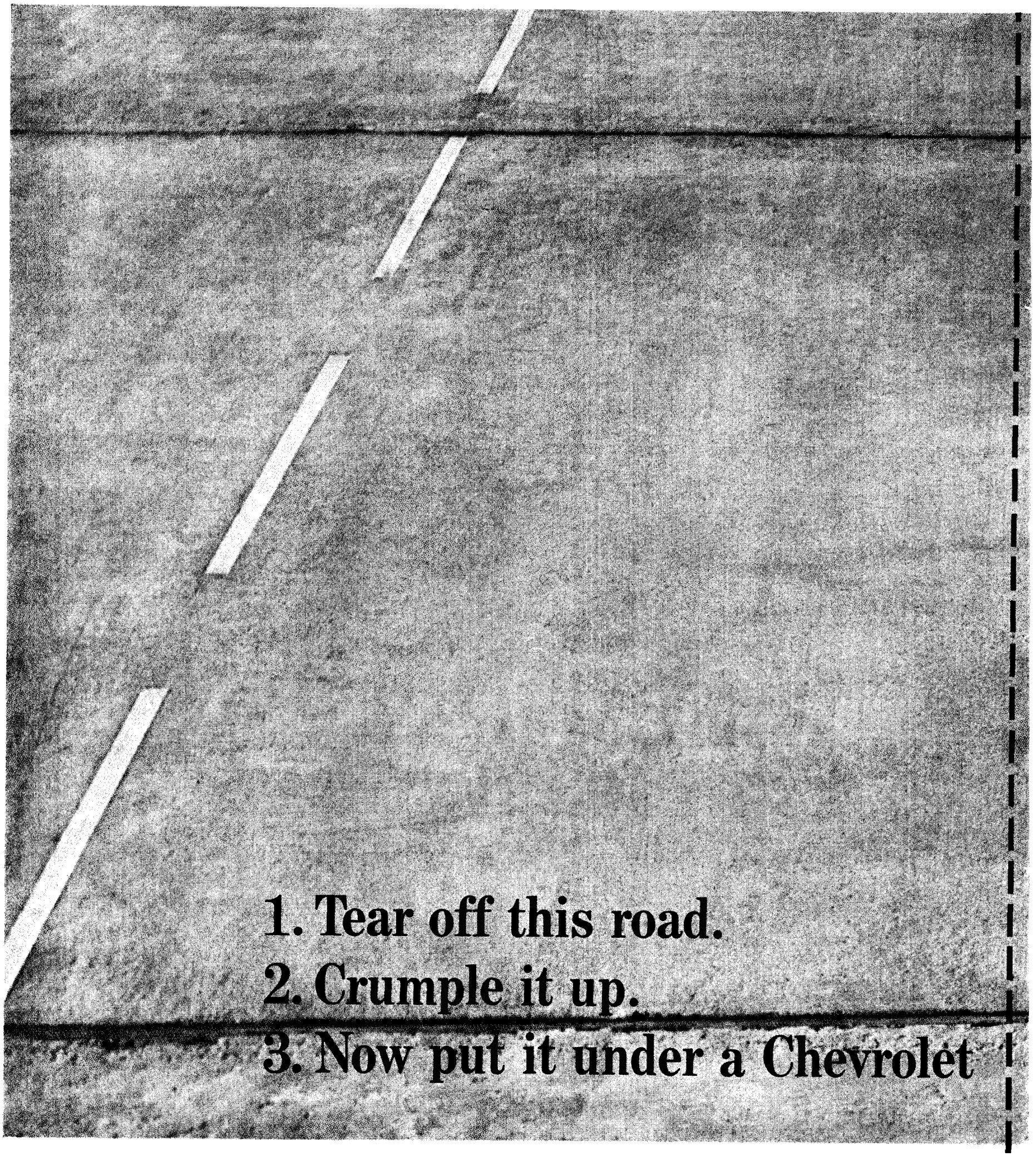

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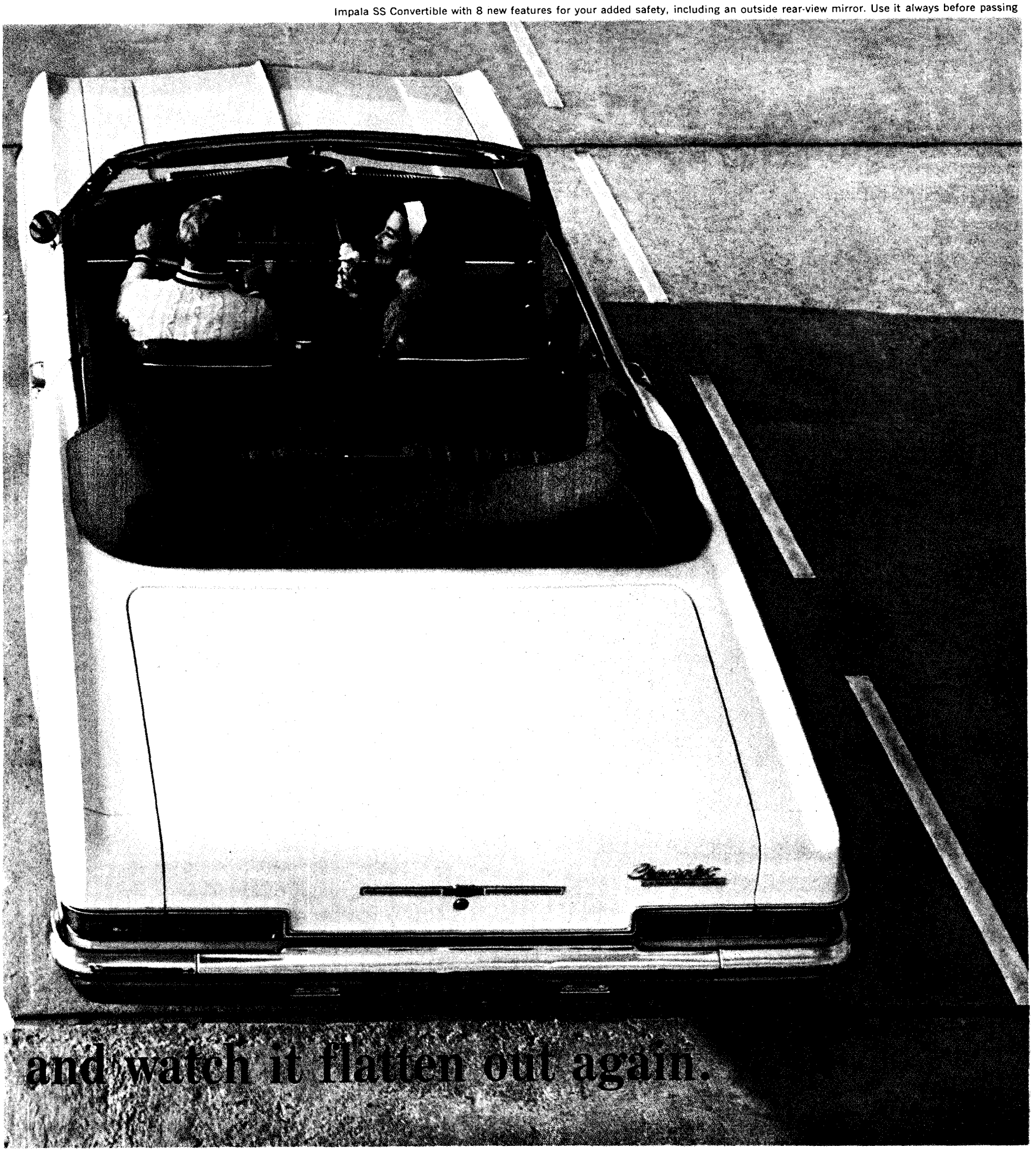

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The Running Foxes

By Joyce Stranger

Rufus and Rusty became legends round the shores of Hortonmere that autumn and winter. There are always fox-hunting stories in a place where every man owns his own hound, but these were exceptions, all from eyewitnesses. Many of the stories came from old Jasper Ayepenny, for the foxes affected his life.

Jasper farmed in a small way at Bruton-under-the-Water, a village close to the Scottish border that owed its name to a nearby waterfall. Chickens and ducks fought the bare ground for a living. Five cows found meager grazing on the grass at the edge of the peat bog. A one-eyed terrier and a ginger cat fought for the hearthrug, and Jasper was at odds with everyone.

Once he had hunted whenever the men went out, but now he was old. Worse, his terrier, Skim, a fierce fighter and a valiant dog, had been forcibly retired by the Horton Hunt, who said that he was far too old to go out on the rough and rocky moors—or fells, as they called them locally. The younger men had little time for Jasper, and he grew surly. He objected to the hounds crossing his land, and to the lads who climbed the stone wall as they followed on foot, dislodging rocks that were often not replaced, so that the cattle wandered out onto the marsh.

Horton Hunt is not an affair of mounted men, brave horses, and brilliant color. The men of England's Lake Country hunt on foot, drab—clad in everyday gaberdines. There is no Master and no Pack, for the Lakeland farmers do not have money to spare. Each man breeds his own hound, and runs it and bets on it, and cashes in during the gloomy evenings when the day is over and men are gathered in the firelit, dark-timbered room at the Black Swan tavern.

Daylong, the men tramp tirelessly over bleak fells, climbing rocky slopes, dropping down the stony landslides called screes to streams where a cunning fox masks his scent in the water. At night, they relive each second of the day, from the breakaway across pasture to the quick double-turn on the fern-clad hill.

That year, the Hunt met its match. Not once did the hounds kill, and old Jasper listened, grinning slyly into his beer mug, as the frustrated farmers spoke of witchcraft and magic.

Jasper's one-eyed terrier, Skim, and his ginger cat, Stalker, knew as much as anyone about the foxes that laired up in the rocks on Burnetskill. The vixen had come running one March day, her left paw tattered where she had chewed herself free from a trap.

Skim sniffed, and he chased through fern and heather, following the blood trail. He found the vixen lying in labor in a grassy dell, and barked at her angrily, so that she picked up the one born cub with her mouth and ran, panting desperately. The cub, too newborn to stand such treatment, died. She left it reluctantly as she paused for the birth of the second.

She stood over this cub, snarling. The terrier approached, and the vixen sprang, her eyes glowing. She shrieked, and the peacock scream sent the old dog flying, his tail between his legs. The vixen picked up her cub and took it in her mouth to a deserted burrow, where she bore two more, of which one was dead.

The two surviving cubs grew fat on milk enough for four. But before their eyes were open they had a second adventure, for old Jasper, curious to discover just what had sent his terrier flying home, came poking with a stick and found the burrow.

Jasper grinned. He saw that he could fool the Hunt by masking the scent of the den with something stronger than fox. A few buckets of the cleanings from the pigsties would foil any hound. He walked home happily, keeping his knowledge to himself.

The vixen saw the poking stick and smelled the man behind it. She could not know that he did not mean to drive her from her den, so she took precautions. She found an old hollow tree above the loose, rocky scree, with a little runnel of water falling from the hillside, slipping past its roots. The water would mask her scent, and the hollow was safe and far off the ground.

Before the moon glowed high, the vixen had carried the two cubs to safety, and when an owl rocketed down on the first field mouse, she was curled round the pair of them, feeding them while she tore at a rabbit that had crossed her path.

The tattered paw was partially healed, though the vixen always ran lame. Jasper could identify her trail by the mark of the injured paw, and he soon saw from the pad marks that followed hers that she had two cubs.

Once, in the night, he saw her coming down the hillside, the cubs following. He watched her, knowing that she would not steal on her own doorstep. So long as her lair was near his home, he was safe from her depredations.

The vixen came from Coniston way, and the Hunt had chased her on three occasions. She knew the need to show her cubs the land, so that they could take advantage of every piece of cover, of ditch and drain and badger hole.

Jasper, rising as always when the sun came over the peak of Burnetskill, saw the three of them loping home, the two youngsters still skittish, the mother tired, her head hanging, her limp pronounced. They vanished in thick undergrowth, but not before he realized that the burrow he had found had been abandoned. He wondered where she lay now, and determined to find out.

He called Skim, and the dog ran toward him, tail waving as he realized that the old man intended to take a rare walk.

They crossed the fox trail, and Skim's nose went down to it. He glanced at his master, and Jasper nodded. "Find them, boy," he said.

The terrier was overjoyed. The old skill remained, so that he was soon level with the little trickle that led round the tree. Jasper looked at it, and then glanced upward. Red hairs were caught in the bark. He saw the hole. The terrier watched him, unable to believe that there was not to be a kill.

That night, in the Black Swan, Jasper listened to talk of hunting. It was not yet time, but already the men were grooming the hounds.

"Matt Falcon's seen signs of a vixen and cubs at his farm," said Josh Johnson, a giant of a man from Tedder's Leigh. "Killed three pullets. Matt took his gun, but he didn't fire. She was well away. Lame," he added.

"She'll be the beast that Brook Holler trapped," said Jim Turner, a fair-haired man with a ferrety face and blue eyes that watered whenever he went out of doors. He drank noisily, and his beagle, Bella, watched every movement.

Jasper stretched in the chimney corner. The Swan was old. The long table tipped to one side

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Illustrated by Paul Hogarth

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The warm, exciting story
of an extraordinary vixen and her two cubs—
and of the men and hounds
who pursued them through the seasons.

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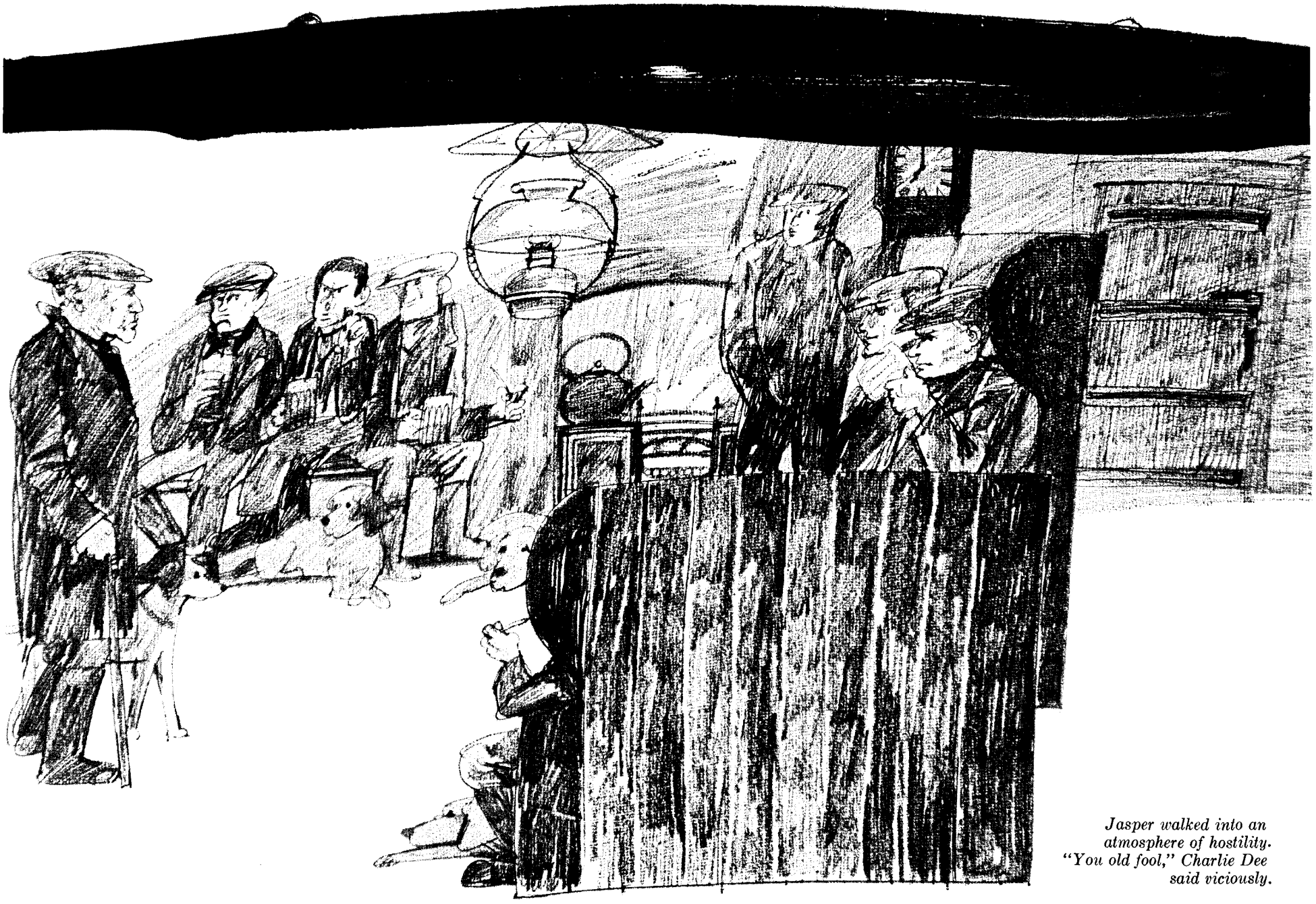

Jasper walked into an atmosphere of hostility. "You old fool," Charlie Dee said viciously.

on uneven flagstones, and the ceiling above Jasper's head was a foot lower than it was above Josh's. The worn beams were black and shining with oil rubbed in to keep the worm at bay.

Mrs. Jones kept a two-gallon copper kettle boiling in the open fireplace for those who needed tea. She was a homely woman with dark hair streaked gray tied in a loose knot.

The Hunt came to tea at the end of a day's walking. Came to eat homebaked bread and farm butter with blackberry jelly, and great slices of ham with lettuce and tomato. They followed it with slices of apple pie. There were also scones the size of saucers, and cherry cake soaked in brandy.

Jasper missed the Hunt teas, and Mrs. Jones took pity on him. If he came to the Swan the day after a hunt, there was always a bag of goodies to take home to share with Skim and Stalker.

He thought of these teas now as he drank his ale and sat silent in the chimney corner. The younger men dismissed him as an old gaffer and ignored him when they talked of their plans, but tonight even he was included in the conversation, for Tom Ladyburn had drawn a sweepstakes ticket and was asking all for advice.

"Three hundred pounds now, whether I win or not," he was saying. "If the horse wins, I get two thousand. What'll I do?"

"Take the money and don't be daft," said Jim Turner. "If the horse loses, you'll not get a penny."

"That's right," Mrs. Jones agreed. She filled a beer mug and slapped it down in front of Jasper. "What do you think, old man?"

Startled at being included, Jasper wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and turned to meet the grinning faces. "Take the money," he said. "You with a wife and four lads. What are you thinking about? The horse won't win."

The men broke into noisy advice. "Take the money," Jasper repeated.

"Take the risk, man," Matt Falcon's rich voice boomed. "Take the risk, and I'll lay you twenty to one the horse will win."

"Forty to one against," shouted Rob Hinney, a thickset, red-faced man who was cowman at Sheerlings, the only farm with good soil beneath its grass, where sixty fat Jerseys grew sleek and made their master rich.

"I'll give you fifty for the ticket," the Huntsman said. Nobody ever remembered his name, and some thought he had forgotten it himself. He was a dried stick of a man with blue eyes.

The roars were cheerful and happy, for everyone knew that the Huntsman had not a penny beyond his pension and the bit the men could give him to help him out as leader of the Hunt.

"I've got five weeks to decide," Tom said. "I tell you what: Hunting starts in four weeks' time. If we kill the first day, I'll keep the ticket. No kill, and I'll turn it in and hope the horse don't come in. Couldn't bear to settle for three hundred, and then find I'd sent two thousand down a foxhole."

"Lay you five to one we don't kill," Jasper said, and grinned at the astonished faces turned to his.

"Done," said Mrs. Jones, who felt sorry for the old man. He was bordering ninety, and though he was hale, he could no longer tramp the fells and follow the hounds, and she knew what his rejection by the younger men meant to him. She had asked them to invite him at least to the Hunt teas, but the black fells did not breed kindness.

"We'll all end up the same way," Matt Falcon had said. "Have old Jasper? And who's to pay for his tea? Not him, on his pension."

The old terrier stretched himself as his master roused creaking bones from the wicker chair. The men had forgotten him, and only the landlady acknowledged his exit.

Fools, he thought, cuddling his heavy coat around him. He had watched his foxes. There had never been cubs like these around Hortonmere.

The vixen was lying in a briar brake, her cubs nearby. Although her eyes were half closed, she was alert, her nose questioning the wind, her ears listening. A weasel, trotting down a dry ditch, caused her to raise her head, but she was not interested in him. Bones and feathers lay between her and the cubs, and on faraway Seven Pike a furious farmer stared at the havoc wrought in his hen house during the night.

Rusty, his tongue hanging out as he remembered the night's killing, could see through the thorny

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growth. Beyond the briar, in an ancient elm that was twisted with ivy, a little woodpecker hammered industriously.

Rufus was dreaming. His hind legs kicked convulsively, and a growl rumbled in his throat. It changed abruptly to a startled snarl as the vixen leaped to attention, knocking him with her forepaw by accident.

She knew the sounds and looked quickly about her, trying to pierce the September haze on the hill and over the water. The echoing cries brought memory and also fear. Not for herself but for her cubs. As the faint baying of hounds came toward them, she hissed at her young.

She had taught them well. When she loped through the bracken, they followed, silent, Indian-file, keeping among stiff undergrowth so that wavering fronds should not betray their passing.

The vixen watched every movement as Ned carried her down the hill. She was terrified but unable to struggle.

Jasper watched his old terrier turn toward him, begging to be allowed to follow the Hunt. The old man stroked the dog, and took him to the shed, where he chained him firmly. Skim lay down, unable to understand why, in this last year, he had been forced to lie at home while the other terriers and hounds ran over the fox trails.

Stalker, the ginger tom, came into the shed and dropped companionably onto the straw, lop-eared head on the old dog's back. He began to groom the rough coat, bringing a measure of comfort with his warm tongue. Jasper put down a plate of meat for them to share, and went out to watch. He brought the old Windsor chair out onto the porch and set it down in the sun.

The vixen, stealing along a dry ditch that led to Jasper's wall, hesitated. The old man, turning his head, glimpsed her sharp ears, and froze. The watching fox, after a minute's indecision, decided that the man was asleep, and because she was desperate and determined to foil the hounds, she called the cubs on with a soft hiss and jumped the wall, her young close behind her.

Jasper was astonished as the three loped across his tiny garden, making for the dungheap. A moment later, he understood, and sat holding his laughter in as he thought of the baffled hounds and the empty day's hunting.

The vixen ran to the dungheap and rolled. It was rich with the droppings of pig and cow and chicken, and the cubs could not believe their eyes. The vixen hissed at them.

Reluctant and disgusted, the cubs wallowed, and came out hating the stink of their bodies. Jasper was hard put to it not to laugh aloud.

The vixen did not risk the chance of the stuff's wearing away from her paws. She took the cubs to a deep drain that tunneled under the wall and led to a spot directly below the dungheap. No hound could possibly scent them there, and she knew that time would pass before the next Hunt, time in which she could teach the cubs her own wiles.

Rusty made for the chicken house, intent on his first solitary kill.

Jasper hugged the knowledge of her cunning to himself as the hounds found her trail and followed it to the dungheap. The hounds quartered the ground with puzzled expressions on their faces.

"Jasper Ayepenny," Jim Turner asked, "be you hiding that fox?"

"I know nought about the fox," Jasper answered. With his own farm untouched, he even wished the vixen well. "Mind my walls," he growled, "and get those damned hounds out of here. There's no fox near."

The Huntsman called them off, and the hounds milled into the lane, tails drooping, bodies pushing against each other, as the fox smell drifted from the dust. Bella, Jim Turner's beagle, went off alone, and Jim went after her.

"He's too soft with that bitch," Bill Thatcher observed in his surly voice, and snapped a finger at his own animal. Flier came at once, a wary eye cocked for a kick.

The foot followers sat along the stone wall, eating sandwiches, watching the hounds' efforts to find another scent. The Huntsman called up the hounds and set off across a field, clambered the ditch, pushed his way through a briar hedge and out onto the windy fell.

The less ardent followers pulled up their collars and started for home. Only a handful were left when Jamie Leigh's dog Swiftsure flushed a hare. It loped off toward briar that would tangle the hounds who bayed in pursuit.

The vixen knew from the distant baying that there was quarry in sight, and she wanted the cubs to see the kill. Her own mother had shown her a hunted cub, torn apart in seconds, and the lesson had never been forgotten. She edged out onto the fell. Her cubs followed. Jasper, seeing them from the window, watched until they were but shadows, climbing toward high heather tufts and thick briar patches.

She reached her goal, an inclined tree balanced on a rock, its branches still green and leafy, safe from prying eyes. The last gale had uprooted it, and it was a favorite lookout post for many animals, giving a view down a rocky glen and onto a grassy meadow. The vixen advanced to the extreme end of the mossy trunk and paused, looking back at the cubs. They followed, not sure of her purpose.

The hare came into sight, fleeing over tumbled rocks that had been flung across the glen by angry, swollen streams. The path was uneven and devious, and the hare twisted and turned, leaping from side to side, struggling to defeat the pack. The hounds spilled into the glen, the leaders running strongly, Swiftsure only a head away from his quarry. Behind them the Huntsman came, watching each animal.

High above them on the hillside, the three foxes watched the hounds drive down the gully, Swiftsure leading the field. Painter, with an unlooked-for burst of speed, came ahead and made a detour that served to corner the hare in the shelter of two vertical rocks. Terrified, the animal tried to leap them, but failed, and the pack closed in.

The Huntsman was among them, beating them off as they fought one another for the spoil. The cubs watched the dogs come to order, saw the men descending into the valley, laughing, shouting, joking, now the day had had its climax. Bets were settled and new ones made and hounds compared, Jamie bragging about Swiftsure, challenged by Painter's owner, Len Needler, who was a tiny man. Insignificant himself, he welcomed the hound's prowess, for a man gained stature when he owned a good beast.

It would soon be dark. Men and hounds turned for the long walk back to the Swan. The vixen relaxed. Once more the fell was hers. The cubs now knew that should the hounds find them off guard, death would come swiftly and brutally.

That night they hunted, taking mice and small rabbits and an unwary partridge, leaving strictly alone the places where men lived. Daybreak found them deep inside a badger's hole, curled up close for company. The vixen showed them the way in and the way out and a further secret entrance that was reached by way of a bramble patch so thick that no man could penetrate it.

The cubs slept, and the vixen licked her injured paw and then slept, until her dreams changed to nightmares. Her whimpering woke the cubs. They crept to her, and she licked each one in welcome, knowing that her time was short with them; even if she avoided the Hunt, the day would come when she would leave them to fend alone, and to seek herself a new mate. *(continued)*

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RUNNING FOXES

The story of the fox in the dungheap was too good to keep to himself, and Jasper unwisely told Mrs. Jones when he walked down to the Swan in the morning. The landlady listened and chuckled to herself. Her father had often told her that foxes would roll in muck to mask their own smell, but she had never believed him. Nor had any of the men in the village.

That evening, Jasper turned in for his pint, accompanied by Skim. The men sat round the table, the hounds lying at their feet. No man in Horton village left his animal at home, lest the women and children feed it tidbits and spoil its wind. Those who could took their hounds to work, and when times saw hardship and scarcity, it was the family that went without the meat.

Jasper walked into an atmosphere of hostility. Mrs. Jones had saved him his seat in the chimney corner, but even her smile and welcome did not make up for the eyes that followed him across the floor, or the foot that blocked Skim's path, so that the terrier snarled and Wayward, a young puppy, went for the old dog's throat.

Skim, brought up to battle fox and badger, turned his head. There was still power in his teeth, and they met, a fraction of an inch away from the youngster's jugular. Charlie Dee, a big bull of a man, brought his hand down on the old dog's hindquarters.

Jasper moved with startling spryness and clipped the terrier on the nose. When Skim let go, the pup retired, whimpering, under the table.

Jasper lifted the terrier, who sat, growling, on his knee. The old man took his ale and looked at the men, waiting for someone to speak. He saw nothing but lowering faces, except for the Huntsman, who sat apart and would not meet Jasper's eyes.

"So they encourage foxes at Bruton-under-the-Water," said Charlie Dee, mopping the blood from his whining pup. "And they teach their dogs dangerous tricks there, too."

"Your pup asked for it," Mrs. Jones said. Not for nothing did she run her place singlehanded, and deal with trouble before it arose. Her sharp tongue kept the men in order.

Charlie looked away.

"So you let the fox roll in your dungheap, and never lifted a finger to stop her," Len Needler said.

Jasper glared at Mrs. Jones.

"I'm sorry, Jasper," she said unhappily. "I didn't know they'd take it like this. I only thought ——"

"What could I do?" Jasper asked.

"Set that dumb dog on her. Take a gun to her. Chase her off before she spoilt her scent and that of her whelps." Jim Turner's face was red, and a vein in his forehead bulged.

"It'd do you no good if I shot her."

"You don't have to kill, you old fool," said Charlie, viciously.

"That's enough in my bar," Mrs. Jones said sharply. "Another word against Jasper and you go, the lot of you. I shouldn't have told, but so help me, I never thought you were such a lot of children."

"You saw her roll, Jasper?" the Huntsman asked.

Jasper looked at him suspiciously.

"I'm not against you," the Huntsman said. "Give him another pint, Mrs. Jones." He moved his place so that he sat opposite. "I'd heard the tales, but never seen it done, and I'm interested. They say an old vixen over Basserdale had the same trick."

Jasper nodded, and when the ale came he and the Huntsman were deep in fox talk. The men listened reluctantly and then with fascination.

When Jasper stood up to leave, the watching eyes were less hostile, but for all that he went out without his usual farewell. Behind him voices broke the silence. He stumbled up the hill and paused at the top to get his breath.

Below him Hortonmere lay spangled by moonlight. Beyond it, out of his sight, the vixen led her cubs along hidden trails that ended in a rabbit warren. She watched as both of them killed, and then found her own quarry. They were learning fast. She showed them how to reach an old drain high on the hillside, following a wet gully that would hide their scent. She showed them, too, how to watch as they ran, and how to use their noses, and she was well content with their progress by the time they returned to their lair.

"Getting there with you certainly isn't half the fun."

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Sheerlings, where Rob Hinney tended the Jersey herd, was a rich farm. Ted Wellan's family had lived in the house for more than seven generations. An old house, with thick stone walls and black oak beams, it had been built at the same time as the Swan.

Rusty, hunting alone, restless with youth, caught the scent of chicken from the farmyard and sidled discreetly through the bracken, intent on his first solitary kill. He had left the vixen and Rufus above him on the fell. The vixen had a rabbit and was growling over her victim, thinking it time her sons sought their own food. Rufus, unusually lucky, almost stumbled over a terrified rabbit feigning death. He refused to share it with his brother.

Rusty was starving. The wind brought him the farmyard smells. He crouched low, his movements scarcely shaking the fern, finding his way by scent rather than sight. He came to the edge of the farm as the moon rose splendid. Hunger overcoming caution, Rusty broke cover and made for the chicken house by way of the pasture.

The smell of fox terrified the cattle. Lowing, they began to run as far away from the intruder as possible. Rusty hesitated, and in that second Ted Wellan saw moonlight shining on chestnut fur, saw glinting eyes and mocking mouth, half open, tongue hanging, and the thick, torpedo-shaped brush that waved defiantly as the fox stood. Ted ran for his gun.

As the cub came toward him, he fired, but missed. Rusty turned, flashed across the field, and went for cover among the cows. They tried to escape from him, but he followed, keeping them between himself and the farmer, until he reached the hedge bottom, creeping through to find his way back to his mother and brother.

That night, he fed on a small mouse and three frogs, and he learned to leave Wellan's Sheerlings in peace.

As the nights grew longer, Jasper and the rest of the men went ever earlier to the Black Swan, where Jasper discovered another ally. Tom Ladyburn, good as his word, had taken the verdict of the first day's hunting and chosen the smaller amount of sweepstakes money, rather than risk losing all by keeping the horse he had drawn. When the horse came in sixth, Tom thought of his nest egg and thanked his stars that the vixen was cunning.

He stood Jasper a beer. "You and your foxes!" he said, grinning. "If it weren't for them foxes I'd a kept the durned thing. Reckon the vixen's brought me luck."

"Reckon she has," Jasper answered gratefully. His small pension did not allow him more than a frugal half-pint in one night.

"Too wily by half," said Josh Johnson. "Niver known a fox so cunning. They're not the common run of foxes."

"Common enough," the Huntsman said. "I remember a winter when I was a boy. . . ."

His voice trailed away as he relived the past. There had been foxes then. Several of them, coming to find food on the farms because rabbits were dead in frozen burrows, and there was little enough for any beast to eat. Running in broad daylight among the lambing flocks, quick to pick out the weaklings. The men had waited with the guns. And day after day, the foxes hid among the sheep, driving them like dogs, keeping always in the thick of the flock, so that nobody dared fire.

"Dodged and twisted and never gave a gun a chance," the Huntsman said, trying to describe the scene—gray skies, heavy with snow, and the first whirling flakes blotting out the fells.

Jasper remembered that winter. He had been courting, ready to marry, but she'd have none of him. A good girl. What was her name? Jennifer? The name had gone, but he could still visualize her quiet smile and her soft voice, so gentle after his sister Mildred's nagging tones. His sister kept house for him and would brook no other woman. He sighed, watching the flames. Mildred had been dead many a year, and most of his friends too.

Eyes turned to the door as it opened, and rain and wind swept in along with a newcomer. He nodded, with a wry grin, a little bent fellow, his wrinkled face dirty, his brown eyes dancing. The assembled men stared at ragged clothes and torn shirt, held together at the throat with a sky-blue scarf. His old coat was tattered but thick, and something moved in the pocket.

"Ned Foley," the Huntsman said. "Where have you been these last months?"

"Down to Kendal, seeking a fortune," Ned said slyly. "I'm glad you offered me a drink, Huntsman. I'm skint."

The Huntsman nodded to Mrs. Jones, who set her mouth. "Time you found a proper job, Ned Foley, and stopped tramping the roads," she said.

"I don't like being tied, woman. And I mind my own business," Ned said. He put his hand in his pocket. "Nobody can guess what I've got here."

"Bet sixpence I guess before you, Josh Johnson," Matt Falcon said.

"It's a rabbit," said the Huntsman.

"Fox," said Jasper.

"More like Ned hisself, the beast's smelling," Josh answered, and chortled at his own wit.

Ned took a small beast from his pocket.

"It's a ferret," said Mrs. Jones.

"Otter cub," the Huntsman corrected. He warily touched the rough coat. "Hullo. Damaged paw?"

"Another one from Brook Holler's trap," Ned answered. "He had a whelping fox a while back. Half chewed her foot away before I freed her. Don't hold with traps. Like putting a man inside four walls. It ain't natural."

"So *you* freed the vixen," Rob Hinney said.

"Thinking of the season's hunting," Ned answered, putting the otter back in his pocket.

"But not of our chickens," growled old Tanner.

"Build your fences strong and your chicken houses good, and the foxes won't get 'em," Ned said. "No use blaming the beast when your own laziness is to blame."

"Be damned to you, Ned Foley," old Tanner shouted. "Never a day's work in you, and you dare to give advice!"

"The onlooker sees all," Ned said. His gap-toothed mouth spread in a disarming grin. "I'll be off to me mansion, and thank you for your hospitality."

He went out into the night, and the mocking phrase hung on the air.

Ned lived in a hut on the fells above Hortonmere. Three walls were made of

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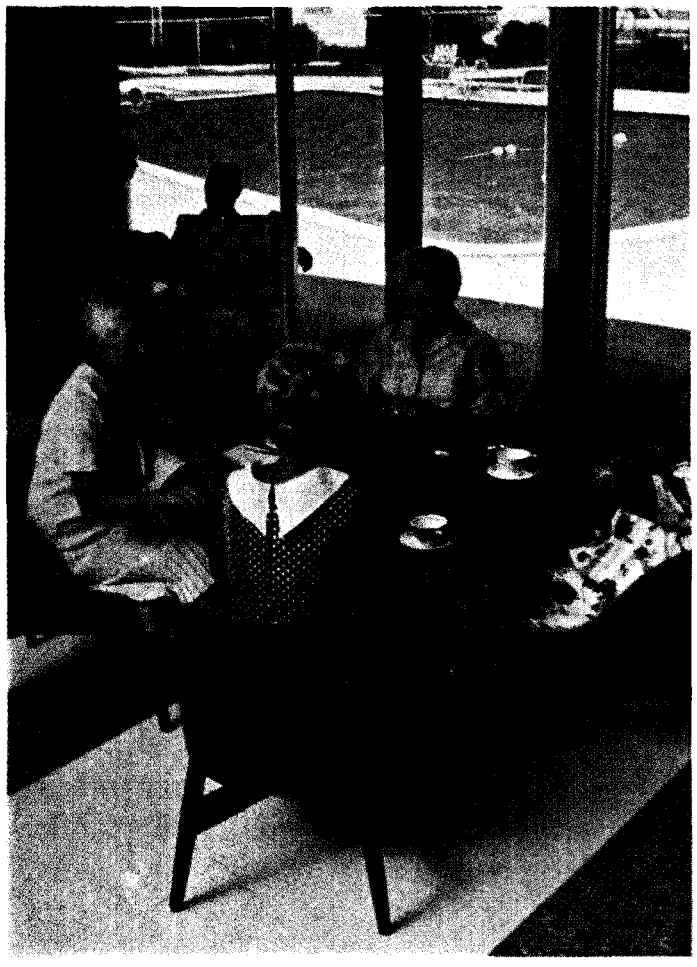

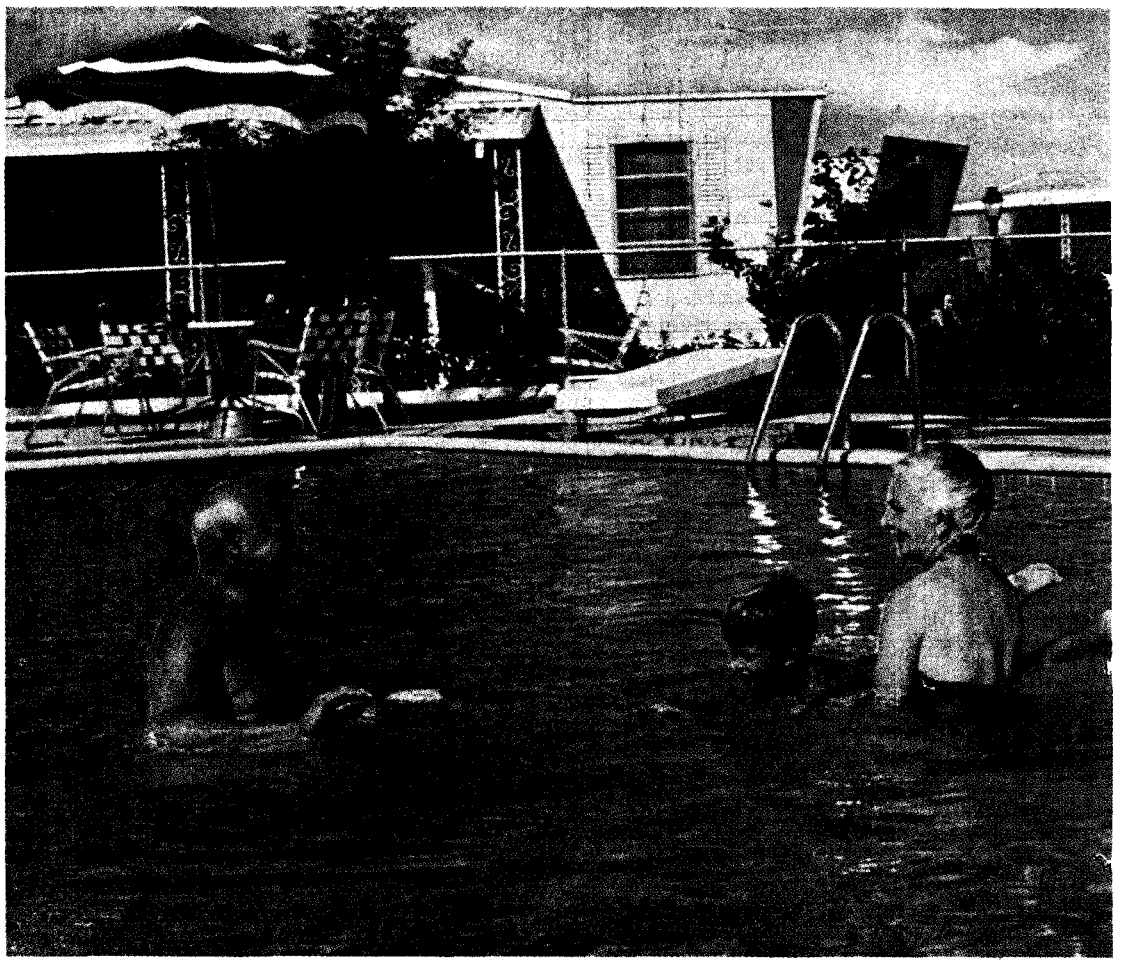

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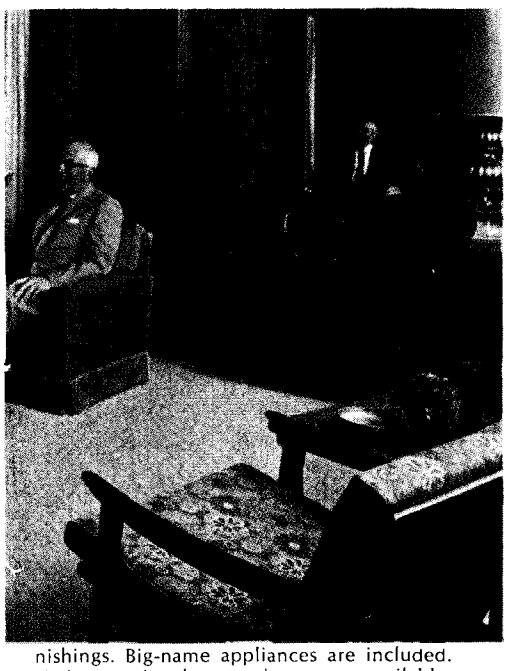
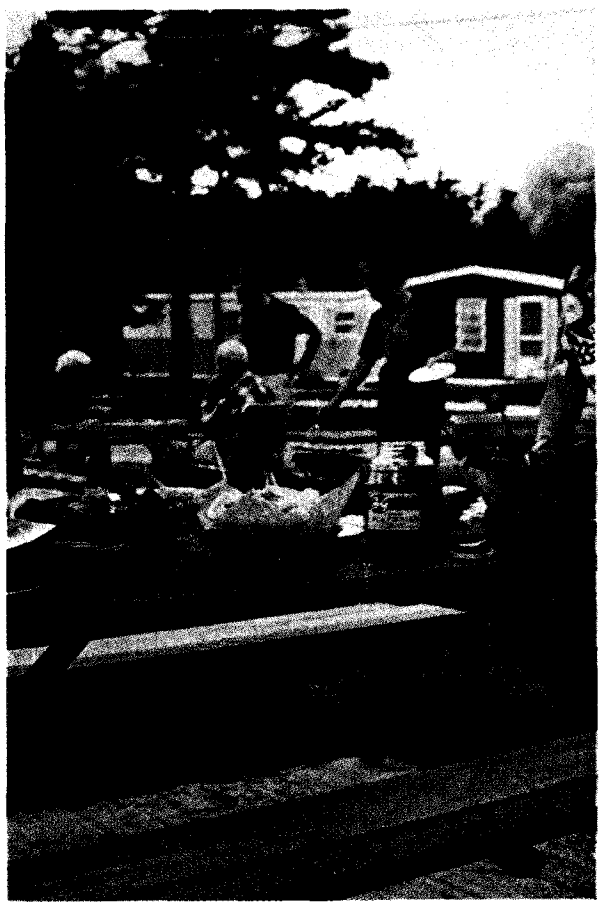
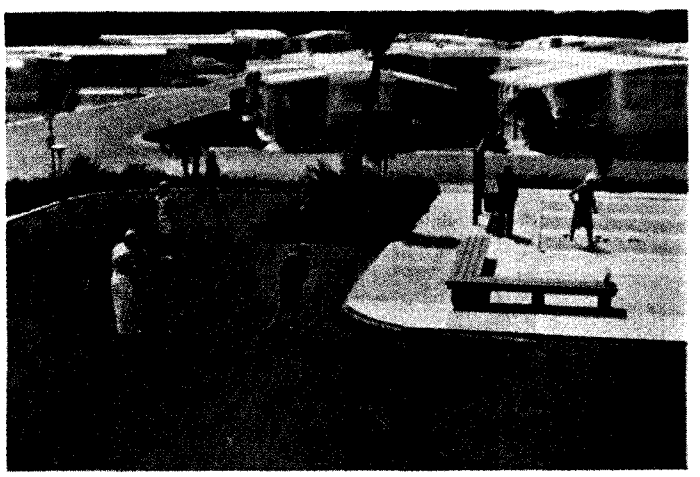
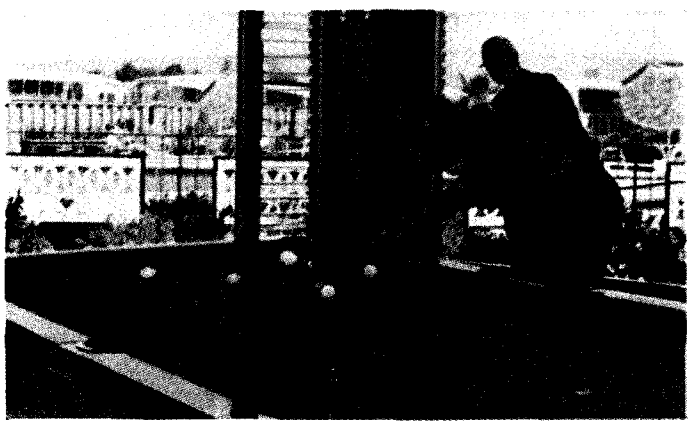


nishings. Big-name appliances are included. Various optional conveniences are available.

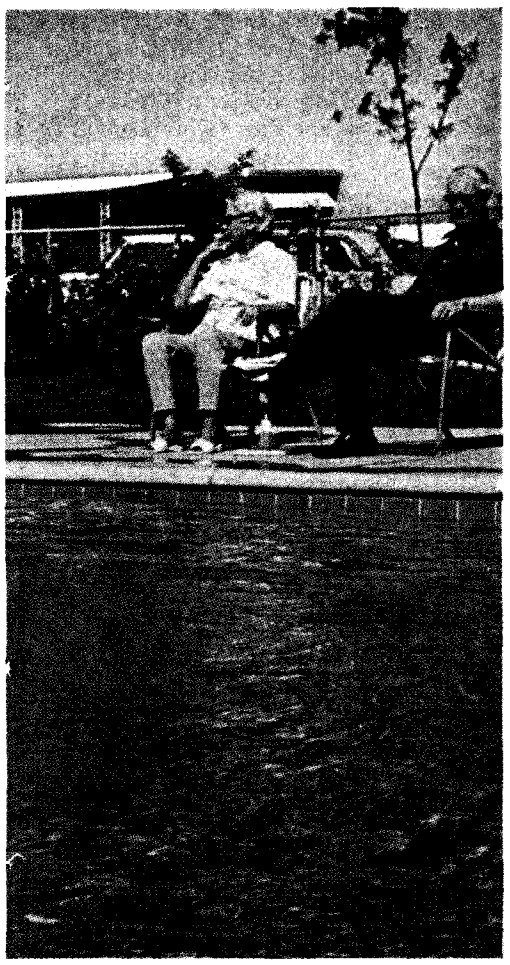


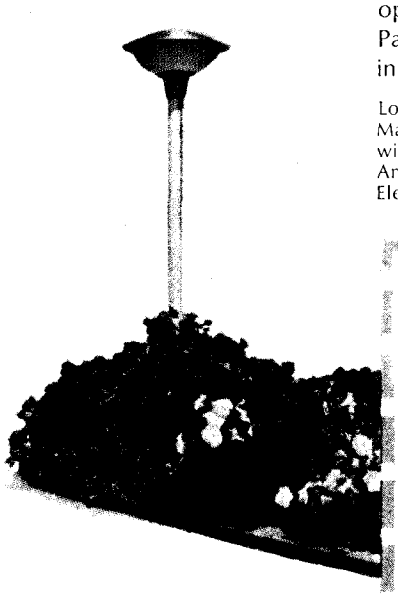
COVENTRY, RHODE ISLAND. Picnic grove and pond, stocked with fish, are among facilities at The Maple Root.





SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA. Putting green, shuffleboard courts, billiard room and heated pool are typical of what Magic Sands offers.





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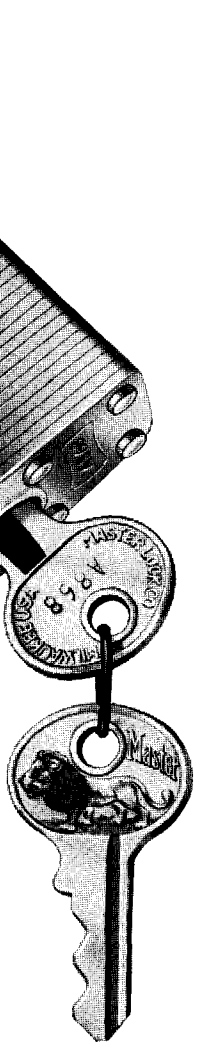

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odd pieces of corrugated iron brought home by the hang-headed pony and ramshackle cart that he occasionally used to collect rags and bones and scrap. The fourth side was of sacking, hung on old fence poles, and his only fireplace was a coke brazier. Dry heather, peat, and wood, brought in from the Farthing Forest, kept Ned warm when he chose to live at home.

It was Ned, cooking bacon over his brazier on a frosty morning, who saw Rusty's latest achievement. When he told it, nobody believed him. Not even though Jasper witnessed it, too.

Ned heard the beat of wings. Looking out, he saw the ducks struggling against the wind, making for water. He watched the strong bodies and extended necks as flight after flight flew in V-formation and settled on the lake.

There was another watcher at Hortonmere—the vixen, kept close to home as infection had started in her injured foot. The pain kept her from straying far, and often the cubs hunted for her and brought her food, unable to understand why she did not join them.

Rufus, more loving and less bold than his brother, kept by her side, leaving her only long enough to find food, which he always shared. Rusty, growing faster and larger, was developing into a big dog fox, with a large frame and an appetite to match. He avoided farms since the night that Wellan had fired at him, and found his food among the heather, where partridge and rabbit kept him fed, but not fat.

He had also learned that many creatures were almost as cunning as he. Not every rabbit fell prey; birds took to the air when he tried to catch them. Ducks suddenly submerged or flew away. He stared hungrily across Hortonmere at the upturned tails wriggling enticingly. His mouth watered.

Hortonmere was a bleak pool of mirrored gray, unprotected by trees. At the far end, water tumbled into it down a rocky face, filling the air with foam. The banks were bare, and the rocky shore was completely devoid of cover. Only in one place was there any vestige of growth, and this was a narrow gully, where bramble grew thickly, and a twisted stretch of dry shore grass met a patch of water lilies.

Ned grinned as he saw the fox crawl flat across the stones, a brilliant patch of reddish brown covering the ground rapidly. He realized that the fox was making for the gully.

Rusty covered the last hundred yards in a flash and was gone, hidden in the twisted tangle. Ned hastily made his bacon into a thick sandwich, and, eating as he walked, stalked swiftly, noting the wind, until he had the head of the gully in sight.

The fox emerged, ran down the beach, and entered the water without a splash. Ned plunged down the gully in time to see Rusty swimming strongly against the current from the falls, a tangle of matted weeds covering his head. A moment later Ned was joined by Jasper, who had been gathering kindling higher up the hill, and had seen the fox and come down to look.

The ducks did not see the weeds that bore down upon them so swiftly. There was nothing to show danger, for the fox was swimming against the wind.

It was over in a second. The fox took his prey as the drake dived. There was a swift flurry, a strong beating of wings as the other ducks flew off, feet skimming the water. Rusty, with his struggling bird in his jaws, swam shoreward.

Jasper looked at Ned, and the tramp looked back, grinning. "He deserved that," he said.

Jasper nodded. "Wonder if Huntsman knows that trick."

"If he don't he'll not believe you," Ned answered.

Jasper walked homeward, seeing Rusty once more as the dog fox, having eaten his fill, took the rest home to the vixen. She, hot, her paw burning, was able to eat only a token meal, and while the cubs slept she lay staring out at the fells, unable to understand what was happening to her.

Madam, the little bitch belonging to Jo Appleyard, had been shut in the toolshed. She was bored. She explored the floor, rubbing her nose in the dust until she sneezed, and then lay, eyes forlorn, watching the door. When Jo forgot to close the door tight, she was off in a second, across the garden and over the wall.

The day was hers. She needed a companion and set off to find one. She found Bella, Jim Turner's beagle, whin-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, that certainly doesn't augur well."

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ing in a barn. Madam began to dig under the rickety walls, and the older bitch nosed frantically at the wood, rotten with rain. Noses met and rubbed, and soon Bella, too, was outside.

They had the sense to run far from home before playing. High on the fells, they ran in circles, heedless with excitement. Bella started a rabbit, chased it, and then sat down, her tongue lolling out of her mouth.

Madam found a fox trail and drifted along it warily, nose to ground, stern waving. The wind blew into her face as her low body swung through the heather. Rusty, asleep after a night spent hunting, heard the swift *pad-pad* of her paws and raised his head, prick-eared, nose working because in spite of the noise there was no alien scent.

A moment later he saw Madam, and she glimpsed his brush and gave excited tongue so that Bella left her own game and ran headlong, paws thumping on stony path. Rusty jumped to his feet. The vixen was lying up in a tiny cave, Rufus with her. Rusty knew instinctively that if the hounds scented her she would not have a chance; he turned and loped in the opposite direction, showing himself fully.

The two hounds began to follow. They had forgotten everything except Rusty, who led them farther from home, taking them into the next valley. Rusty found the river, almost dry, and crossed it twice, hiding once in a fallen tree. Bella chased him out of that, as she crashed among the branches.

Rusty was tiring, and so were the hounds. He looked back over his shoulder as they panted toward him. The sun, at its noonday height, was warm, and he wanted a drink. He stopped, and dropped his muzzle to a tiny pool before heading toward the crags again.

There was a deep burrow where badgers had once lived. It led downward, a mass of tunnels, and ended in an old deserted, and broken drain. The vixen had shown it to her cubs one day in September, knowing that it might well give safety on some distant date.

The fox leaped carefully over a boggy patch, dived into a culvert, and vanished among the bracken. The two truants followed, noses down, careless of everything except their quarry. An old oak tree lay across the entrance to the burrow. Rusty heard the heavy pads behind him, ducked beneath the tree and into the welcome darkness.

The tunnel opening was wide, and both Bella and Madam followed without hesitation. Although neither of them cared for the dark or for the dank smell that came toward them, they clung to the trail, following Rusty deeper and deeper under the ground.

Soon they were beneath the hill. The fox circled several times, and then headed for the old drain. The hounds followed.

Inside the drain it was wet, and Rusty splashed through it and out onto the hill. There was a fast-flowing stream tumbling the boulders, where the clear water raced over rounded rocks and thrust between craggy banks. The fox splashed along for more than a hundred yards before once more regaining the bank and taking a short cut home.

Twice he looked behind him, but there was no sign of pursuit. Nor could there be, for as he left the drain, he dislodged wet soil and boulders which blocked the end of the tunnel. The two

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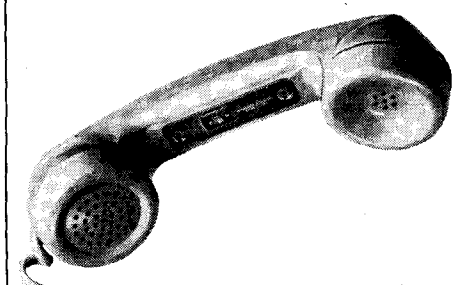

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truants found themselves facing a thick wall of earth, and although they tried to dig, there was insufficient room, and they were forced to give up. Exhausted by the long run, they lay, noses on paws, and slept. Waking, they retraced their steps, only to find that they could not pick up the trail. Madam took a wrong turning, and Bella followed. Soon they were hopelessly lost inside the hill.

Ned Foley saw the fox lope past his hut, but did not give it a second thought. Toward nightfall he met Jo Appleyard looking for Madam, and remembered the weary beast. Ned suggested that Madam had been chasing on her own. Jo gave up the search temporarily and met Jim Turner, who was looking for Bella.

They turned into the Swan, anxious about their hounds. Jasper recalled seeing two hounds in the distance as he hunted for firewood. He had thought that they were strangers.

The Huntsman sat and listened. No man liked to lose a dog, and he pondered for a moment before suggesting that they take Swiftsure and Flier and Painter, and try to trail the hounds.

The Swan emptied as the men went home for flashlights, and Jamie Leigh, Bill Thatcher, and Len Needler brought their hounds, leashed, to Jim Turner's cottage, where Jo Appleyard also waited.

Flier picked up the trail, and Painter and Swiftsure followed, pulling eagerly, out over the fells, up the scree, which defeated the men who had to loose the hounds and let them follow alone. The Huntsman, afraid they might lose the hounds in the dark, had come too, for all the hounds obeyed his call readily.

Not until midnight did they reach the hill. Here Painter barked, having caught a sound, and, faint and far below, the men heard an answering bark. They found the entrance beneath the old tree.

Ned Foley joined them and looked down at the hole. "There's only one terrier alive can work through that," he said. "You want old Jasper's Skim."

"He's too old," the Huntsman said. "It wouldn't be fair. There are other terriers."

"None near so good," Ned answered.

"Jasper won't let 'un go," Jo Appleyard said with conviction. The faint yelps were deep underground, and Jasper was no friend to any of them.

"You need Skim," Ned Foley repeated.

"Come on, Ned. Let's see what we can do," the Huntsman said. "If Jasper won't let the terrier try, I'll be surprised. He's a kinder man than many of you."

He went off, stiff-kneed. Ned followed him, a Puckish shadow. The men smoked and waited, listening to Bella's distant barks.

High above them, Rusty flushed a partridge and ate it at once. He found a second, half an hour later, reaching the vixen just as Ned and the Huntsman began to talk to Jasper. The vixen looked at the partridge with lackluster eyes. She wanted water. She crawled out onto the hillside and found a puddle. She drank, and then her strength failed her, and she lay, a bright and obvious target, sprawled on gray rocks in the moonlight. Rusty and Rufus pushed at her with their muzzles, and then retreated to the cave and watched, not knowing what would happen next.

Ned and the Huntsman walked with long unhurried steps, and without words. They rounded a heather-covered ledge. Looking down, the Huntsman saw that it afforded a good view over the valley. A fox might lie there unobserved, watch the hounds start off, and be away.

Below the ledge, he saw a deep rock burrow. He did not know that the two young foxes lay inside. He did not turn his head. If he had, he would have seen the vixen, exhausted and listless, her life ebbing away. Ned saw her, and made a mental note. He would be back later to investigate.

When they came to old Jasper's cottage the Huntsman knocked. It took time to rouse Jasper from sleep. He stood at the door presently, a startling figure in red-flannel pajamas. His white hair stood on end and, with his beaky nose, gave him the appearance of a crested crane.

The Huntsman did not waste words.

"Why should I risk Skim?" Jasper asked. "He's losing his nerve." He rubbed his unshaven face with an irritable finger. "Came up against the vixen and turned tail and ran."

"Shows he's still wise," Ned interrupted. "The vixen was carrying cubs. She'd scare any creature off."

Skim came to the door and thrust his nose into Jasper's hand.

"Fifteen years," Jasper said. He stroked the rough head lovingly.

Ned walked into the cottage impatiently. "You'll catch your death," he said to Jasper, whistling with his pouting mouth open so that the air hissed between his teeth. "Come on, man. We can take the dog. Get back to bed."

"He goes with no one but me."

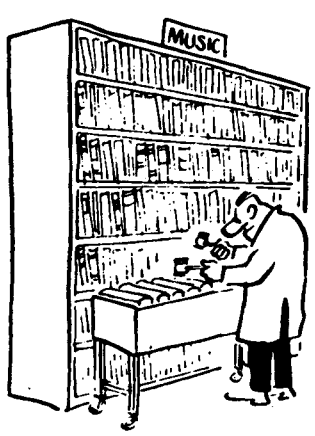
Jasper began to dress, his hands maddeningly slow. He took his warm coat and thick scarf, found gloves and a stout stick, and whistled to the dog. Skim, not used to having his night's sleep interrupted, was as reluctant to leave as his master.

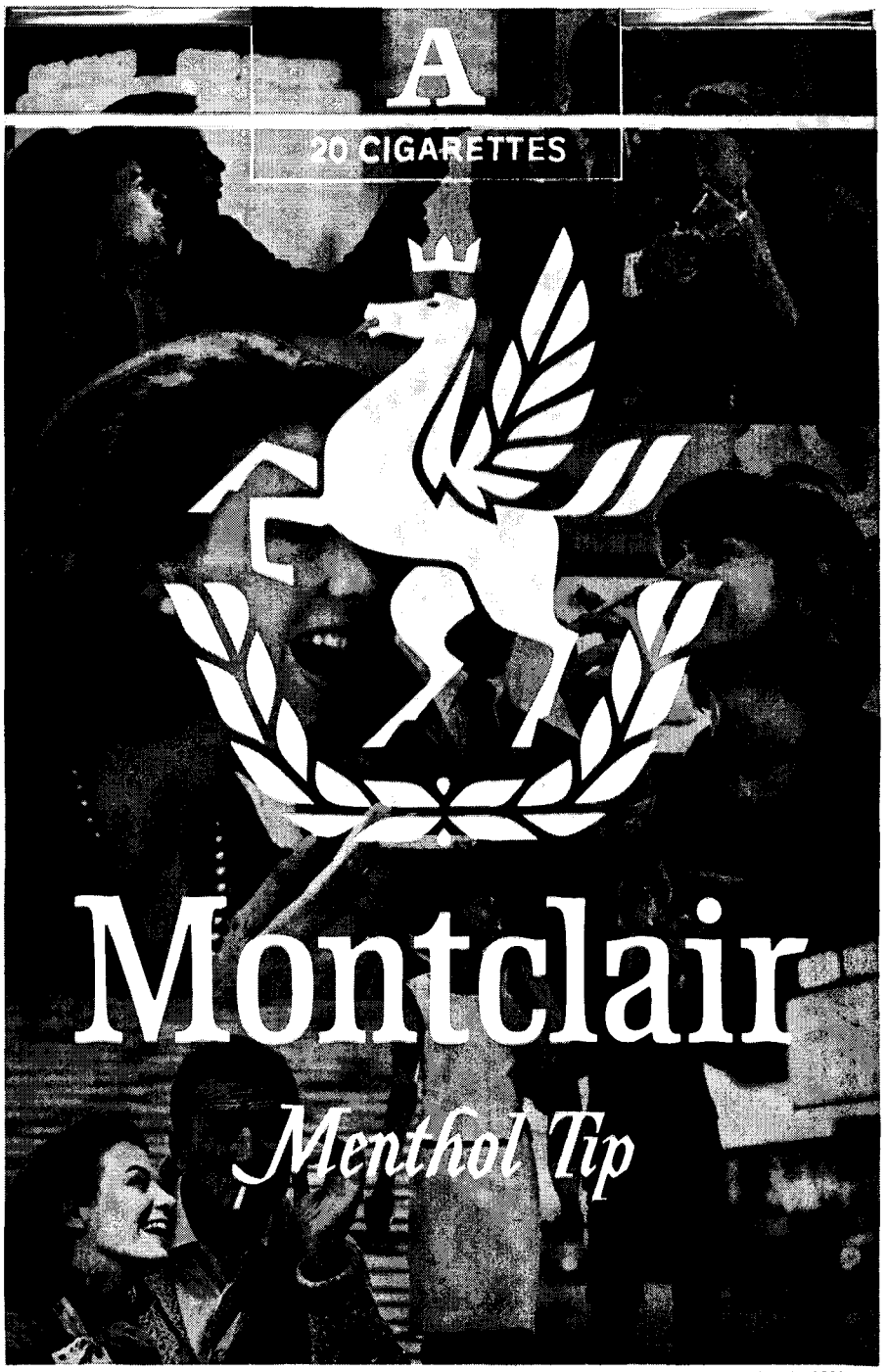
"It's a fool's errand," Jasper grumbled as the wind bit into his bones.

He said no more. It was a tidy stretch to the trapped hounds. Tonight, trying to keep up with the Huntsman's tireless walk and Ned Foley's more limber legs, Jasper knew that his days were beginning to be numbered. The thought chilled him even more than the frost, and he brooded as he watched Skim settle down to track.

Who would take an old dog? Perhaps Mrs. Jones. She at least seemed to understand what it was like to be old.

BE A READING FAMILY





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Eighty-eight years. Jasper's legs ached, and he thought bitterly that it was not right to drag an old man and an old dog out for these young, never-care twopences. 1878, I was born, he thought. 1878. History-book times to these young know-nothings. Ask a boy today who was Dickens, and he'd stare at you. Never heard of penny dreadfuls or of penny plain and twopence colored, and no idea what hokeypokey was. He could feel the icy, edgy tang of it sharp on his tongue and hear the yell of: *Hokeypokey, penny a lump.* The modern, newfangled ice cream couldn't touch it for flavor.

Other things you couldn't touch either, like the soft glow of gaslights on the shadowy streets, or the sight of ladies setting off for a ball in long dresses that trailed on the ground, their faces excited, eyes bright with laughter.

Somehow it was easier to remember the past. Yesterday seemed far away, but the long years rolled back so that he could remember, with immediate freshness, the feel of the Armistice Night celebrations in 1918; the terriers that had preceded Skim and now lay buried just beyond his wall.

The waiting men were huddled into their clothes. The moon had set, and the night was lit by stars. Clumped trees were sharply etched against the sky, and frost had outlined the grass with silver.

Jim Turner had a half bottle of brandy with him, brought for his hound. He saw Jasper's exhausted face, and, overcome by unexpected pity, gave him the bottle. Jasper drank sparingly, but the warmth helped him. He waited a few minutes, and then his age slipped away, and he looked with an expert eye at the country round him.

"There's an exit from a drain," Jasper said. The men followed, their hounds leashed. Skim sniffed fox, and yelped. An answering bay sounded from the ground almost beneath their feet.

"The fox will have left by the drain. Wonder why the hounds didn't follow?" Jasper moved on, and the question was answered.

"Landslide," the Huntsman said. "How deep?"

Bill Thatcher had a spade and was driving it into the soil. "Quicker to excavate than rely on the terrier from the other end," he said. Earth flew, and his dog, Flier, thinking they were playing a game, began to dig frantically. Soil flew into his master's face, and Bill slapped the animal hard and swore.

Jim Turner took the spade. His thoughts were with Bella, trapped underground. She hated confined spaces. He wondered how she was faring down there, away from the comfort of human touch and voice. Within a few minutes his spade hit the drain with a *clonk.*

Jo Appleyard took over. His thoughts, too, had been underground, and he realized that, much as Madam irritated him, his affection for her was strong.

Skim saw the drain opening and looked up at his master. "Find them. Find Bella. Find Madam," Jasper said.

Skim was gone. A wriggle and a shake, and his eager tail vanished into the gloom. There was nothing to do but wait. Jasper leaned back against a sloping tree.

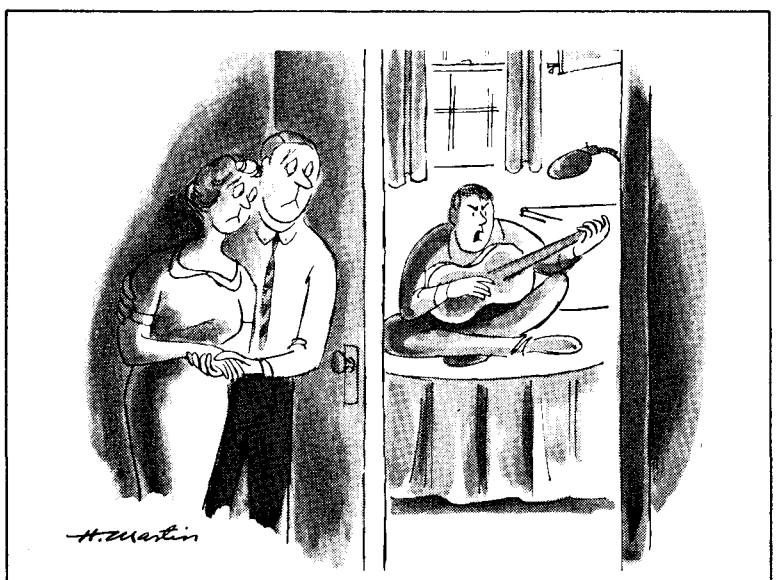
"Rather be down there meself than here waiting," Bill Thatcher said.

"The whole darned lot of them have got lost now," Jo exploded suddenly. "That terrier of yours has probably dropped dead inside the drain. I said he was too old."

Jasper stared at him, stricken.

The men did not know it, but trouble had walked into the burrow at one end as Skim entered at the other. The terrier found Bella and Madam crouched

America, America



"I'm singing against my daddy!
I'm singing against my mom!
I'd like to blow them both up
with a nuclear-fission bomb!
Oh, boom! Boom! Tiddy oh boom!
Boom; boom, blast!
I'd like to blow them both up
and be done with them at last!"

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and shivering in the dark. They greeted him with licks and whimpers that were too faint to be heard by the watchers above. Skim was about to turn and lead them out, when he caught the scent of an approaching badger.

He stiffened. Legs rigid, hair raised, he waited, a deep growl startling the hounds. A second later, they, too, caught the scent. The three of them turned to face the newcomer.

He was a seasoned old boar. He hated dogs, and he put his head down, bulldozing forward in a rush that would have bowled Madam stern over head if there had been room. Madam retreated. She was very young, and had never seen a badger before.

Bella growled threateningly, more from alarm than courage, and backed away. The boar put his striped head low and advanced through the tunnel. The men heard Skim's excited yelp as he flew in to bite. Skim's teeth were old and no longer sharp, and the badger shook himself, so that the terrier fell away, snarling.

The badger attacked again. His snarls drowned Madam's bay and Bella's growl. Painter, hearing Madam, pulled himself suddenly from Len Needler's grasp and flew into the tunnel, his music sounding above the din.

Jasper stared numbly at the open drain. His thoughts were with Skim. He could visualize only too plainly the melee in the narrow tunnel—the savage head, and the old, almost defenseless dog. He shouted, but his voice was drowned by a new fury of sound from the ground beneath them.

The badger was caught by Painter's onrush. The hound snapped viciously at muzzle and ear and paw. The badger began to retreat, first slowly, and then with increasing speed, toward a place at which he could turn and run.

The Huntsman, years of experience behind him, was following the sounds. He hallooed, guessing the badger was in flight, and anxious to call back the hounds before they were injured. The badger, now backing swiftly, gave a last savage snap.

His teeth met in Skim's throat. Painter bit again. The badger loosed his grip and shambled away so that he could lie up and lick his wounds. The smell of him clung to the air, and the hounds sniffed and snarled uneasily.

Len shouted to Painter. Reluctantly, the hound ran along the tunnel and out of the mouth of the drain. The watchers gave a deep sigh of relief as Madam followed, with Bella almost on top of her. The pair found their masters and, with paws on shoulders, licked faces, sterns wagging frenziedly. They were filthy and almost unrecognizable but neither showed signs of wear.

The Huntsman had his eyes on Jasper. The old man was crouched at the end of the drain, whistling to Skim. His face was grayer than the sky in the first gleams of dawn.

The Huntsman put a hand on Jasper's shoulder and crouched down too. Only then did he hear the sounds of labored breathing as the old terrier dragged himself along. Waiting was unbearable, and there was nothing they could do.

The badger's teeth had almost, but not quite, missed the terrier's jugular vein. The throat wound was deep with a tiny nick in the big vessel, which bled freely. The old dog knew that Jasper could help him. His strength was almost gone, but his will carried him along the last yards of the tunnel, almost flat on his belly, dragging himself over the uneven, stony soil.

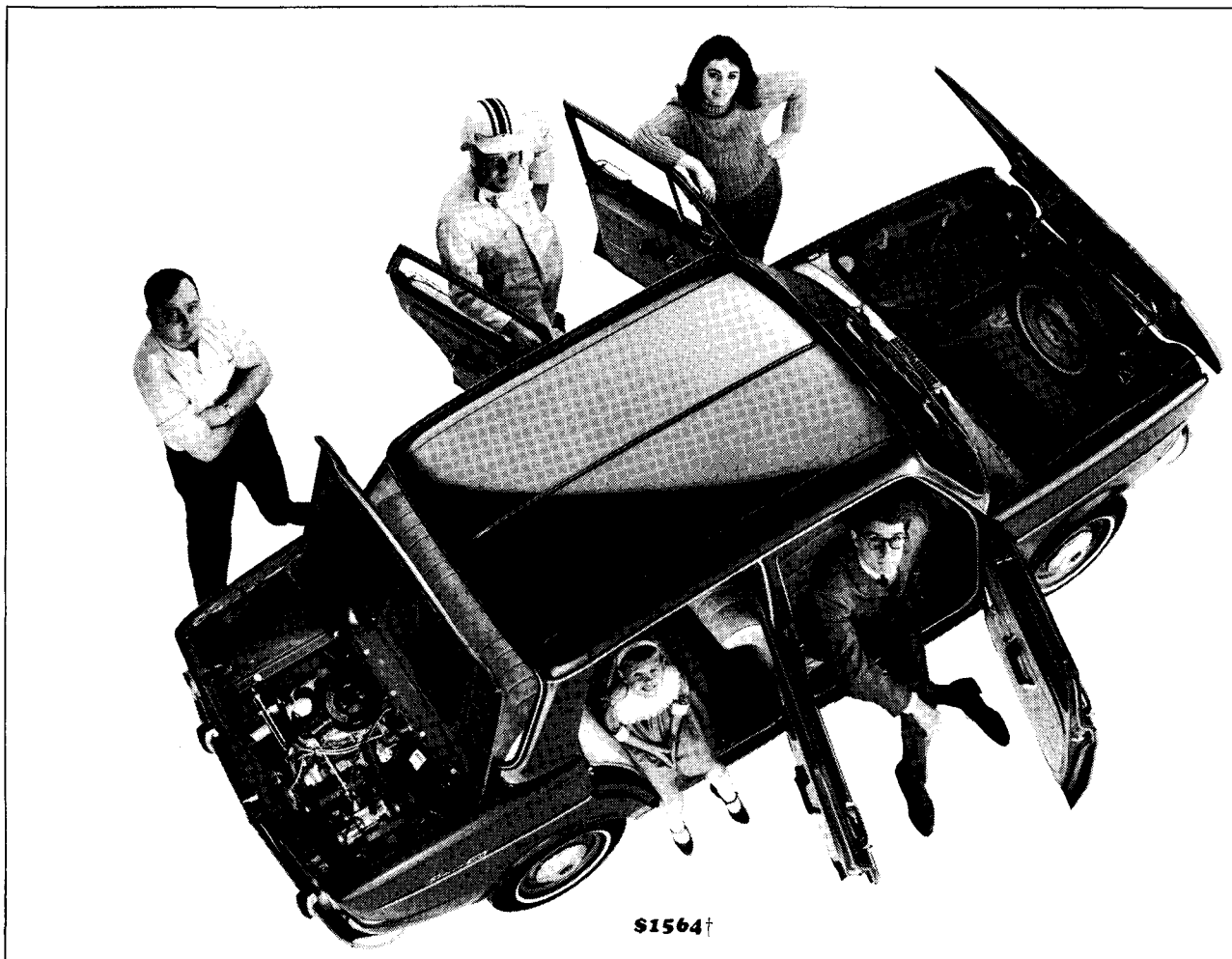
By now the hounds were quiet, Bella and Madam lying exhausted, glad to pillow their heads on their masters' shoes, thankful for fresh air that they drew deep into their lungs. Painter lay beside Madam, licking her muzzle, marking her for his own.

Jim was about to offer the men a nip from the brandy bottle when he saw Jasper and the Huntsman crouching at the tunnel entrance and realized Skim was still inside. He glanced at the others, and they stared at one another helplessly. The agonized breathing of the old terrier was now clearly audible.

Jim went toward Jasper with the brandy bottle, looked at the old man, and shuddered as the Huntsman shook his head. There was nothing to be done or said. He went back to his companions, who were avoiding one another's eyes as they watched the day grow brighter in spite of the flocking clouds.

Skim had to stop and rest, but determination pulled him on again. He saw the outline of light at the end of the tunnel and almost stood. Jasper whistled again. The old terrier moved forward, eyes glazing. He could just see his master's face. He pushed himself on, and was within reach of the entrance when his legs collapsed, and he lay whimpering faintly.

Jasper was, by now, flat on the ground, long arms reaching into the



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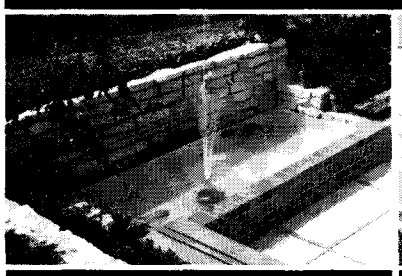

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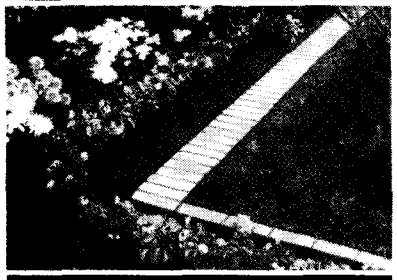

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drain. His hands met round the old dog's body and pulled it toward him. He was shocked by the sticky feel of blood matted on harsh fur. At last he brought Skim into the light, and stared at the gaping wound in the dog's throat as the terrier licked his hand.

Skim had found his sanctuary. Firm arms held him. With a little sigh, the last breath went from his body. Jasper was left holding his dog, staring into the gray dawn. Without a word, he rose, stiff-legged, the terrier held tight in his arms. He did not look at the men, who moved away and let him through, unable to say anything to him. The old man did not notice them. Set-faced, he walked back to his own home, carrying Skim gently, aware of nothing but that he had yet another grave to dig beyond his wall.

Ned Foley turned, his face anxious. The Huntsman put out a restraining hand. "Let him alone," he said softly.

The Huntsman sighed deeply, knowing that for Jasper life would never be the same. He did not think the old man, at eighty-eight, would have the heart to rear another pup.

Jasper saw Rusty run across the hillside and remembered Skim's excitement when he caught the old familiar smell. He began to remember other things. When he reached the cottage he was too unhappy to find a spade. He sat in the creaking wicker chair by the dead fire, the terrier's body on his knee.

There Ned Foley found him when he came at lunchtime, and it was he who broke the earth beyond the wall, and took the lifeless body and covered it.

Ned lit the fire and made some soup, and stood over Jasper while he ate. He could not stay, and was glad when the Huntsman came, bringing tobacco. He left the two old men sitting in silence before a blazing fire.

Ned climbed the hill. He had seen the vixen in the night, and a lifelong need to be friends with all animals drove him on, even though he suspected that his efforts would be useless. Ned found the vixen lying where he had seen her the night before. Her lacerated paw had opened again, and he could see the pus running from it. She was too weary to lick the wound, and, as he approached, managed only a token snap and snarl.

The cubs were asleep, coiled together at the back of the cave. Ned, approaching catfooted, watching the wind, had neither been heard nor smelled, and their mother's snarl was so weak that it did not wake them. He put her in a sack, leaving her head free.

She was terrified, but unable to struggle. Her eyes watched every movement as he carried her down the hill and laid her on a pile of sacks on the floor of his small cart. He whistled his pony, an elderly little creature condemned by a farmer on the far side of Horton and sold to Ned for the price of a week's help with the haying. He treated it gently and bought it all the food he could afford, often working against his will to earn the money.

He found Dai Evans, the veterinarian, just leaving his surgery. Dai was a hot-tempered little Welshman who loved animals more than he did people. Farmers needing a man who would treat an animal and not press for his fee found him willing and devoted. He had spent all of one night saving the life of a

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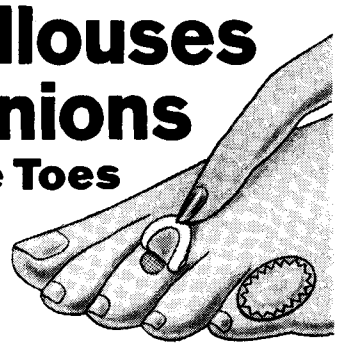
FROM PAIN OF

Corns Callouses Bunions Sore Toes



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over 8 times more pain-killing power

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Siamese cat that had eaten poison. He had his own ways of delivering calves, and an unerring instinct for healing.

Dai's own home was uncomfortably filled with animals of all sorts, for he had been fortunate enough to find a wife who had spent eight years working in a zoo where she was given all the sick and abandoned babies to rear. Farmers sent her ailing lambs, sickly pups, and even weakly piglets. Sheila Evans turned the barns into a home for her animals. In one of them she boarded cats in luxury quarters that people fought to buy for pets during their summer holidays. A second was a hospital where animals recovering from operations were kept warm by an old furnace and watched over with loving devotion by Dai and Sheila and their four noisy children.

Ned knew well that Dai would not refuse him help, and knew, too, that a fee would be waived in return for a few hours of wood chopping or gardening among Sheila's roses.

Dai looked at the fox, now lying on his operating table. "I ought to put her away. Doubt if anything will help," he said.

Sheila, coming into the room with an injured kitten in her arms, said, "Don't put her away. Please, Dai."

Her husband pushed his thick, dark hair out of his eyes and grinned at her. "Last-ditch Sheila," he said in his soft Welsh lilt.

Ned heaved a deep sigh as the vet filled a syringe with penicillin, lifted the fox, and, before she realized what had happened, sank the needle into her thick, furry ruff. He drew his hand away as she tried to bring her teeth round to attack.

"Have to give her an anesthetic for the next one. If this one works, that is. I can't keep her. Are you going to?"

"Of course he is," Sheila said, and smiled at Ned. He might be ragged and poor, but he shared her need to bring help to animals, and no one could convince her that he was undesirable.

Ned took the vixen, and Sheila found him a cage and put her inside on a layer of straw. Too weak to struggle, the vixen curled up and went to sleep.

"Feed her on rabbit, not red meat," Dai told him. "Beg for chicken giblets. She might take rats too."

Ned nodded. He was thoughtful as he jogged home. He went inside his tiny hut, which would have surprised many people with its cleanness, for the floor was swept and the walls were whitewashed and his bed was neat as an army cot. He put the cage on the floor and left, taking his pet otter with him.

He found Jasper once more alone, staring into the fire. Ned was not sure he could reach through the grief.

"Jasper," he said. "I need help."

Jasper stared at him blankly.

"Found the old vixen. You remember, the one with the injured paw?"

Jasper nodded.

"She's sick. I've got her caged, and the vet's helping. Can't manage two animals. Can you take the otter cub?"

Jasper stared.

Ned shrugged, and then determined suddenly to give the old man no choice. He put the cub on the hearthrug and went out. Jasper sat, and brooded into the flames.

The otter had not been fed. Moreover, he was friendly, used to company, and inquisitive. He was extremely hungry. He nosed around the floor, small, impetuous, and energetic. Skim's drinking bowl was beneath the sink, still filled with water.

The cub understood water. It was his element. He dragged the bowl out with his teeth, so that the enamel made a familiar rattling noise that sent the blood to Jasper's face in expectation. He saw the otter and sank back into his chair.

A moment later he turned his head as the little creature took a run from the other side of the mat and landed in the water, so that it showered up the walls, onto the rug, and into a pool on the floor. He rolled in the pool, soaking his coat, while Jasper watched, a faint interest stirring. The cub's merry, whiskered face grinned up at Jasper as the otter soaked in the puddle.

The game began to pall and did not satisfy hunger. The cub rolled across the floor, leaving trails of wet behind him, and before Jasper quite realized what was happening, climbed up to his lap and gazed up into his face.

When Jasper still did not seem to understand, the cub took hold of a gnarled old finger and began to suck. He sucked fiercely, and at last he was understood. Jasper smiled and lifted the cub, holding the warm body against him for a second.

He found milk and put it into a small bowl that had belonged to another terrier. The cub lapped eagerly, splashing drops all round, and Jasper was unable to retain his deep gloom. The little creature was so absurd.

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He paused, wondering what to give an otter, but his choice was limited to sardines or the tinned meat that Skim had shared with the cat, Stalker. He opened the tin. The small beast took what was offered eagerly, eating it with as much gusto as he had shown when drinking.

Satisfied at last, the otter wandered back to the hearthrug. The old man stooped and lifted the rough-haired body, and the otter crawled happily into his coat pocket and went to sleep.

The vixen began to improve. Dai cleaned the foot under anesthetic. Penicillin began to clear the infection, and within a week she was feeding greedily, taking all that Ned could bring in the way of rabbits and chicken giblets.

She did not trust him. He dropped food through the top of the cage, and she snarled whenever he approached. Dai, calling in one day, looked at the vixen and thought that she could soon be freed. She could stand on the healing paw. Within a few days, it would have recovered completely.

Ned had no wish to keep her in a cage, and was anxious to have his otter back. The little beast had worked his miracle, and Jasper derived entertainment from him, but found that he caused too much work. The cub had no liking for tidiness, and slid through the cottage scattering things, pulling the rugs or skidding along on them, menacing Jasper's own safety.

Stalker detested the otter and spat furiously whenever the cub was near. The cat no longer came into the house, but was fed in the shed, and slept there, becoming surly.

Dai hoped he had a cure outside in his station wagon. He found Jasper shaking his head over a sea of milk on the doorstep, the cub having discovered and tipped over a pail of fresh milk. Jasper grinned when he saw the vet.

"He's a scamp and no mistake," he said. "I'll be glad when Ned lets the vixen go, and yet I'll miss this otter."

His eyes strayed to Skim's empty basket, now chewed and monopolized by the little otter.

"I came to see you about that," Dai said, "and I want you to help me."

Dai led the way outside. A red setter was lying in the back of the station wagon. She lifted her head and stared at Jasper with sorrowful eyes.

"Her master's gone to jail. For ten years, and she is almost eight. He lived alone. If we don't find her a home she'll be put away, and nobody seems to want her."

Jasper looked at the dog, and she wagged her tail slowly.

"She's gentle and quiet, and taught to mind her manners when cats are about," Dai said with a quick grin at Stalker. He snapped his fingers.

The setter jumped out the open door. She looked up at Jasper. He felt the silky hair on her head, and she thumped her tail again, watching him.

"Good girl," the old man said.

The tail flicked again. Regally, she walked toward the open cottage door and went inside. The two men followed, watching her as she nosed around. The otter cub retreated under a chair. The setter dropped onto the hearthrug in front of the fire, looking as if she had lived there all her life, and the otter cub, curious, crept out to sniff at her. The setter licked the cub's face and covered him with a heavy paw, holding him still. He was so astonished that he did not move, and when she had finished he curled against her silky side and fell asleep.

"She did that with our kittens," Dai said. "Funny thing. She's been mated eight times, but never had pups."

Stalker marched in, tail erect. He stared. He was used to dogs. He gave the setter one bored glance and jumped onto the old dresser, where he curled up and went to sleep.

"Her name's Nell," the vet said. He rubbed the dog's nose.

"Let her stay." Jasper looked down at her. "I couldn't live without animals. Always did have a way with dogs."

Dai went, satisfied. He left a parcel of meat on the table. Jasper opened it and cut it up, and the setter ate half of it gratefully. The otter investigated the plate, and finished the meat eagerly. Stalker watched the setter. Jasper knew the cat was missing his old companion, and hoped the two animals would make friends.

That evening the old man whistled to Nell, who came obediently, and for the first time since Skim's death, he went down the hill to the Black Swan.

The bar was crowded. Jasper was aware of watching eyes as the setter trod delicately at his heels, ignoring the younger hounds. She settled at his feet, her rust-colored body shining against his leg.

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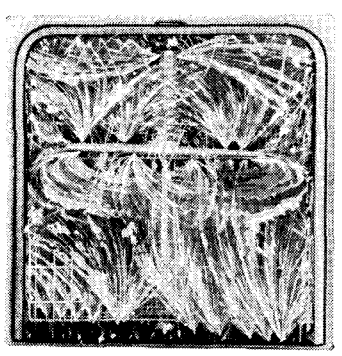

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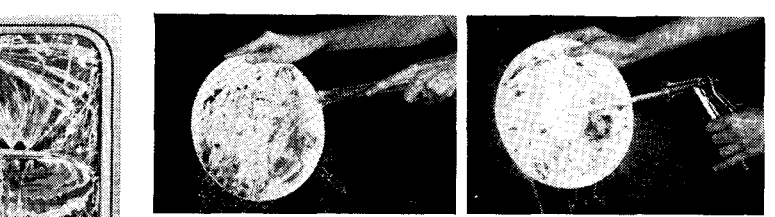

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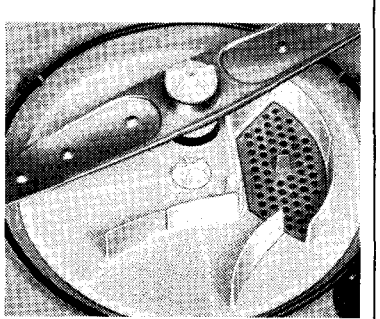

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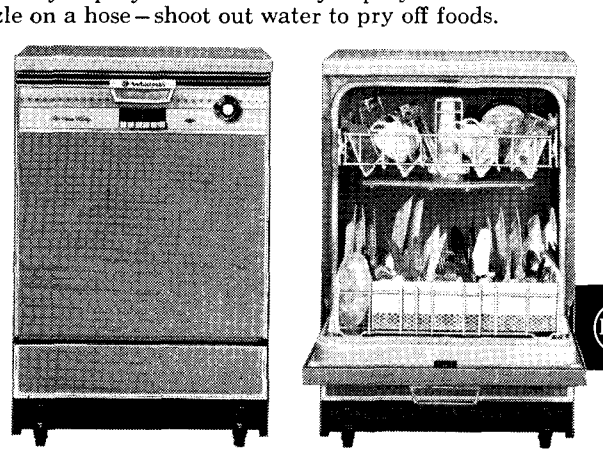

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The men had been feeling guilty about Skim. Had the hounds not strayed, had the Huntsman and Ned Foley not pleaded for the terrier, Skim would still be alive. They knew, too, that Jasper had taken the old dog's death hard. Relief made them voluble. Jasper found himself overwhelmed with questions, offered half a rabbit and more beer than he could drink.

When he pulled himself out of his creaking chair, and the setter, with a look at his face, waited to go, Jim Turner came over to him.

"I wanted to thank you," Jim said awkwardly. "Sorry . . . about Skim. Never thought . . . Glad you've got another dog."

Jasper put a hand down, and the setter's muzzle came into it at once. She was as much in need of affection as he.

"Don't worry," Jasper said, glad to be accepted again. "Poor Skim was old. Better to go quickly like that than to ail and have to be put away. Been afraid I'd go first and leave him. Nobody would want an old dog. This one . . . she's young, and anybody would take her on."

"You'll live to be a hundred, Jasper," the Huntsman said. "I'd have taken Skim. You know that, you old fool. I'll walk up the hill with you, to stretch my legs a bit. Take a couple of bottles with us, Mrs. Jones."

Nell followed them out into the frosty dark. When they reached the cottage, she took her place on the hearthrug as if it were her right, and Stalker, who was already curled up before the dying flames, looked up at her, and did not move. Nell put out her paw and licked him as she had the otter, and with a deep sigh the cat came to lie against a new companion.

Rusty was lying up on a ledge where the sun could warm him. A second later he was alert, ears pricked for the distant song of the hounds. They were running in full cry along his brother's trail, and a second later Rusty saw Rufus break across a field, twist through a flock of running, bleating sheep, and drop into the dry ditch to double back and merge with the fox-colored dying bracken that lined the edge of the field. Excitement mounted in Rusty. He controlled it. His mother had taught him well, and he knew what kind of game he was going to play.

Jasper came out into his garden. As he watched the Hunt moving out for the first time since Skim had died, he remembered how the old dog had come running at the sound of the hounds and the music of the horn, and how eager he had been to join in.

It was very cold. Jasper put on his coat and muffler, pulled an old cap over his ears, found gloves, and whistled to Nell. If the fox broke up toward him, he might see something of the Hunt, and also give the setter some exercise. She was so well trained that she followed at heel, waiting for his command before she crossed the road.

Rufus was tiring. He slipped scrambling up the slope toward a narrow gully where water would mask his scent. When he reached it, he found solid ice, and hesitated, not sure of his next move. Before he could decide, Rusty sprang from above him, crossed his trail, showed himself in full view, and pelted downhill at a tangent, with the wind smoothing his fur as he ran.

Rufus ducked into hiding and crouched, panting. The hounds saw the second fox and turned, all except Painter, who followed the first trail, but was called back by the Huntsman.

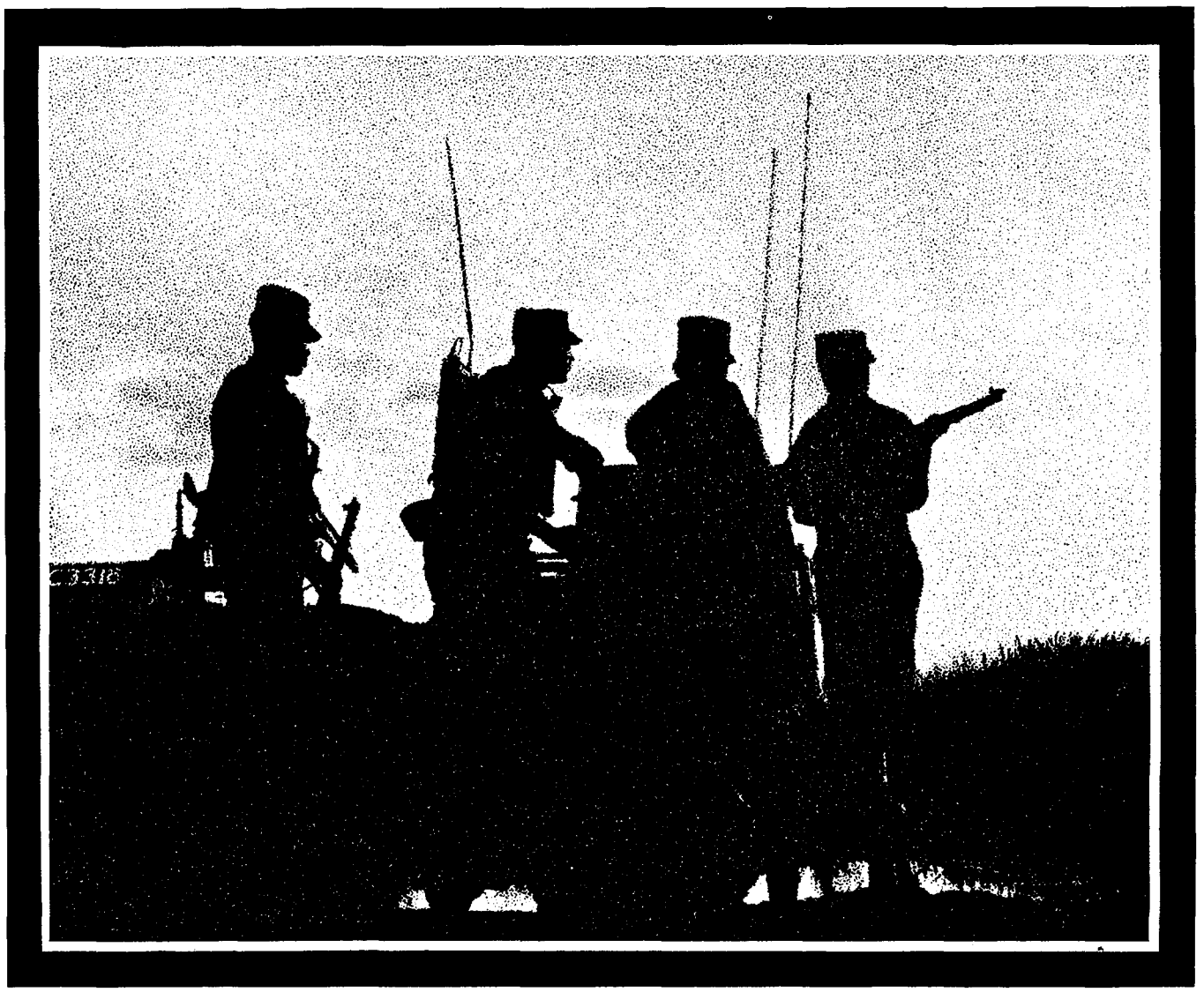
Rusty doubled through Wellan's cows, dived into the ditch, breached the hedge, and started off again between high walls toward the main road. Swiftsure and Painter ran neck and neck. Bella was next. Jasper and Nell came round the corner and stood back as Wayward and Flier bolted after the leaders while the other youngsters straggled after them.

The Huntsman came striding down the lane, his eyes on the hounds, making for the busy main road at the corner.

Rusty pulled himself out of the ditch by the roadside and eyed the traffic thoughtfully. On the breast of the hill was a large truck, carrying cement, and behind it, caught and unable to pass because of heavy opposing traffic, was a covey of cars.

The fox waited, listening to the hounds' clear cries. Swiftsure had found the ditch and was struggling out of it when Rusty sped across the road under the wheels of a car. As the hound reached the roadside, the fox made safety, and the traffic, now able to overtake the truck, sped past. The Huntsman, putting on a spurt that almost winded him, managed to shout the hounds to keep back.

When the road was clear, the hounds bounded over, questing eagerly. A boy pointed to the ditch, marking where the fox had crossed, and the Huntsman signed to Painter to take up the scent.



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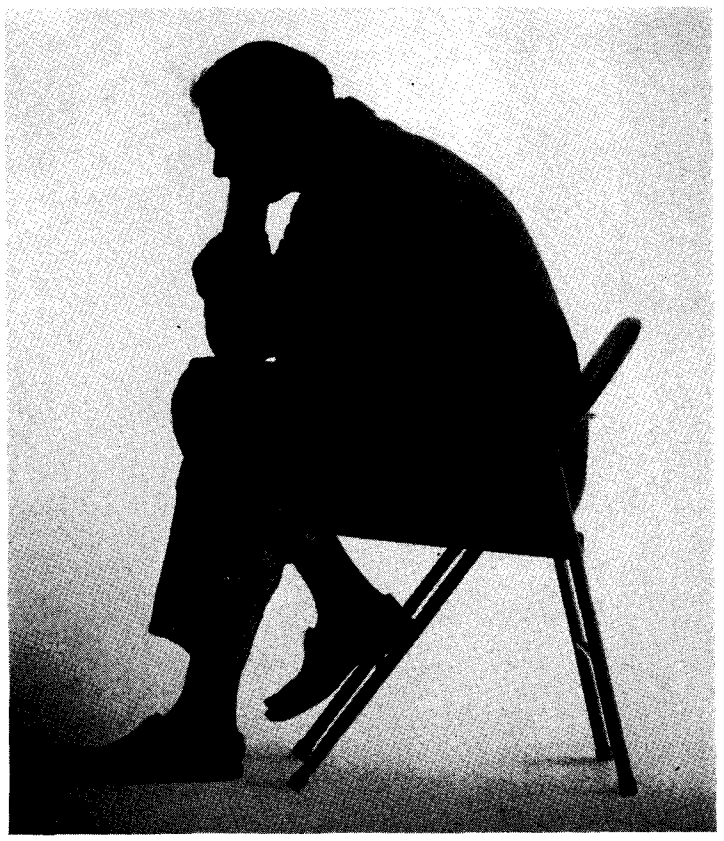

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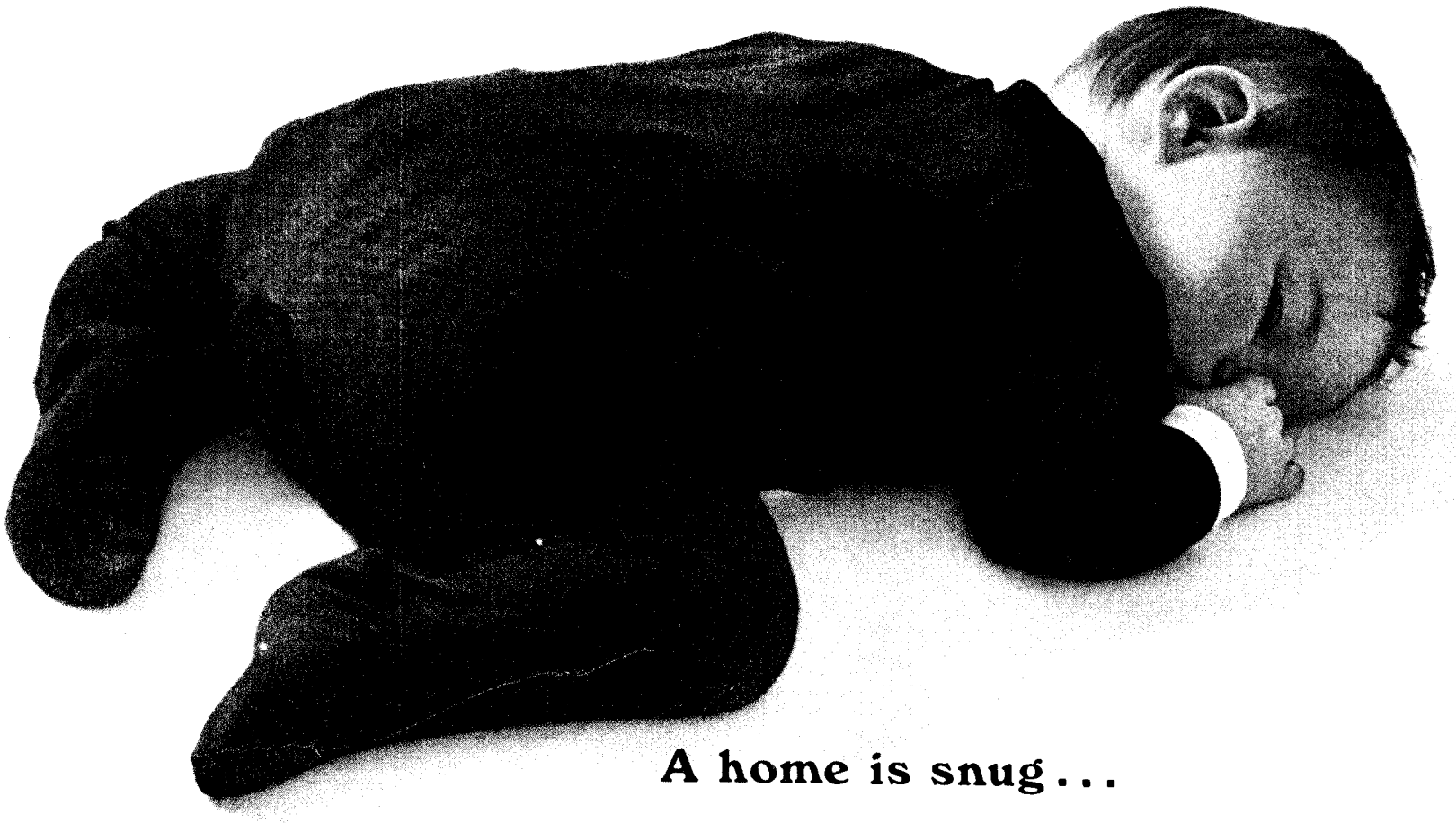
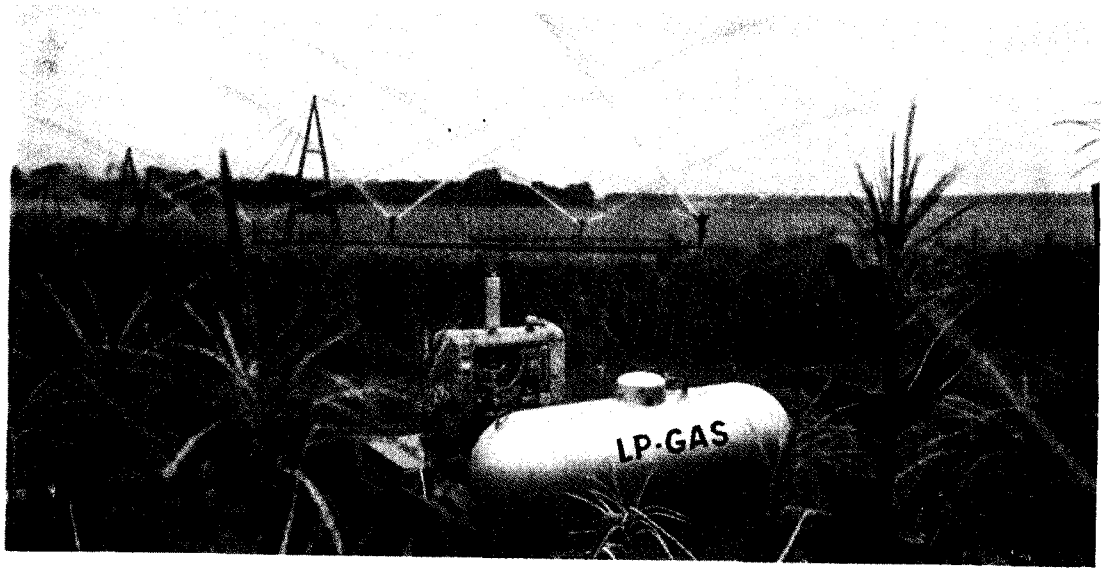


A home is snug . . .

a dinner sizzles . . .



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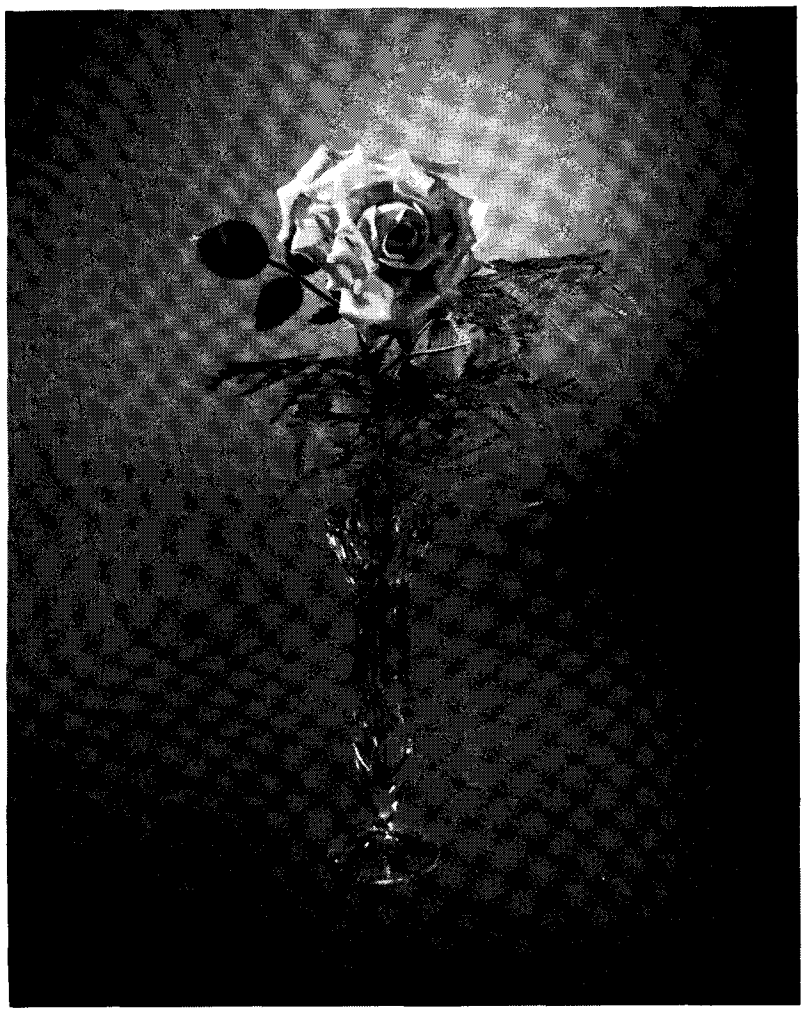

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The big hound, puzzled, ran in a circle that baffled the man until he reached the ditch edge and saw that it was stained with horse manure through which the fox had escaped.

With the hounds checked, the Hunt caught up. The hounds waited, nosing out their owners, asking for patting and petting, and the Huntsman went among them, rubbing behind an ear here, patting a neck there.

A few minutes later the fox broke cover, coming into view for a second, running strongly. Wayward gave tongue and rushed forward. A moment later Painter found the line and began to follow it, the other hounds at his heels.

Rusty angled away, tore into brambles, leaving tussocks of red fur on the thorns, found a hollow oak, and slipped through the arch it made. The Huntsman saw him, but did not call to the hounds. He preferred them to mark out their own scent.

Above him the fox doubled on its trail and put its head inside a drain. The rough coat caught on brambles that marked the entrance, and then, without going in, Rusty turned, trod through damp leaves that covered a layer of ice, and slipped into a gully which led back to the line that Rufus had taken. A few minutes later the brothers were together looking down on the hounds marking the empty drain. The terriers went in and drew a blank. Grumbling, the Hunt turned away.

The Huntsman collected the pack and fussed them, praising them for the day's work. The men took their own hounds, and turned toward the Swan to talk over the day's doings.

After the Hunt broke up and he felt it was safe, Ned Foley released the vixen, her foot completely healed. Reunited, the three foxes greeted one another with yaps of joy, with nips and yelps and teasing games, and then curled up as they had when the youngsters were cubs, three bodies together, happy in reunion. They did not start the night's hunting until the moon was high over the peaks, silvering Hortonmere with magical light.

When Jasper took Nell into the Swan, he found to his astonishment that tea had been put aside for him, and Jim Turner said, "We meant to tell you, Jasper. There's a place laid as long as you want it."

Jasper could think of nothing to say, and he knew Jim was trying to make up to him for the loss of the terrier. He did not speak, but bent down and patted Bella's head. She licked his hand. Nell butted him in the knees jealously, and when he sat to eat, stayed beside him, her head on his knee. And Jasper felt happier than he had in years.

Winter set the ground harder than granite. No one could remember such weather, and hunting had to stop, as the hounds could not make their way through the deep snow that lay soft and thick in the high places.

Foraging was hard for the foxes. They began to haunt the hen runs, and more than once a shot startled the night, driving them farther afield where men were less wakeful.

Hortonmere froze so solid that ducks and herons found thin feeding, froze, died, and fed the foxes. The villagers found deer raiding the sheds, pushing doors open in a search for stored turnips and potatoes.

For the first time in many years the farmers brought the sheep down from the hills, penning them in fields close to the houses, where their feed could be supplemented. The busy sheepdogs hunted diligently, nosing their charges out of drifts where they sheltered from the frequent storms that raged fiercely on the hills.

Nell, her new master discovered, had

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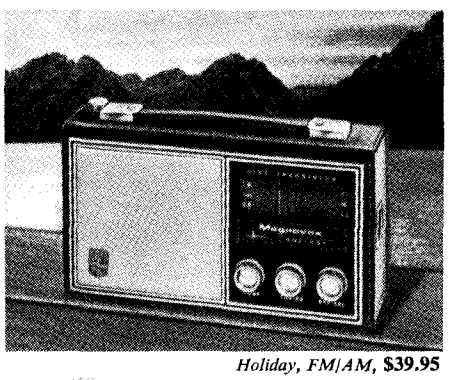

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a good nose, and several times found sheep that had dropped into ditches against the high stone walls, seeking to bury themselves away from the winds.

Lambing became an unusual ordeal. Foxes traveled from over the fells at the scent of the afterbirths. The farmers became more careful, and all traces were burnt. Night after night, torches and lamps gleamed in the fields as the men made the rounds and brought in any ewes they could find, so that lambing took place in the big barns, where hay formed a barricade around the walls against the cold.

Over at Sheerlings, Ted Wellan's farming methods showed proud results, for in all that bitter winter he lost only two ewes and one lamb of his flock of over three hundred. The big barns were cleared and the new mothers brought inside. Weak lambs went at once into the big annex to the kitchen, and Mrs. Wellan and the girls kept bottles ready to give at once to any lamb that seemed to be in trouble at any time of day or night.

Ted Wellan and his shepherd, Tom Ladyburn, who was happy with his sweepstakes money tucked away, worked the night through in shifts, four hours on, four off, patrolling the flock, singling out the lambing ewes, and ever keeping a wary eye for foxes. During the day Mrs. Wellan took over, to give the men a chance to sleep. She was as good with the stock as any of them.

Jasper came down to help feed the orphan lambs, bringing Nell, who spent her time ranging the fields and barking whenever a fox came near. Ned Foley came too and slept on the barn floor on a pile of hay, ready to call out if any of the sheep were in trouble.

Late one February night Jasper brought coffee out to Tom Ladyburn, who was trying to help a ewe with twins. When they were safely delivered, he put them with the mother in the big barn, where she bedded herself at once on warm straw and licked them clean. Tom removed all traces of the birth, and took his coffee, warming his hands on the cup.

"Listen!"

Tom cocked his head as Jasper called his attention to Nell, who, head on one side, eyes bright, was listening to some distant sound. It came again, a far-away keening cry that made the dog bristle and bare her teeth in a snarl. Behind, in the shed, Wellan's hounds whimpered.

Moonlight flooded the fells, outlining trees and the slow rise of the hills black against a sky in which the stars shone with unusual brilliance. Down the distant hill, black against the snow, fled two foxes, and behind them, in a stream of darkness, pelted a mass of little animals.

"What on ——?" Tom was startled.

"Weasels packing," Jasper said.

Rusty and Rufus had eluded hounds with ease, but this was different. The pack behind them terrified them so that they fled, ears flat, running full out downhill. They had been hunting through the wood, feeding on the bodies of frozen birds, when the weasels scented them, and blind instinct made the little killers congregate so that they could hunt *en masse*.

Breath rasped in Rusty's throat as he found a ditch and ran along it, pads slipping on frozen leaves. Close behind him Rufus whimpered, the thick fur of his ruff erect with fear.

Small feet whispered along the ditch. The foxes raced among the startled cows, the herd scattering, lowing lustily. Rob Hinney, Wellan's cowman, heard the din and saw the fleeing cattle, and whistled as the weasel pack fled between stampeding hooves. The foxes leaped to the wall, slid down the embankment into the lane that led to the farmyard and the sheltering sheep.

The weasels came on. Ted Wellan's gun spoke, and a small body dropped into the snow. The foxes ignored the gun and jumped on the henhouse roof.

The weasels found a dead sheep that Tom Ladyburn had left to bury later. Neither he nor Ted Wellan knew why their pursuit had stopped until they went to find the body. Instead they found only bones, and around it in the frozen snow, the marks of many tiny paws.

The foxes left the henhouse roof and crept into the stable, where they bedded in the straw. They paid for Ted's hospitality by catching five rats that night.

The thaw filled the rivers and brooks, and Hortonmere was flooded. Rivers changed their beds, and Wellan's found itself isolated by fields of water.

As the first flood waters crept over the grass, Ted Wellan, Rob Hinney, and Tom Ladyburn drove the stock on to higher ground. There was no thought of hunting. The hounds were taken to the vicarage and lodged on straw in a deserted crypt. The Huntsman moved in with them, as his own home was under water. He slept on a camp bed,

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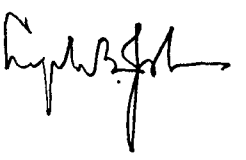

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warm beneath a mound of blankets. By day he helped peel potatoes and make soup, and developed a talent for keeping restive children quiet with hunting tales and songs.

Wellan's family moved into the vicarage, but Tom Ladyburn, an exile from his own home, stayed in the house with Ted Wellan, sleeping upstairs, where they cooked on a primus stove in the bedroom. In between times they visited the flocks, using a boat for transport to dry land, and checked on the Jersey herd, which Rob Hinney was guarding in a small field nearby.

The view from the windows was astonishing. Field and fell were replaced by a flat, steely expanse of gray. Otters swam beneath the windows, swans floated down the village street, ducks brooded, diving for vegetation which was too far down to find. The villagers flung them bread crumbs.

The foxes lay up on the peaks, away from the water, and away also from any but the most meager food. Once Rusty tried swimming for duck, but the current was so strong that he was lucky to be swept ashore again. Shaking with cold, he returned forlornly to lie up beside his brother.

When the water went down, the village was busy. Those who had been lucky enough to escape the floods helped those whose homes were ruined by them. Floors were scrubbed clean of layers of dark filth. Furniture was salvaged, bedding dried, and relief vans drove through the slimy streets, bringing food and clothing and bedding. Ned Foley went round with the squad that was disposing of bodies, as sheep, cows, and hens floated down and were left, bloated and unsavory, when the waters receded.

An icy wind swept in from the hills, drying out the sodden fields. The stock was brought home. Slowly life began again, with grim reminders of the flood in the empty henhouses and the uncarpeted floors and gaps where some piece of furniture had had to be scrapped. The exhausted villagers settled down again.

There came a day bright with springtime promise. Homes were shut and the villagers took to the fells, as the hounds followed the Huntsman, eager to go.

Up on a grass-covered ledge, the vixen heard the familiar sounds and lifted her head. She was soon to whelp again. She had left her sons just before the flood and taken up with a big dog fox from Coniston way. He had traveled miles to find a mate, and he nosed above her now, ears cocked.

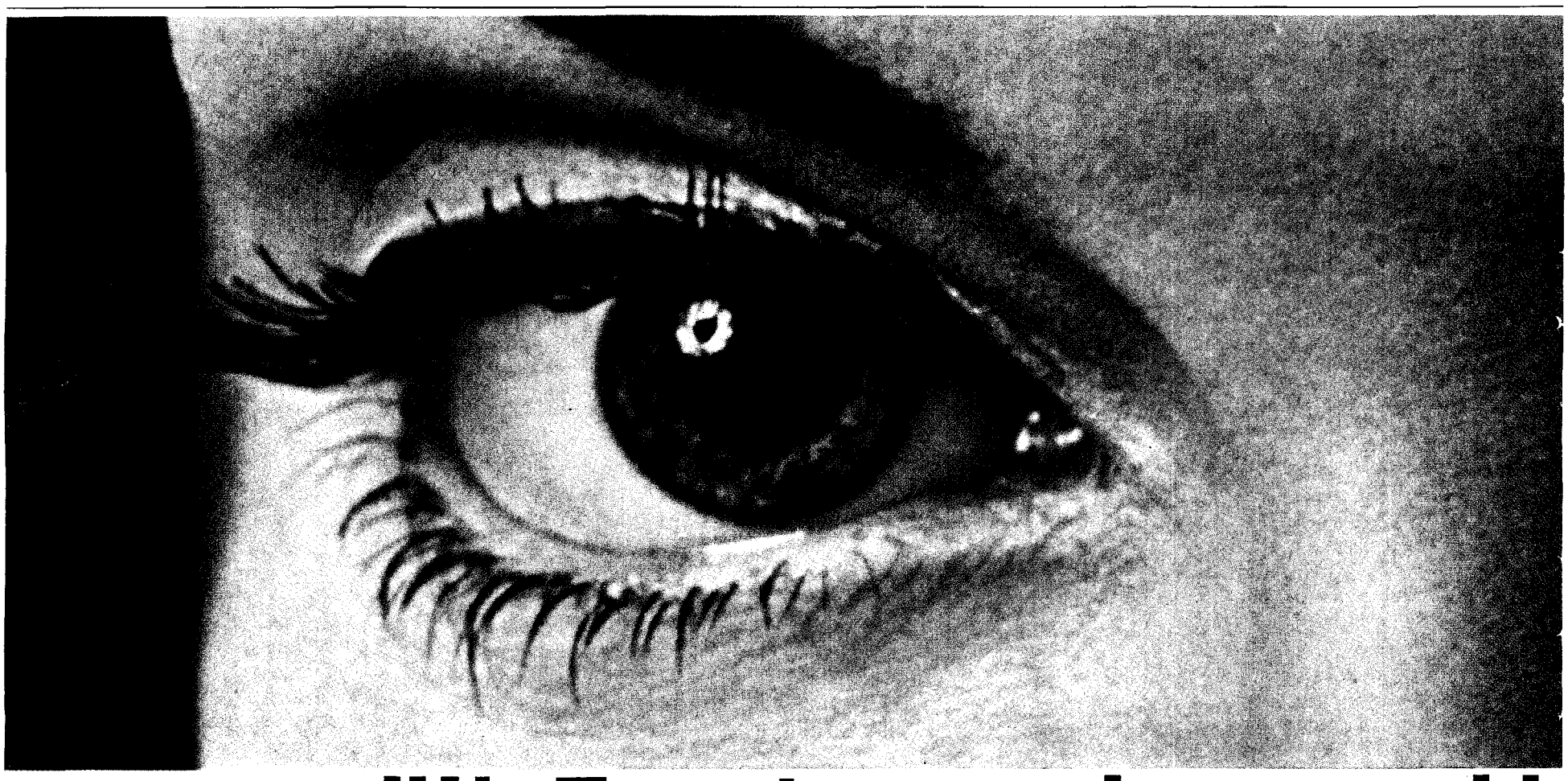
He nudged her. She followed docilely as he loped away from Hortonmere, and took her far from the villages, to a hole that was deep and safe, and far from Huntsman and hound.

Neither of the brothers had found a mate. They were still together, as they had not moved away from home ground. As the cry of the hounds echoed from the hills, they were both off together, running strongly uphill. From far below came a yell of "View halloo," as one of the followers sighted them.

Painter fled after them, the pack behind. The going was bad, and hounds and men floundered, plodding through thick mud that clung to their boots.

The foxes, high on the rocky slopes, were never in danger. They hid at last in a cave that led off behind a small waterfall, creeping through a curtain of foam along a slippery ledge to reach sanctuary. Soon the Hunt was in such trouble that the foxes were forgotten. Painter was running fast, trying to cut off the long spur that prevented his reaching the foxes. Behind him came the pack—Madam treading warily, Bella eagerly, Wayward coming blindly, bent on catching the leader.

The men, swearing as they blundered through mud, yelled in unison as the ice gave way, and a second later Painter was deep in the water, the current tugging him. Bella and Wayward went in



"Us Tareyton smokers would

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

after him, but Madam managed to turn in her tracks and come back to her master, who put his handkerchief through her collar to hold her. The rest of the pack returned and were immediately seized, while the Huntsman, Jim Turner, Len Needler, and Charlie Dee hurried to the edge of the ice.

Charlie whistled. Wayward turned his head and made a bold effort to climb onto the ice, but was defeated. Painter was already being swept into the flood, and Bella was struggling against the current.

"I'm going in," Jim Turner said.

"Don't be a fool, man," Charlie answered, his eyes on Wayward.

Jim whistled. Bella tried to turn and was swept toward the farther edge. The Huntsman walked along beside her, yelling encouragement, so that she kept on swimming, although she was almost exhausted. The Huntsman worked out that the current would cast her ashore on a tiny spur. He walked onto the slippery rock and smashed the ice with a long pole. She saw him and, as the shore came closer, swam more strongly, the pull of the water helping her.

By the time she reached the spur, Ned Foley and Ted Wellan were beside the Huntsman, and Jim was at the edge of the water. Ready hands hauled Bella ashore, panting and shivering with cold.

Jim took his scarf and rubbed her.

"Take her home fast, Jim, lad," the Huntsman said. "Rub her down and give her some milk and brandy."

Jim set off, and the others turned their attention to Painter and Wayward. Painter was almost under the surge from the fall, while Len Needler floundered along the miry edge, trying to reach his pet. Wayward had found a spit of solid ice and was trying to pull himself onto it. It held his weight, but his paws could not gain a grip, and time after time he fell back into the water.

Jasper watched unhappily, Nell beside him. Suddenly the setter fled down the muddy path, and, before anyone could check her, ran out onto the icy spur. She crouched on the ice, her weight spread, and caught the young hound's scruff in her jaws.

She heaved, and Wayward was out of the water. The Huntsman grabbed Nell's tail as she skidded sideways. She came toward him, her jaws still firm on Wayward's loose flesh. The three of them went over in the mud, a mass of flailing legs and tails and heads and licking tongues. The men pulled them to their feet, and Nell found herself the center of such congratulations that she was bewildered.

The surge of water had sent Painter into the center again. He was almost spent. He paddled feebly, the current tossing him backward and forward. Len had given up hope and stood dumbly watching when Pete, one of the Tanner boys, came pelting down the field, his feet sliding on mud. He held a length of rope, at the end of which was fastened a slender block of wood.

"If we throw this, and Painter grabs it, we might be able to drag him ashore," Pete Tanner said eagerly. He flung the rope within inches of Painter's muzzle.

"Grab it, boy," Len Needler shouted. "Fetch it here."

Painter, always obedient, took the wood in his jaws. Len seized the rope and began to pull. Painter felt the wood give and tightened his grip. A moment later, he was being dragged through the water against the current, and he hung on gamely. When he reached shore, his jaws were bleeding, and the block was clenched so firmly that his teeth were embedded in it.

Up on the lee of the hill, the two foxes hunted for rabbits. Far away came the keening cry of a calling vixen. Two pairs of ears pricked alert; two voices answered. The cry came again, followed swiftly by Rusty's yelp. Rufus

rather fight than switch!"

Tareyton has a white outer tip
. . . and an inner section of charcoal.
Together they actually improve
the flavor of Tareyton's fine tobaccos.

© The American Tobacco Company

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turned on him, snarling, and yelped his own reply.

The little vixen crossed the stream by a fallen tree. She stalked a bird and missed her kill. Brush lashing, she went hungrily down to the lake, where she found a duck cradled on her eggs. The drake saw her coming, and he flew at her, quacking noisily.

The sound brought the other ducks off the water. There was a whir of wings, and an angry beak tore at the soft flesh above one eye. She fled away from the water, and long after she had gone, the drakes were still sounding their warning cries.

The vixen was lonely. Her mother and brothers had all been killed by the Hunt of a faraway village. Left alone, the vixen moved away to look for company. She traveled miles, hunting as she went.

Her scent lay on the fells and maddened the two brothers, so that often now the fights over a kill were bitter. Rufus had a torn ear, and Rusty a stiff shoulder where teeth had bitten deep. Soon they separated, no longer lying together for warmth at night, and each hunted on his own.

Jasper often saw Rusty, now heavy and muscular, his brush black-tipped, as he climbed toward his den, a deserted badger hole on the sloping hillside. The rank scent made Nell bark, but she was too well trained to leave Jasper and hunt alone.

Rufus was determined to find the vixen first. He followed her trail by day and her scent by night, but she was cunning and she was not yet certain that she wished for his company. She used tricks that baffled him completely. Once she lay above him, stretched against the trunk of a beech tree, where the first fattening buds helped to mask her. She watched him lope past, but she did not reveal herself.

Rusty also caught her scent and heard her call, but he was busy hunting, and, although he cocked an ear, he did not at first seek her out. Not until the full moon made him restless, and he was sure of frequent meals of young rabbit, did he try to track her down. His scent intrigued her, but she was young and not yet ready to breed. She might choose a mate, but no cubs would be hers until the next year. She remained hidden and coy.

Hunting had ended. No more would the men bring the hounds to the Huntsman to train as a pack. The fell was silent, no longer echoing to the horn and cries of "yick" and "yoick" and "coop." There had been no kill all winter, but the men were not perturbed. They had had good sport and an unusual winter. Looking back, the Huntsman thought of the way in which the foxes were linked with the village life. Had there been no Hunt, Skim would still be alive. Yet Jasper was happy with Nell, and the winter had brought good fortune to Ned Foley, who, since he had helped at the time of the floods, had been given a cottage on Wellan's farm and had settled down to a more reputable way of living.

The Huntsman marked the path that the vixen took with next year's hunts in mind. His legs did not cover the ground so fast. He wondered if any man would take over the Hunt when he was too old. Retired huntsmen were few. England was changing swiftly.

An unusual winter! Looking back, the Huntsman thought of Jasper; of Tom Ladyburn, who thought that the foxes had brought him luck, and whose small nest egg offered security for his old age.

The Huntsman looked up the hill. The fells were soft with the green of unfurling bracken, patched among the brown, dead fronds. New heather was sprouting. The ducklings were hatched on Hortonmere, and their tiny bodies floated in file between the ducks and the drakes.

The trees were fuzzy with uncurling leaves, their soft outlines furry. Beneath them, bluebells blurred the ground in a haze of color. Primroses starred the hedgerow along the lanes.

Jasper woke one night to hear an eerie screaming almost outside his door. Nell was growling deep in her throat, and Stalker was yowling on the foot of his bed, fur raised, ears flat.

Jasper climbed out of bed and drew aside the curtain in time to see the young vixen knock the lid from his garbage pail. She foraged inside and came out with the carcass of a chicken.

As she turned away, Rusty came loping toward her, and behind him, like a shadow, came Rufus. She backed, her trophy held in her jaws. Rusty pranced toward her, head high, nose questing. She watched him, her eyes bright.

Rufus snarled. Rusty turned and his brother pounced. Nell and Stalker stared out the window at the twisting bodies that bit and tore in earnest, while the little vixen lay down and gnawed the carcass. Jasper grinned.

The moon was bright enough to see the end of the fight. Rufus fled, brush down, toward the hillside. Jasper saw him top the rise and vanish. He would lie for a day to lick his wounds and then seek new hunting grounds far away from Horton, where he might find himself a mate.

Rusty walked toward the vixen. She snapped at him, afraid that he would steal her chicken. There was still flesh on the inside of the ribs, and her hunting had been unlucky. The dog fox lay down, waiting patiently for her to finish eating.

Jasper watched them until the vixen finished and licked her chops. The old man was curious. He had seen the beginning of the story and wished to know the end.

Rusty approached the vixen closely. He rubbed his head against her neck, questioningly. He was no longer the victor, certain of himself. He was a suppliant asking for favors. She nipped him, in play, and took to the hill, fleeing up the rough ground, Rusty after her.

"They'll stay together the summer, and breed next year," Jasper said.

Sleep did not come even when he was warm in bed. The cat settled beside him, the dog lay on the rug. Their even breathing was company. He heard the call of the vixen and the yelp of the dog fox. There would be more foxes round Hortonmere, and men with hounds would hunt them again. Not for the sake of the kill, nor the hope of a death in the morning, but for the thrill as the hounds found the trail, the view, and the joy of watching as they worked out the path that the fox had taken, and of the wild chase that followed.

The yelp came again, its note triumphant.

Jasper smiled in the darkness, for he now knew the end of the story. The words of "John Peel" ran through his mind.

The sound of his horn
brought me from my bed,
The cry of his hounds, which he
ofttimes led,
For Peel's "View Halloo" would
awaken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the
morning.

The old man slept, knowing that tradition would never die as long as an English villager had a hound, or a fox laired up on the hill.

Rufus loped wearily westward, alone. Rusty and his new-found mate curled up, cheek to cheek, and slept in the heather as dawn silvered Hortonmere, and the sun stippled the fells and touched the sleeping foxes with burnished glory. □

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Paint your house less often. Live a little instead.
Du Pont LUCITE® House Paint will turn you loose from frequent repainting because it'll last and last. LUCITE doesn't give paint failure a chance to get started.
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LUCITE House Paint foils blistering, peeling, fading, chalking and mildewing just as easily. It's been proven to resist them all far longer than leading oil-base paints.
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Let LUCITE turn you loose.
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At 8 miles an hour her door locks automatically.

Ford

Her mother thinks we're right to spend so much time on new ideas.

All in? Seat belts fastened? Off you go. Ooops! Forgot to lock the rear doors. Never mind—before you reach the corner in your new Mercury, the doors lock automatically.*

Seat belts and door locks? Is Ford playing it safe? Frankly, yes. We think time spent on new ideas for safety is well spent.

We thought so way back in 1927 when we introduced the first safety glass windshields.

And in 1956 when we introduced the most revolutionary package of safety ideas in the business. And in 1966 when we brought you no less than eight safety features as standard equipment—including 4-way emergency flasher lights.

Don't get the idea that all our new ideas wind up in automobiles. One of our scientists perfected a device to measure blood pressure inside the human heart.

Other new ideas improve our Philco refrigerators, color television sets, phonographs, even kitchen ranges.

We'll go wherever a good idea takes us. Especially if it will mean more to you.

*Available on all 1966 four-door Mercury cars.

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They turned around, reached inside their jackets, and pulled guns on us. "You sit where you are and don't move," the tall one said to me. "And you, get back against the wall."

THE GETAWAY

By John Savage

Whenever I get sleepy at the wheel, I always stop for coffee. This time, I was going along in western Texas and I got sleepy. I saw a sign that said GAS EAT, so I pulled off. It was long after midnight. What I expected was a place like a bunch of others, where the coffee tastes like copper and the flies never sleep.

What I found was something else. The tables were painted wood, and they looked as if nobody ever spilled the ketchup. The counter was spick-and-span. Even the smell was OK, I swear it.

Nobody was there, as far as customers. There was just this one old boy—really only about forty, getting gray above the ears—behind the counter. I sat down at the counter and ordered coffee and apple pie. Right away he got me started feeling sad.

I have a habit: I divide people up. Winners and losers. This old boy behind the counter was the kind that they *mean* well; they can't do enough for you, but their eyes have this gentle, far-away look, and they can't win. You know? With their clean shirt and their little bow tie? It makes you feel sad just to look at them. Only take my tip: Don't feel too sad.

He brought the coffee steaming hot, and it tasted like coffee. "Care for cream and sugar?" he asked. I said, "Please," and the cream was fresh and cold and thick. The pie was good, too.

A car pulled up outside. The old boy glanced out to see if they wanted gas, but they didn't. They came right in. The tall one said, "Two coffees. Do you have a road map we could look at?"

"I think so," the old boy said. He got their coffee first, and then started rooting through a pile of papers by the telephone, looking for a map. It was easy to see he was the type nothing's too much trouble for. Tickled to be of service.

I'm the same type myself, if you want to know. I watched the old boy hunting for his map, and I felt like I was looking in a mirror.

After a minute or two, he came up with the map. "This one's a little out of date, but. . ." He put it on the counter, beside their coffee.

The two men spread out the map and leaned over it. They were well dressed, like a couple of feed merchants. The tall one ran his finger along the Rio Grande and shook his head. "I guess there's no place to get across, this side of El Paso."

He said it to his pal, but the old boy behind the counter heard him and lit up like a light bulb. "You trying to find the best way south? I might be able to help you with that."

"How?"

"Just a minute." He spent a lot of time going through the papers by the telephone again. "Thought I might have a newer map," he said. "Anything recent would show the Hackett Bridge. Anyway, I can tell you how to find it."

"Here's a town called Hackett," the tall one said, still looking at the map. "It's on the river, just at the end of a road. Looks like a pretty small place."

"Not any more. It's just about doubled since they built the bridge."

"What happens on the other side?" The short one asked the question, but both of the feed-merchant types were paying close attention.

"Pretty fair road, clear to Chihuahua. It joins up there with the highway out of El Paso and Juarez."

The tall man finished his coffee, folded the map, put it in his pocket, and stood up. "We'll take your map with us," he said.

The old boy seemed startled, like a new kid at school when somebody pokes him in the nose to show him who's boss. However, he just shrugged and said, "Glad to let you have it."

The feed merchants had a little conference on the way out, talking in whispers. Then they stopped in the middle of the floor, turned around, reached inside their jackets, and pulled guns on us. Automatic pistols, I think they were. "You sit where you are and don't move," the tall one said to me. "And *you*, get against the wall."

Both of us did exactly what they wanted. I told you we were a lot alike.

The short man walked over and pushed one of the keys of the cash register. "Every little bit helps," he said, and he scooped the money out of the drawer. The tall man set the telephone on the floor, put his foot on it, and jerked the wires out. Then they ran to their car and got in. The short man leaned out the window and shot out one of my tires. Then they took off fast.

I looked at the old boy behind the counter. He seemed a little pale, but he didn't waste any time. He took a screwdriver out of a drawer and squatted down beside the telephone. I said, "It doesn't always pay to be nice to people."

He laughed and said, "Well, it doesn't usually cost anything," and went on taking the base plate off the telephone. He was a fast worker, actually. His tongue was sticking out of the corner of his mouth. In about five minutes he had a dial tone coming out of the receiver. He dialed a number and told the Rangers about the men and their car. "They did?" he said. "Well, well, well. . . . No, not El Paso. They took the Hackett turnoff." After he hung up, he said, "It turns out those guys robbed a supermarket in Wichita Falls."

I shook my head. "They sure had me fooled. I thought they looked perfectly all right."

The old boy got me another cup of coffee, and opened himself a bottle of pop. "They fooled me, too, at first." He wiped his mouth. "Then I got a load of their shoulder holsters when they leaned on the counter to look at the map. Anyway, they had mean eyes, I thought. Didn't you?"

"Well, I didn't at the time."

We drank without talking for a while, getting our nerves back in shape. A pair of patrol cars went roaring by outside and squealed their tires around the Hackett turnoff.

I got to thinking, and I thought of the saddest thing yet. "You *knew* there was something wrong with those guys, but you still couldn't keep from helping them on their way."

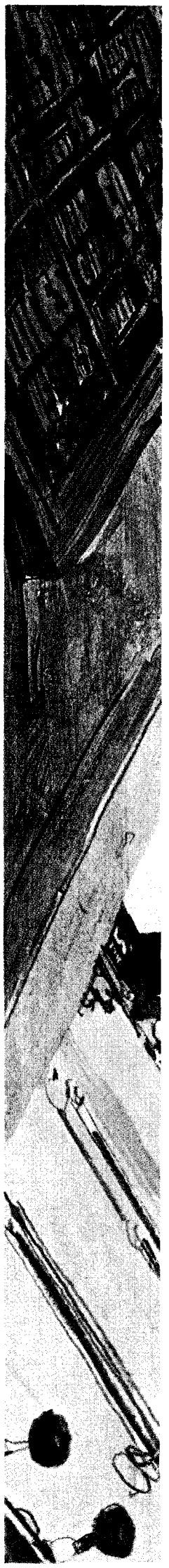
He laughed. "Well, the world's a tough sort of place at best, is how I look at it."

"I can understand showing them the map," I said, "but I'm damned if I'd have told about the bridge. Now there's not a snowball's chance in hell of catching them. If you'd kept your mouth shut, there'd at least be some hope."

"There isn't any——"

"Not a shred," I went on. "Not with a car as fast as they've got."

The way the old boy smiled made me feel better about him and me. "I don't mean there isn't any hope," he said. "I mean there isn't any bridge." □



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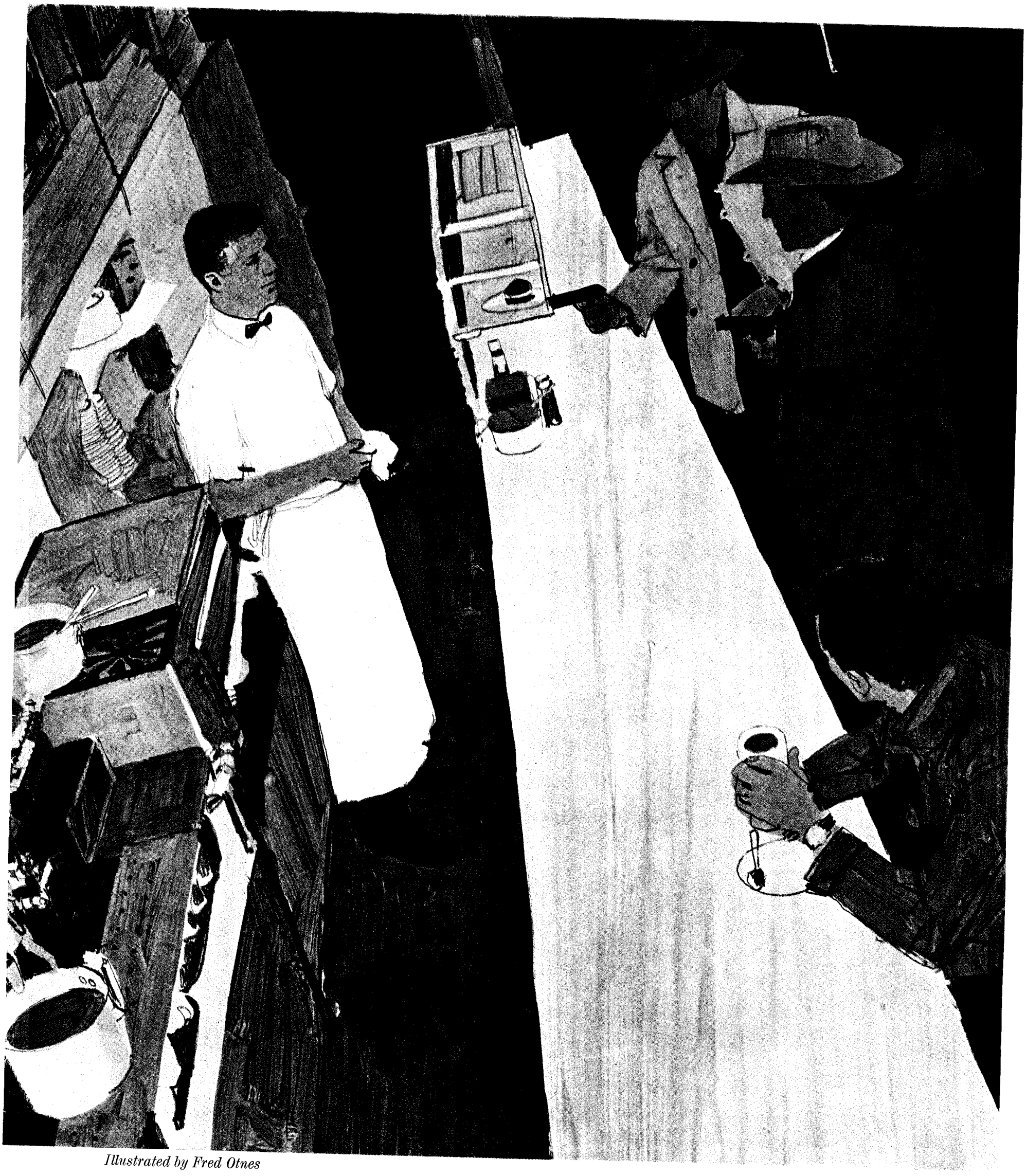

Illustrated by Fred Otnes

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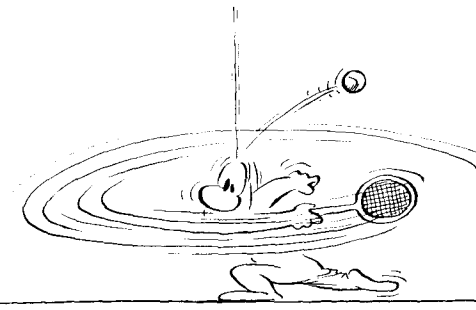
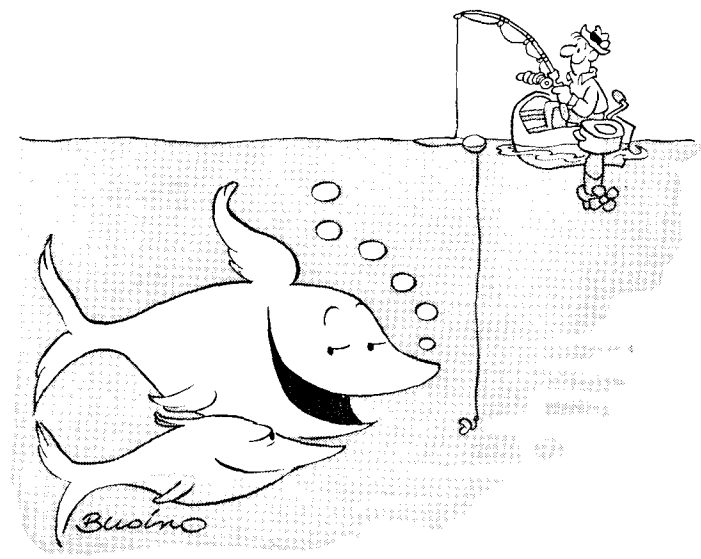
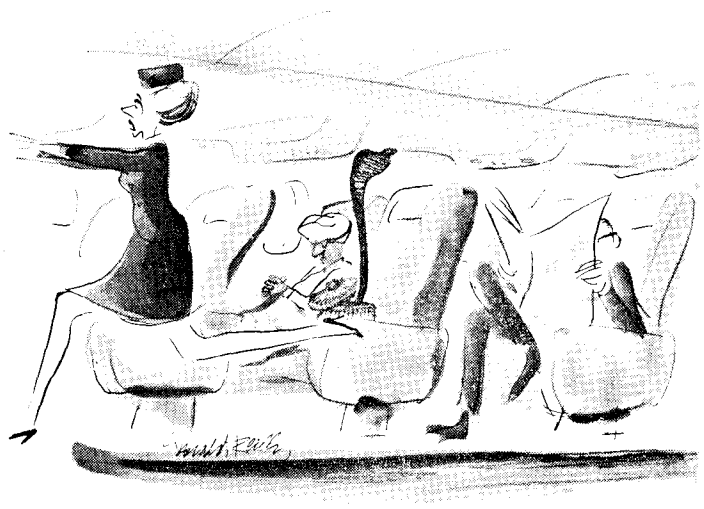
Post scripts



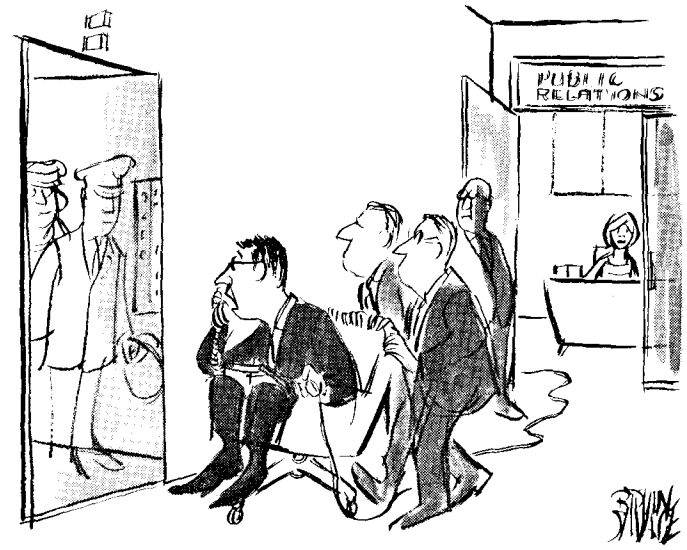
"I don't understand why he's not there, Mr. Grumpkin—I pushed him out of bed at seven o'clock!"



"I've always found there's a bigger morsel at the other end of the line."



"Quick! Kill the Muzak!"



"...And, Ed, you might just drop a few hints around town that I seem a mite dissatisfied with my job here and that if the proper opportunity came up..."

"And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! More happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young."

"...What's that from, George?"

"Golly, are you a part of the war on poverty?"

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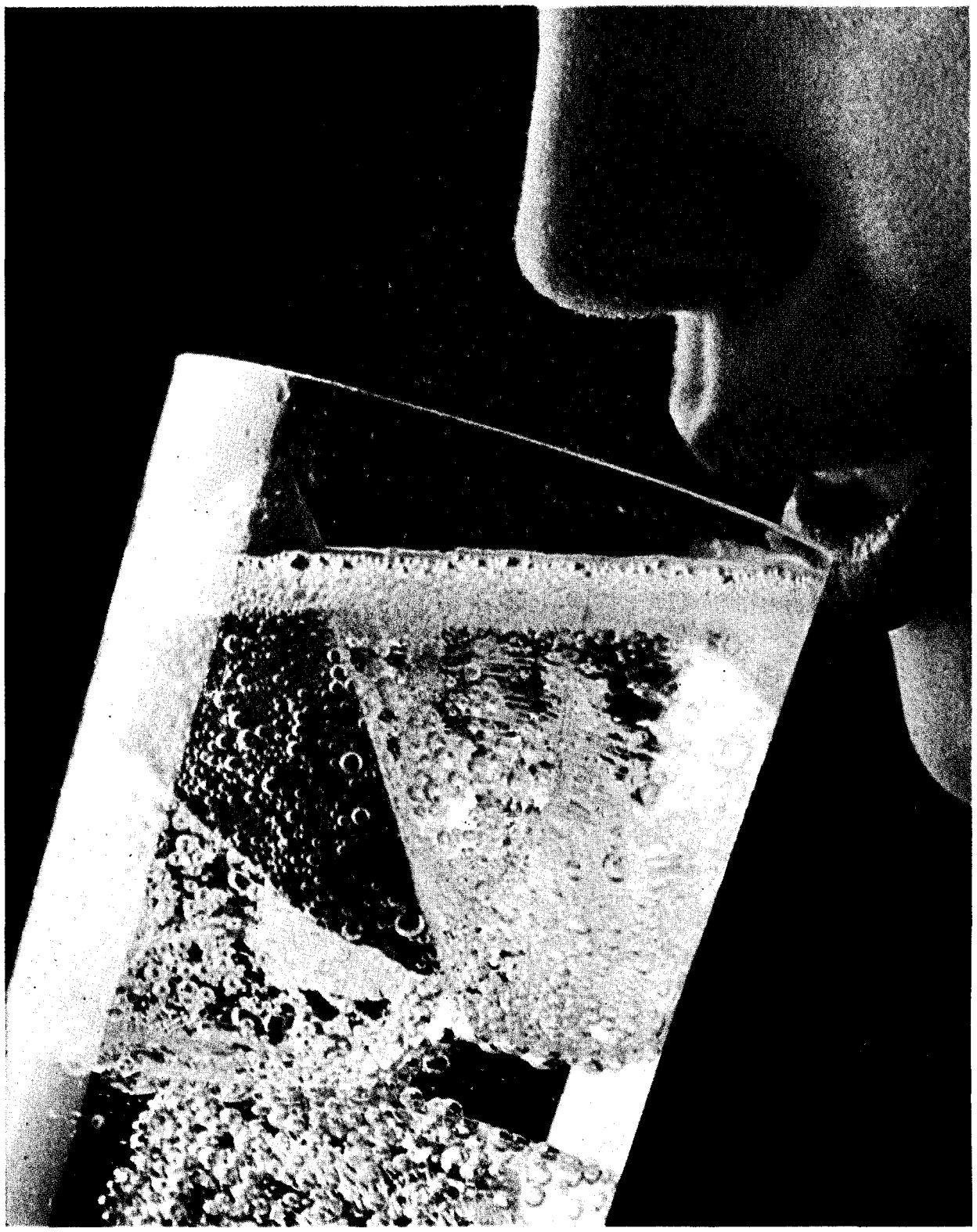
Tart, tingling and even ticklish.

You can feel this tingling tartness.
Too exuberant to suppress.
Sprite. With the tart taste that gently tingles. Subtle. Interesting. Alive. Even ticklish.
So tart and tingling, we just couldn't keep it quiet.



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Roughhousing with his grandsons during a recent family gathering, Dr. Spock gives Peter, 5, a boost while Danny, 7, grins his delight.

'NOT THE DR. SPOCK!'

Millions of mothers have thanked heaven for his book on baby care, but few ever thought of Benjamin Spock as a real person until he began speaking out against the Vietnam war.

By Robert K. Massie

Tracing elaborate curves on the ice with his skate blades, Dr. Benjamin Spock swooped across the big indoor rink. Like an aging Hans Brinker, he floated along to the blare of tango music from an electric organ, guiding his partner in the steps of the Gold Dances, the highest level of skill recognized among skaters. "When I dance with my teacher," he said later, "I think I'm pretty good. But when I try these steps with anyone else, I see how bad I really am."

Three times a week Dr. Spock—friend to mothers and babies in 29 languages, Olympic oarsman, dauntless mariner, newly controversial political figure and, possibly, future candidate for the U.S. Senate from Ohio—takes a lunch-hour lesson at the Cleveland Skating Club. "I just can't function without getting some exercise," he says.

At 63, Dr. Spock is a blue-eyed Dutchman with an angular six-foot, four-inch frame and a pleasant, bony face topped by a sparse white crew cut. To most American women his name is as well known as that of the President of the United States. This extraordinary fame rests on a single remarkable book, *The Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care*. Known to everyone else as "Dr. Spock," and to Spock himself simply as "the book," *Baby and Child Care* has sold more than 19 million copies since its first appearance, in 1946. Only the Bible and Shakespeare have done better. Twenty years later, Dr. Spock's following among mothers remains vast and fiercely devoted.

A whole generation of mothers blessed him for the book's index, which contains such commonsensical listings as *Nose, objects in*; *Potato, gagging on*, and *Blue feeling after childbirth.* "If Dr. Spock ran for President," said one young mother, not caring where he stands on anything except babies, "he'd get one vote in every family."

Dr. Spock has never considered running for President, but in recent years he has felt obliged to speak out on matters of national policy. Before the signing of the Test Ban Treaty, he objected vociferously to test explosions of nuclear bombs. Lately he has been arguing against U.S. involvement in Vietnam.

To an extent, the politicians themselves are responsible for Spock's appearance in the political arena. In 1960 John F. Kennedy's youthful campaign managers decided that there was a "Mothers' vote" which they could reach through Dr. Spock. "We felt that a lot of ladies in the United States, seeing Ben Spock and Jack together, might be persuaded to vote for Jack," said one of them.

"Dr. Spock is for my husband," said Jacqueline Kennedy, "and I am for Dr. Spock." In 1964 Dr. Spock campaigned vigorously in person and on television for Lyndon Johnson. After one of Dr. Spock's TV appearances, he says, "The President called me up on the phone, saying how deeply he appreciated my support and how much he hoped he would be worthy of my trust." After the election Dr. Spock tried several times to see the President, to talk about peace. "The most we ever got back," says Dr. Spock, "was a letter from McGeorge Bundy, saying that the President was too busy and, besides, we were wrong."

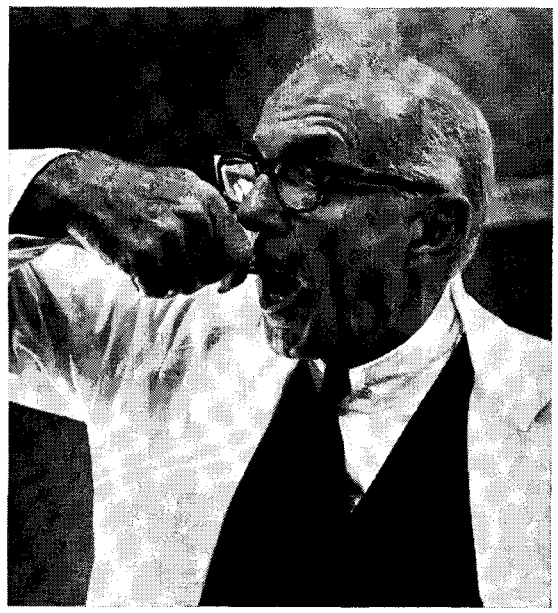
The basic reason for Dr. Spock's political activities, however, has been his own strongly personal feeling that, in the nuclear era, "someone must speak for children and babies as well as parents." The direct link between babies, milk, and the danger of radioactive contamination from atomic testing drew Dr. Spock into the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. SANE's membership includes actors Steve Allen and Robert Ryan, editor Norman Cousins, and old socialist Norman Thomas, but its most widely admired member is Dr. Spock. Not surprisingly, he is now co-chairman of the organization (along with Professor H. Stuart Hughes of Harvard).

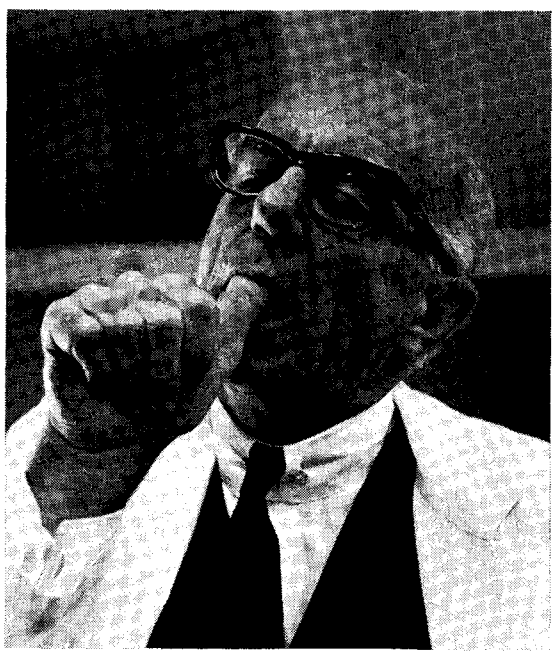
SANE does not advocate wholesale U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam, but does urge negotiations—which, it feels, would necessarily include the Viet Cong. "Because of the war in Vietnam," Dr. Spock argues, "the physical threat to our children from nuclear annihilation is a thousand times greater than all the dangers from the usual children's diseases and accidents combined. I think it's my job to tell parents about these new dangers."

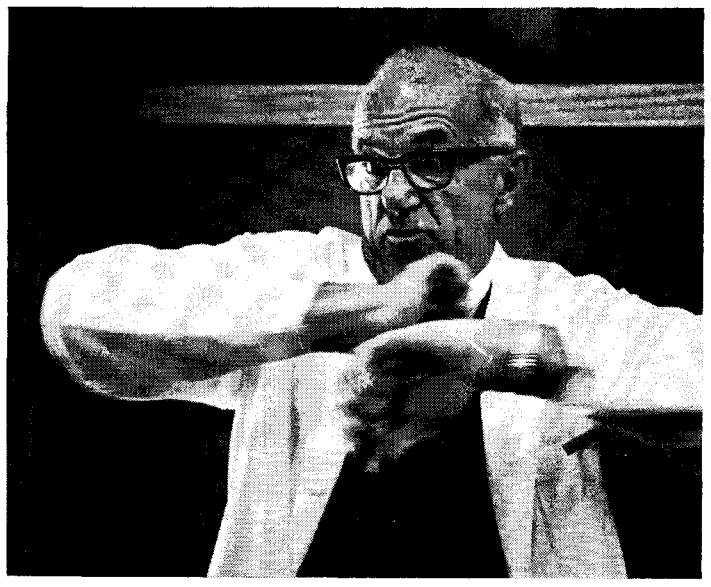
He tours the country at his own expense, giving speeches with titles like "Raising Our Children in a Cold War Age," which brings the crowd to hear about babies and sends them home having heard about peace. He also holds press conferences and gives radio and television interviews.

"The war in Vietnam," he told a TV audience recently, "is militarily hopeless, morally wrong, and politically self-defeating. It is a very dangerous war for the United States. If we are not careful, we are going to escalate ourselves right off the face of the earth."

For speaking out so strongly, Dr. Spock has been called foolish, ignorant—even unpatriotic.







Dr. Spock is a splendid baby impersonator. Lecturing at Western Reserve Medical School, in Cleveland, Ohio, he yells, glares and waves his arms to act out a baby's needs and emotions. Above, he reveals an unsatisfied need to suck; above right, he complains that mother has pushed the feeding spoon up against the roof of his mouth; at right, he tries to free himself from his mother's arms.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

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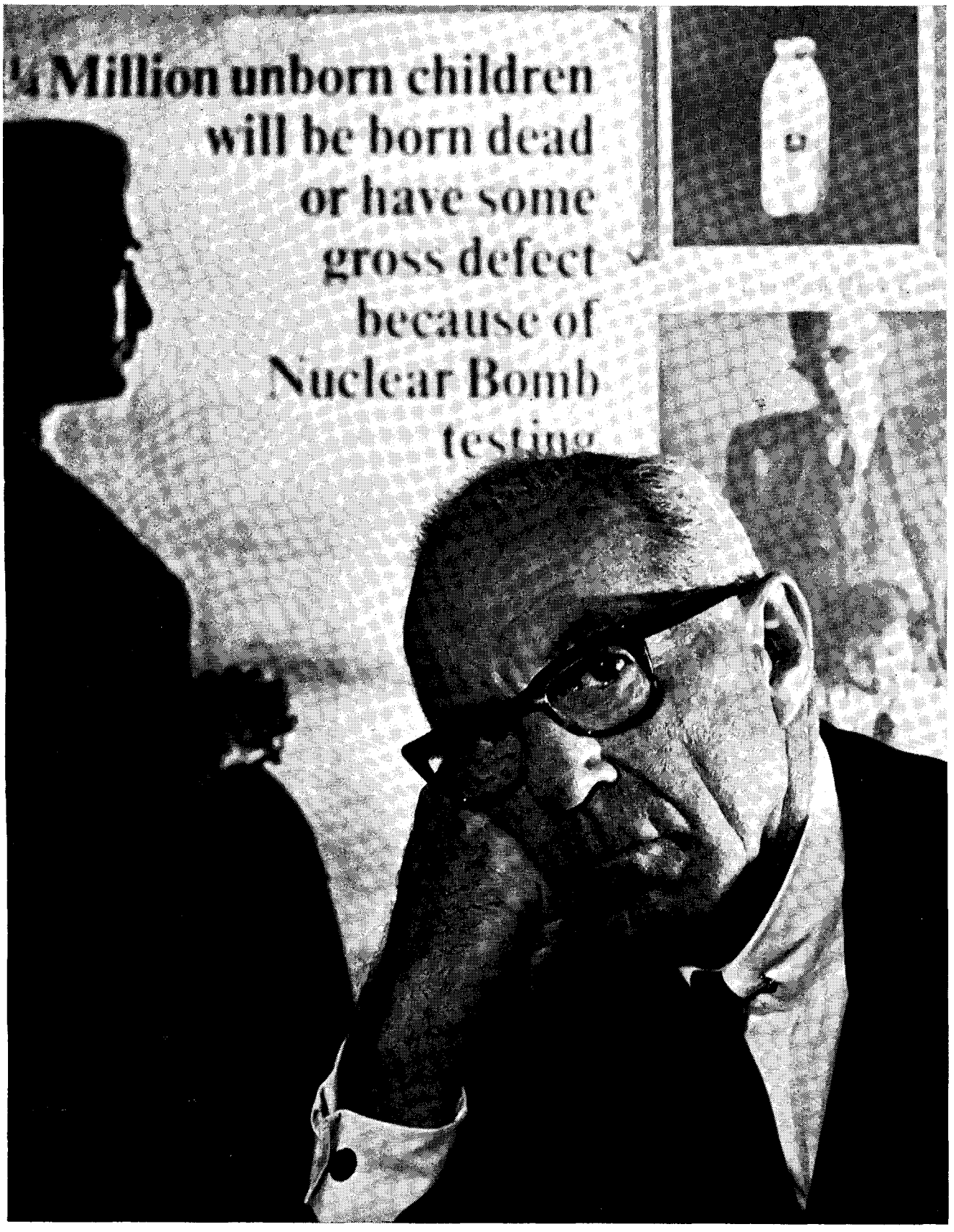
Furious at Spock
for his political views,
one mother wrote:
'I just tore your book apart
with my bare hands.'

"I certainly am not unpatriotic," he retorts. "I have always believed in standing up to aggression. But in Vietnam we are not standing up to aggression; we provoked it by trying to establish a sphere of influence on the other side of the world."

An Indiana doctor recently wrote the American Medical Association, asking that Spock be expelled because he was guilty of treason. The A.M.A. replied that Dr. Spock's political views were his private affair. Angry mothers have written, "I thought I could trust you . . . I'm never going to believe another word you write," or even, "I have just torn your book apart with my bare hands." Dr. Spock thinks he understands how these letter writers feel. "If I had admired somebody professionally and then found out he was a Fascist, I'd probably change my view of him," he says.



Curiously, although his peace work has made some Americans mad, it has also made Dr. Spock much better known. Now that he is appearing regularly on television and in the press, he is a celebrity. "Airline stewardesses say 'Not *the* Dr. Spock!' as they check my name on the passenger list," he says. "Hotel telephone operators say 'Are you *the* Dr. Spock?' when I call down to leave my name to be awakened in the morning."

Dr. Spock's friends in the peace movement, impressed by his vast popularity, have begun to talk about his seeking political office; some speak urgently of having him run for the Senate. Such talk disturbs Mrs. Spock, a quiet, attractive woman who has been trying for 39 years to get her husband to slow down. "Ben is sweet and outgoing in so many ways," says Jane Cheney Spock, "but on some things he is stubborn. He drives himself too hard." She has begged him not to take on anything else when he retires from the faculty of Western Reserve University two years from now.

At a time when movie stars, football coaches and astronauts have run for the Senate, however, the idea of Pediatrician Benjamin Spock's becoming Senator Benjamin Spock seems only slightly bizarre. Dr. Spock himself pooh-poohs the idea, though he keeps bringing it up. "The peace movement must be represented in politics," he says. Running on a peace platform, even to certain defeat, has a considerable appeal for Dr. Spock. "It might be the very best way to bring a lot of publicity to my views on peace," he says.

Benjamin McLane Spock was born into an ultraconservative family in New Haven, Conn. His father, whose Hudson-River-Dutch ancestors had changed their name from Spaak, was general counsel for the New Haven railroad. Dr. Spock's mother was a strong-minded woman with inflexible ideas about raising children, and "Benny," the eldest of the six, served many hours at her elbow, holding the bottles and changing the diapers of his five Spock siblings. "There is a chance," he admits with a grin, "that my relaxed philosophy on child care had something to do with my own stern upbringing."

At Andover and Yale, Benjamin Spock joined good clubs and aped campus leaders. "I remember watching Stuart Symington—he was an upperclassman then—and marveling how smooth he was, what a man of the world!" By going out for crew, Dr. Spock became a campus personage himself. His long, lanky body and enormous hands were perfect for rowing, and in 1924, as a member of a superb Yale varsity, he helped pull his boat to an Olympic victory on the Seine.

It was at a party after a boat race against Harvard that Benjamin Spock, brown hair slicked down and parted in the middle, met 17-year-old Jane Cheney, who was about to enter Bryn Mawr. They waltzed in the moonlight in a garden gazebo, and the following night, at 19, he proposed.

Their wedding, four years later, made Benjamin Spock the only married man at Yale Medical School. In college Dr. Spock had thought of becoming an architect, but he changed his mind after a summer spent working in a crippled-children's home near Hartford. "I watched the orthopedic surgeon working with the children who had had polio," Dr. Spock remembers. "I realized how much he was helping them and I decided that I wanted to be a doctor."

After Spock's marriage the proximity of his parents made New Haven seem overly confining, and he transferred to Columbia University Medical School in New York City. The young couple lived on West 170th Street in a one-room basement apartment with their bed hidden behind a

The direct link between babies, milk and the danger of radioactive contamination impelled Dr. Spock to enter the political arena and speak out against nuclear testing.

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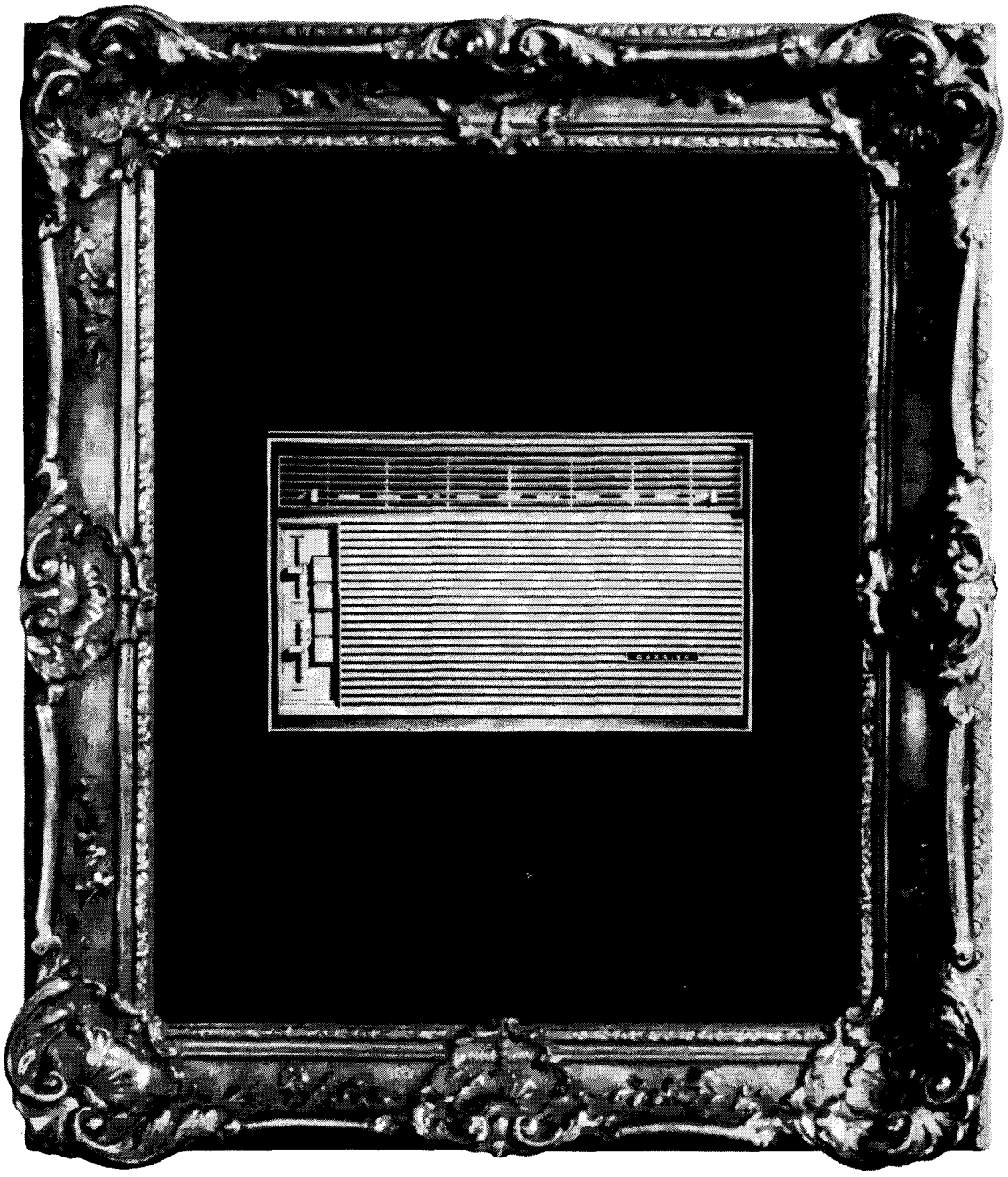

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'I'll spend the rest of my life working for peace.'

curtain. To save money, Jane Spock did all the laundry. "Ben's so wonderful," she told her friends. "He only expects me to iron the parts of his shirts that show."

In 1933 Benjamin Spock, M.D., went into private practice as a pediatrician in New York City. He rented space in an obstetrician's office and slaved for two years before his income exceeded his expenses. "Nothing was ever too much trouble for Ben," recalls a colleague of those early days. "Once I saw him spend twenty minutes teaching a young mother how to read a thermometer. There was another woman who came to the clinic who drove the rest of us crazy because she yak-yakked on and on about her child. But Ben would sit patiently and let her spill out everything on her mind. He said, 'I like them to talk. It helps both of us.'"

"All the time I was in practice," says Dr. Spock, "I kept seeing things from the mother's point of view. I remembered their questions and my answers, and later I went back and asked the mothers how my suggestions had worked. This way I built up quite a body of practical knowledge. When I sat down to write 'the book,' I wrote all 526 pages in the first edition without consulting anything. It all came out of my head."

Today Dr. Spock remembers with great fondness his "twenty wonderful years in New York." "The city was full of good conversation," he says. "We used to go to dinner parties and argue passionately about the Spanish Civil War. Nobody cared whether you agreed with them or not." Both of Dr. Spock's children were born in New York City. Michael, now 33, is the director of the Boston Children's Museum, and the father of Dr. Spock's grandsons, Danny, 7, and Peter, 5. John Spock, 22, is a senior at Harvard and plans to become an architect. Both Spock children were raised in the relaxed way their father favored, being allowed at parties to wander around and walk off with the glasses, or to go into the park and sit down in the middle of mud puddles.

In 1943, on an Adirondack vacation, Dr. Spock began writing "the book." He wrote for a year while still in private practice, finishing his house calls at 9 P.M. and coming home to write until 1 A.M. He continued writing for two more years as a Navy lieutenant commander, while he was running a psychiatric ward at St. Albans Naval Hospital in Queens and living at home. This convenient existence came to an end in 1945, when Dr. Spock was assigned to participate in the forthcoming invasion of Japan. Sent to California for amphibious training, he took "the book," complete except for revisions and index, along with him. In the interest of speed, his publishers, Pocket Books, offered the services of a professional indexer, but Dr. Spock refused.

"I think I know how mothers will look things up," he said. The result, written for mothers holding a screaming, or choking, or feverish child in one hand and "the book" in the other, was pieced together in seven days on a troop train rumbling across the continent. He did the revising in San Bruno, going every night for a month to the base telephone center, hunching into a booth surrounded by sailors, and intoning to Jane in New York, "Page so-and-so, line so-and-so, presently reads . . . change to read . . ." The war ended before Dr. Spock went to the Pacific, but he stayed in the Navy until May, 1946. That was the month "the book" came out.

"You know more than you think you do," was its famous opening line. "Don't be overawed by what the experts say," the first page continued. "We know for a fact that the natural loving care that kindly parents give their children is a hundred times more valuable." This page was followed by 525 others, all offering reassurance, common sense and soothing touches of humor along with sound medical advice. "It's disturbing to a mother to have her baby take up the habit of banging his head," writes Dr. Spock in a typical passage. "It seems so senseless and painful that it makes her doubt if he's really bright, after all. She wonders if the repeated blows can injure his brain. Even if she doesn't have these worries, she finds it nerve-racking to sit in the next room and listen to the steady thud, thud, thud." The baby, Dr. Spock goes on, will not hurt himself, is not stupid, and is simply releasing tension and developing his sense of rhythm. As antidotes, he suggests cuddling the child and padding the crib.

"The book" caught the post-war baby boom and became an instant success. Mothers who had been through the war were eager for the more flexible, spontaneous philosophy of child-rearing advocated by Spock. They loved his chatty style and reassuring approach. "I feel as if you were talking just to me," one wrote. "Other books make me feel that I'm always about to make some terrible mistake with my baby. You make me feel as if you thought I was a sensible person."

"The book's" popularity apparently is permanent. Other child-care books have appeared in the past 20 years, of course, but none has sold anything like as many copies as Dr. Spock's. There are pediatricians who grumble that Dr. Spock is merely a "popularizer" in the field of pediatrics, but the majority regard his book as enormously useful. "If mothers would just believe what Spock says and not feel they have to have it confirmed by me," says one weary pediatrician.

Medically "the book" is kept up-to-date by constant small revisions. In 1957 Dr. Spock brought out a new edition, thoroughly revised. In it, he somewhat altered his earlier philosophy, pointing out that, at the time of the first edition, the general attitude toward child care had been fairly strict and inflexible. "Since then," he wrote in the new edition, "a great change of attitude has occurred, and nowadays there seems to be more chance of a conscientious parent's getting into trouble with permissiveness than with strictness."

Baby and Child Care has gone through 150 printings, sells from 750,000 to 1,000,000 copies a year and, with each copy sold putting three cents in Dr. Spock's pocket, earns him annual royalties of as much as $30,000. His income from "the book," from a monthly column he writes for *Redbook*, and from his teaching salary, amounts to more than $80,000 a year. This is a sum which permits the Spocks to live in substantial comfort, in an old, gray, stucco house located on a shady street lined with other roomy old houses. The living room is carpeted in beige, furnished and draped in yellow and gold, with red and orange abstract paintings hung from pale-lemon walls. In a corner, behind a high stool, stands the old drafting table on which "the book" was written.

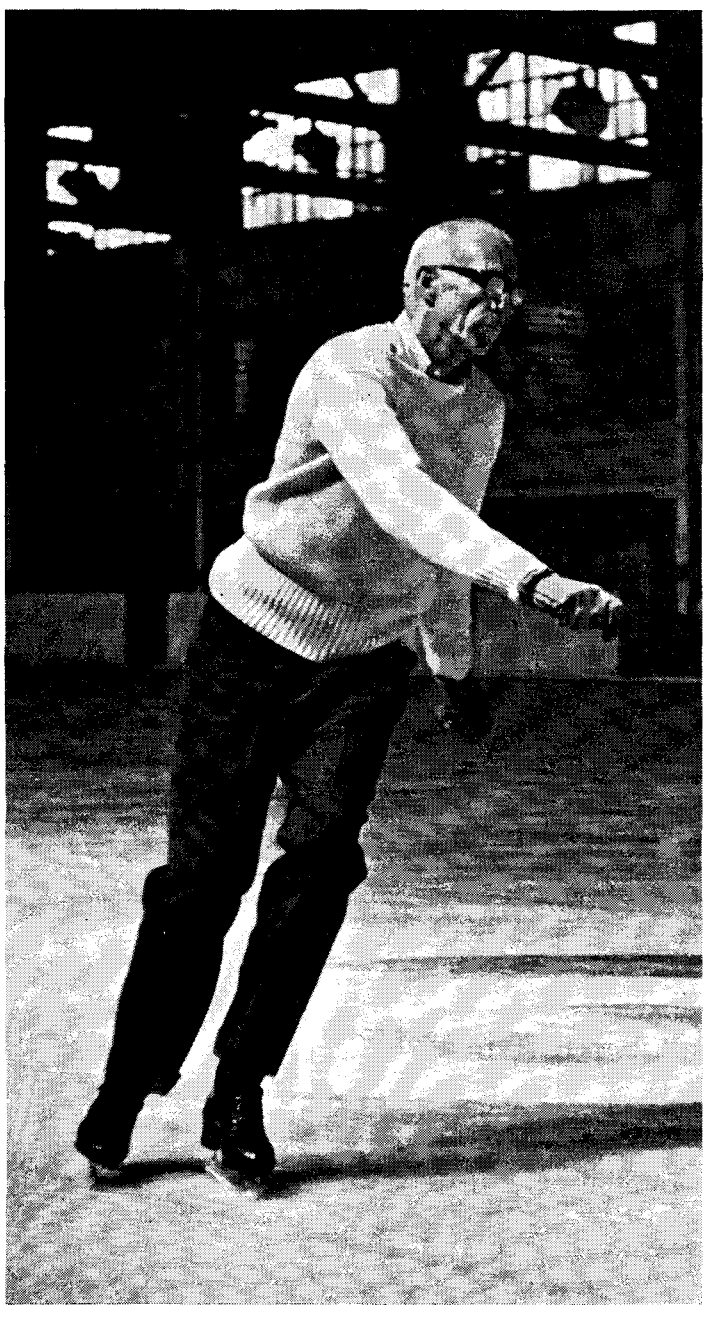
Dr. Spock rises early and always stays up, in vigorous motion, until after midnight—as a reporter recently discovered when the Spocks invited him to stay with them because every hotel in Cleveland was full that week. Every morning at seven, Dr. Spock, in suit with vest, sits down to a breakfast of freshly squeezed orange juice, hot cereal, toast with marmalade, and milk.

Shortly before eight Dr. Spock kisses his wife good-bye and sets out for the office at the wheel of an ancient green Rambler. He has been told that Cleveland Heights, where he lives, is the last ridge of the Allegheny Mountains, while Cleveland, where he works, rests on the edge of the Great Plains. It pleases him to think that every morning, in his 10-minute drive to work, "I travel from the Alleghenies to the Great Plains."

Western Reserve Medical School and University Hospitals are housed in an immense and ugly pile of yellow brick surrounded by parking lots. Professionally Dr. Spock is a hybrid at Western Reserve. As Professor of Child Development, he has "one foot in pediatrics and one foot in child psychiatry." "Pediatrics," he explains, "is children's diseases, and I haven't actually treated children's diseases since my book was published. If I were to move tomorrow and change my name and open an office as a pediatrician, I'd probably starve."

On the other hand, although he did his residency in psychiatry and has had five years of psychoanalytic training, Dr. Spock is not a psychiatrist. "I'm too general to be a good psychiatrist," he says. "I'm interested in the general behavior of all children rather than the behavior of a specific child, as a psychiatrist must be." His role, he feels, has been to bridge the gap between psychiatry and pediatrics, drawing knowledge from both into a general field of child care, child behavior and child development.

Dr. Spock's duties at Western Reserve are



Three days a week Dr. Spock polishes up his technique on ice in a lunch-hour visit to the Cleveland Skating Club.

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PALL MALL

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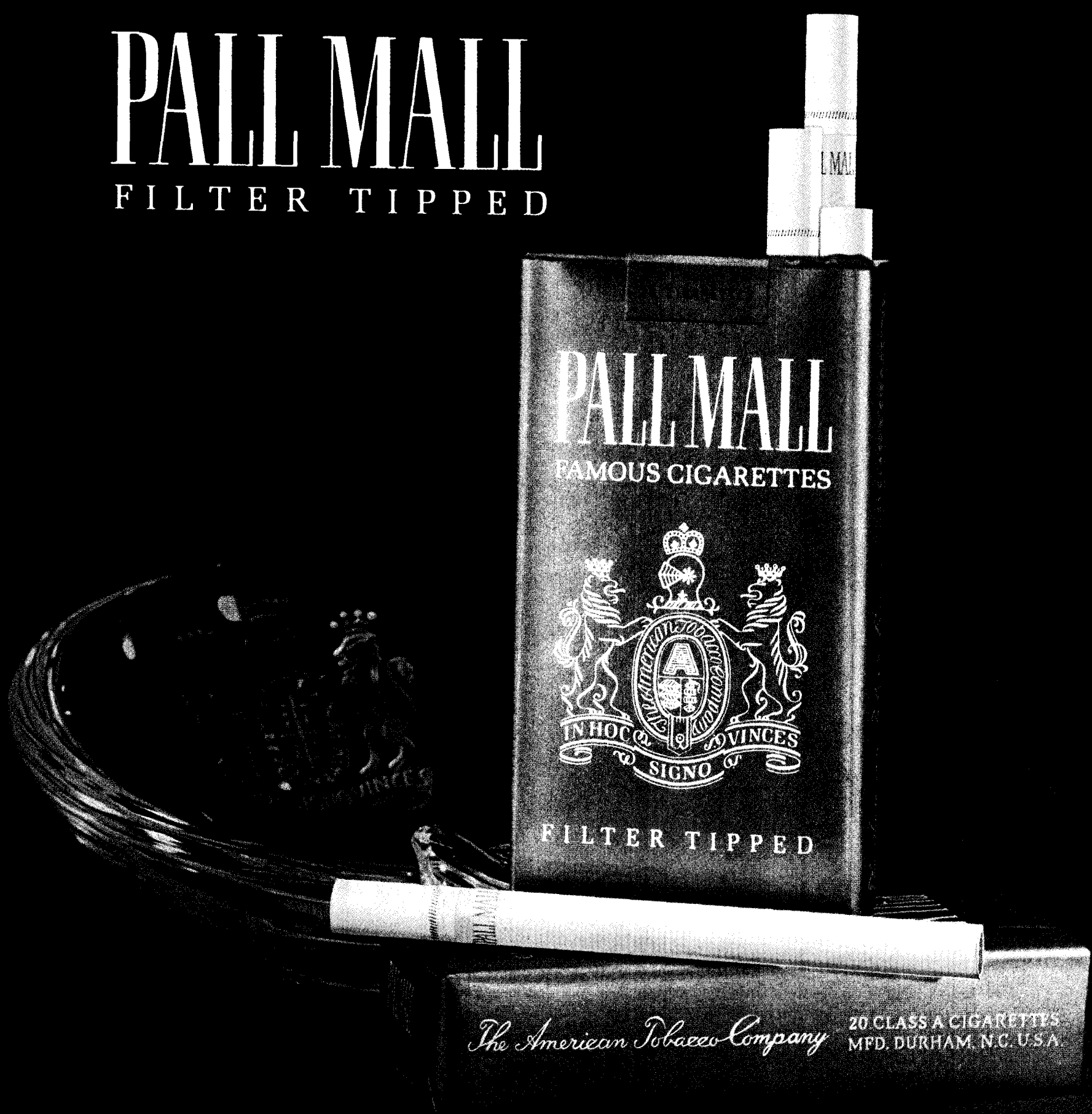

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tailored to his interests. He lectures to undergraduates on child development, gives a course in child care to first-year medical students, and holds seminars with pediatric and psychiatric residents. His medical-school lectures are given at 8:10 A.M. in a large amphitheater with tiers of seats rising almost to the ceiling. Dr. Spock prepares for them by slipping into a long white doctor's coat. "I don't really need this," he says, "but these are first-year students, and it helps provide the proper atmosphere." Then, his coat billowing out behind him like a sail, he strides rapidly through basement tunnels crowded with students, workmen, and orderlies pushing carts of dirty linen. Rounding corners in full stride, overtaking people, nodding when they nod to him, his head almost brushing the padded steam pipes along the ceiling, he leaps up a flight of stairs and bursts into the amphitheater ready to begin his lecture.

Dr. Spock is a splendid baby impersonator. Pacing back and forth before a class, waving his long arms, glaring red-faced, yelling hoarsely, he acts out the needs and emotions of his small constituents. His compassion for children glows in the quieter moments of his talks with young doctors in residence. Leaning back in his chair, he clasps his hands behind his head and stretches his long legs so that his shoes protrude from under the front of his desk. Explaining the agony which divorce creates for children, he describes children desperately begging their quarreling parents to come back together. Young children, he says, must idealize their parents. "To children left in orphanages, the mother is always a beautiful lady in a white dress and the father a handsome movie-star hero, even though you know and they know that both the parents were perfectly dreadful."

Like most men, Dr. Spock, sitting at his desk during the long months of winter, dreams of other things. "All the time I'm working," he says, "I'm thinking about sailing." In recent years the Spocks have left Cleveland during the Christmas holidays to fly to the Virgin Islands and charter a sailboat. This winter Dr. Spock added a second midwinter Caribbean cruise in February.

Every July the Spocks head for Falmouth, Mass., where their own 23-foot sloop *Turtle* is kept. Dressed in pale-blue slickers, they head for the green islands off the coast of Maine. For two months they rise before dawn, hoist anchor at first light, and sail until late afternoon. At night, while Mrs. Spock cooks dinner, Dr. Spock sets the table, and, afterward, washes the dishes. In their bunks, they sit up and read until midnight.

Dr. Spock has suffered more than his share of nautical mishaps. The *Turtle* has been dismasted at sea three times, and a few years ago he and his son John almost drowned in Copenhagen harbor when their small sailboat capsized at dusk a mile from shore. Realizing that they were drifting out to sea, they decided to swim for shore, but luckily an old fisherman happened along in a skiff and picked them up. Dr. Spock gently shrugs off his wife's distress about these incidents. "Part of the difference between men and women is their reaction to danger," he says. "Men need a bit of danger now and then as a challenge, a spur. Women are more realistic, more sensible. They think in terms of security."

On winter evenings when he is not traveling for SANE, Dr. Spock dines by candlelight at home with his wife. After dinner the Spocks occasionally go to the symphony or to see a European film. Infrequently Dr. Spock plops down on a couch to read a magazine or a book. "I always tell myself I'm just stealing a look," he says. What he should be doing, he feels, is writing.

The place he writes in best is his living room, with his long legs wrapped around the legs of his writing stool, a pad of yellow legal paper open before him on his drafting desk and a symphony or an album of folk songs on the phonograph. He is saddened by the fact that "while I can get up to four thousand dollars for even a warmed-over article on baby care, nobody will buy an article on peace. I sent one to *Look*, *Harper's*, *The Atlantic*, *The Reporter*, and *The New York Times Magazine*, and they all sent it right back."

He is now working on an ambitious new book tentatively titled *The Nature of Man*, which will deal with "the whole broad question of what man is on the earth for." "I've written about all I can for parents, and there's not much more I can say about children," says Dr. Spock. "But in one way or another I'll spend the rest of my life working for peace and youth. Even if we get peace in Vietnam, there still will be no security in the world. Our salvation will be our youth."

Two years from now, when he retires from the faculty at Western Reserve, Dr. Spock plans major changes in his way of life. If he decides to run for the Senate in 1968, he will remain in Ohio and campaign for the seat now held by Sen. Frank Lausche. If not, he may move to New York, where many of his friends still live, or to Boston, where he can be near his sons, Michael and John, their wives, Judy and Kendall—and his two grandsons.

Raising the grandchildren of *the* Dr. Spock might seem a fairly terrifying task, but Judy Spock has not found it so. She follows "the book"—because she happens to agree with it. "My mother, who is a psychologist, puts her views on children to me much more strongly than Ben does," she says. (All the Spocks, including the boys, call Dr. Spock, "Ben," which is the way he likes it.)

At a recent family gathering, three generations of Spocks were finishing lunch in a Boston restaurant, when the oldest and youngest members of the clan put their heads together to consider the problem of dessert.

"What about sherbet?" asked Dr. Spock.

"Yes. Sherbet," five-year-old Peter Spock agreed.

"What flavor?" Dr. Spock asked.

"No flavor," said Peter Spock. "Just plain sherbet."

"But it's got to have a flavor," said Dr. Spock. "It's got to be lemon or raspberry or something like that."

"Plain sherbet, Ben. Plain sherbet," Peter Spock insisted.

In the end he accepted a dish of lemon sherbet, though Dr. Spock never did convince him that it wouldn't be better plain. But then, as "the book" says, discussing the child from three to six, "He is a real person with ideas of his own." □

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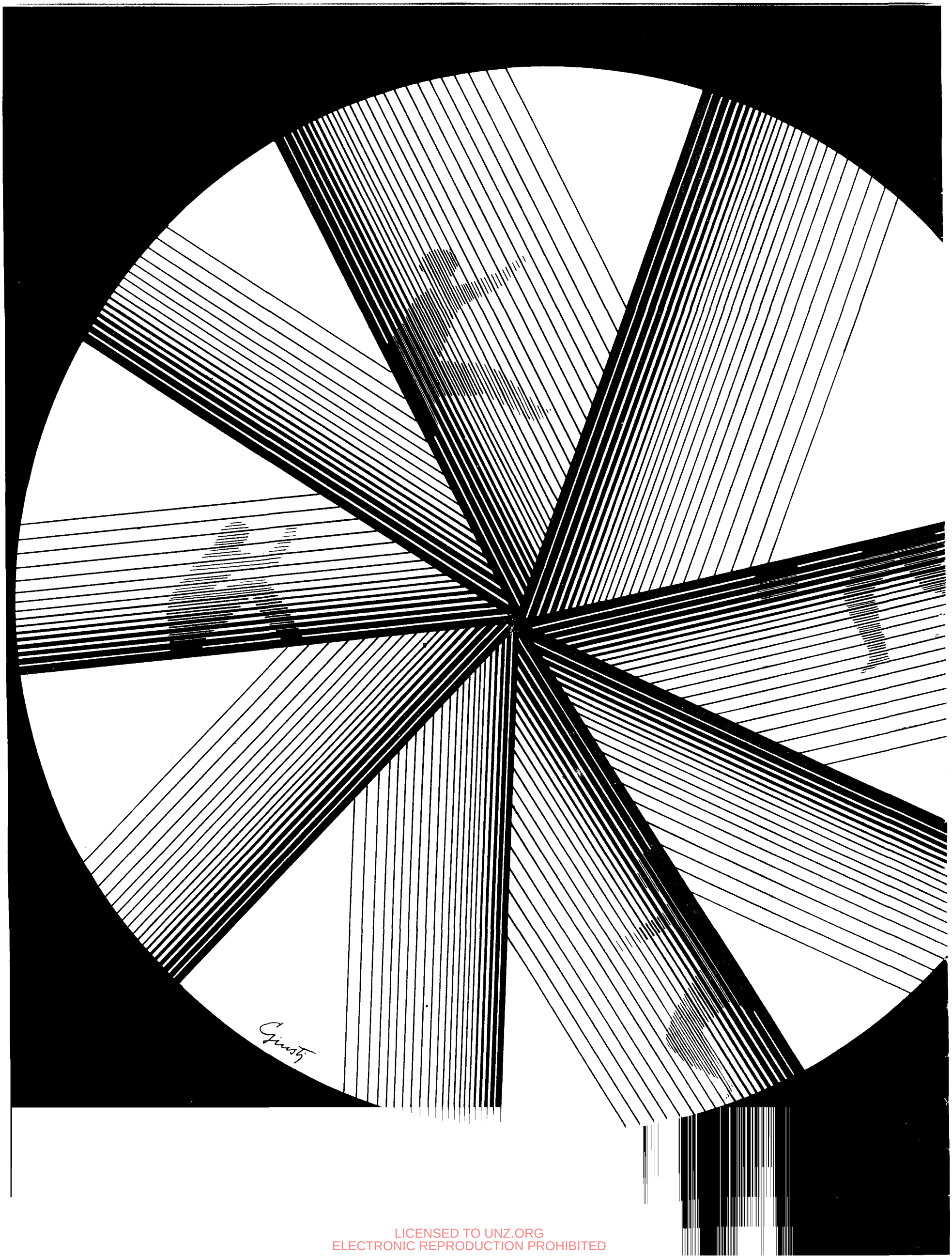

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THE THING THAT'S GOING AROUND

It gives adults sniffles, fever, chills and aches. Sometimes it kills infants. Its economic toll is staggering. But an all-out war against it is finally under way.

BY BILL DAVIDSON

One week not long ago, doctors in upstate New York and lower Canada were swamped by patients complaining of chills, low-grade fevers, sore throats and aching muscles. In England school attendance dropped by one third as children came down with sneezes and headaches. A similar ailment swept the Netherlands and military bases throughout the Soviet Union. In Cleveland, Los Angeles and Atlanta, patients afflicted with an unspecified ARD (acute respiratory disease) jammed doctors' offices.

This is not particularly unusual. If similar studies were made each week, such outbreaks might be found at any time of the year. In the summer and fall there would be a greater proportion of intestinal symptoms, but there would be predictable eruptions of so-called "summer grippe," "24-hour virus," "48-hour virus" and "viral grippe." All of these are names used by doctors when they don't know much about the disease with which they are dealing. Sometimes the doctor may simply examine the patient and send him home, saying, "You've just got a touch of the thing that's going around."

The Thing That's Going Around is not new, but until quite recently it was not taken very seriously in medical circles. It was looked upon as one of the necessary nuisances of daily living and not much more serious than the common cold. In fact, a famous cartoon hung for many years on a wall of the U.S. Government's Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta, where some of the most intensive work in the world is done on the infectious scourges that plague mankind. The cartoon shows a complicated computer into which scientists feed medical data. For each set of epidemic statistics, the computer diagnoses, "It's just one of those things that's going around."

In the last three years, however, the Federal Government has poured more than 13 million dollars into the offensive against The Thing. There are two major reasons for this change in attitude. First, it is now established that there may be as many as 200 different "Things," and that some are far less harmless than they seemed in the past. Although many resemble severe colds, the development of the science of virology (the study of viruses) in the last decade has shown that some of The Things which cause sniffles and discomfort in adults can be the cause of a shocking number of hitherto unexplained infant deaths.

In Baltimore last summer, for example, a young mother came down with typical "24-hour virus" symptoms. She had what seemed to be a head cold, a mild sore throat and a general "washed-out feeling." She recovered in a day and didn't bother to see her doctor. The following afternoon her three-month-old baby became seriously ill. The woman phoned her physician, but before he was able to get there, the baby began gasping for breath and then turned blue. In a matter of minutes, the infant died. Autopsy and laboratory analyses revealed that the baby had suffered a complete obstruction of the lungs because of an organism known as the RS virus. It was the same Thing which had barely discomfited the mother and which she undoubtedly had passed on to her child. Some 10,000 babies are estimated to die each year from the ravages of RS virus and other Things which are only nuisances to adults.

The second reason for the concentrated Government attack on the mysterious little epidemics is the new evidence of their economic toll. The Government's National Center for Health Statistics reports approximately 260 million *recorded* cases a year—or approximately 1.3 per person—resulting in 850 million days of restricted activity, at an estimated loss in unearned wages of more than two billion dollars a year. But, as the University of Southern California's Dr. Clayton G. Loosli testified before a Congressional committee in 1965, most such illnesses go unrecorded. Actually, says Dr. Loosli, the average American adult suffers four cases of virus-caused respiratory disease each year, and the typical child as many as six. There is no accurate record of virus-caused gastrointestinal disease. According to more inclusive insurance-company statistics, these "minor" ailments cost the economy three billion dollars each year because of lost man-days of work. These losses are many times greater than those that result from any other disease.

"That's why," says Dr. Dorland J. Davis, director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, "we're now trying to do something about these diseases. Their economic drain is intolerable. But most of all, what is the sense of conquering more serious diseases only to leave people prey to constant nagging illness?"

Although the science of virology is in its infancy, some real knowledge and some educated guesses are beginning to dispel the mystery that surrounds The Thing. It is now generally believed that it is not bacteria which are involved. Bacteria are one-celled organisms which are visible under an ordinary microscope and can be identified by their chemistry and growth characteristics. Disease-causing bacteria can be attacked and destroyed by antibiotics.

Most of the culprits seem to be viruses, many of which have only been discovered in the past 13 years. A virus, which cannot be destroyed by antibiotics, is so small it can be seen only through an electron microscope. It does not possess the ability to live on its own and survives as a parasite inside a living cell. Once it penetrates a cell, it bends the cell's chemistry to its own purpose—the reproduction of more viruses. The virus may damage the cell and cause disease as it proliferates.

The most deadly of the viruses are known to cause diseases like smallpox, polio, hepatitis, yellow fever, rabies and encephalitis. Certain viruses are suspected of triggering cancers and leukemias. There also are viruses which seem to be innocuous—they multiply in the body without causing a disease. Somewhere in between these two extremes is a large group of newly-discovered viruses which vary in their virulence according to the age and condition of the person they infect. These generally are considered to be the chief villains in the recent epidemics.

Although scientists group these viruses according to their shape and chemical structure, they also can be classified by the means through which they enter the body and the areas where they proliferate. There are two such major groups. The first, the respiratory viruses, now number about 150. They are carried in the air in tiny droplets, and when they are breathed in, they penetrate the cells of the nose, the throat and other passages of the upper respiratory tract. Included in this group are some 80 rhinoviruses, the agents suspected of causing the common cold, as well as some Thing ailments. There also are 30 adenoviruses, so-called because they were first isolated in the tissue of infected human adenoids. Included in the respiratory group, too, are three parainfluenza viruses (similar to influenza, but not as deadly, except with very young babies) and the RS virus, which also is dangerous to infants.

The second major group of organisms believed to be the cause of The Thing That's Going Around is the enteroviruses. Careless hygiene habits may cause an intestinal virus to pass from one victim to another. Thus, this kind of virus may enter the human body through food, drinking water and even during such activities as handshaking or using a swimming pool.

There are about 65 known enteroviruses. Chief among them are 30 Coxsackie viruses (the name comes from the town of Coxsackie, N.Y., where they were first isolated) and 28 ECHO viruses. The initials stand for Enteric Cytopathogenic Human Orphan. The ECHO viruses were first identified by scientists who were investigating polio and who looked upon these by-products of their research as "orphans looking for a disease." By now the ECHO

A photo of an adenovirus crystal, which has been magnified 45,000 times.

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viruses have been linked with some specific diseases.

An interesting thing about the enteroviruses is that although they lodge in the intestine, they cause the same type of symptoms as the respiratory viruses. In 1963, for example, there was an epidemic of Coxsackie B-1 virus in Miami, Atlanta and other Eastern cities. It struck mostly children and young adults. The average patient was sick for three or four days and his symptoms were fever, headache, sore neck and a general run-down feeling. Until scientists isolated and identified the virus as Coxsackie B-1, most physicians were characterizing the malady as "summer grippe."

"Thus," says Dr. Roslyn Robinson of the Communicable Disease Center, "one of our biggest problems is that we have more than two hundred viruses, many of which produce more or less the same symptoms. We only know that the respiratory viruses strike mostly in the winter and the early spring, and that the enteroviruses do most of their damage in the summer and early fall. Also, when an epidemic strikes, it's difficult to chart the course of the disease. An outbreak is like a pyramid. At the bottom there are many people who are infected but who have no symptoms. They are, however dangerous carriers. In the middle of the pyramid, we have patients with comparatively mild symptoms which go away in a few days and frequently are unreported. But at the top of the pyramid we can have serious disease."

Even less is known about the mysterious and incorrectly named "intestinal flu," which can strike at any time of the year. Since enteroviruses live in the intestine, it would seem that they would be the cause of the racking diarrhea of these outbreaks. Strangely, however, none of the *known* enteroviruses has been linked to this symptom.

Research in this area has been frustrating. A few years ago a team of New York State Department of Health scientists headed by Dr. Irving Gordon performed some pioneering experiments with inmate volunteers at the New York State Vocational Institution at West Coxsackie, N.Y. During an outbreak of "intestinal flu" among the inmates, one volunteer became violently ill one afternoon. He had nausea and vomiting, followed by spells of weakness, dizziness and diarrhea within the next 36 hours. An examination showed no evidence of bacteria or viruses. However, when other volunteers were inoculated with fluid made from the waste of the patient's intestinal tract, they developed the same symptoms. But when they were reinoculated with the same fluid some 15 months later, they seemed to have developed an immunity. This is characteristic of the way the body fights off recurrence of viral infection—by producing antibodies to contend with a virus which has once attacked it. Dr. Gordon and his colleagues concluded that outbreaks of "intestinal flu" are probably caused by viruses which we still do not have the capability to isolate and identify

Except in one or two instances, there is no cure for a virus once it has infected you. A breakthrough was scored recently with the discovery of a drug called IUDR, which inhibits one virus, herpes simplex, the cause of eye sores. In India a chemical is being tested which seems to work against the smallpox virus, and the Du Pont Company in the United States is experimenting with amantadine, which might be effective against certain types of influenza viruses.

The current all-out attack by the U.S. Government is concentrating on two more immediate approaches—surveillance and immunization. Surveillance already has proved effective in lessening the effects of influenza epidemics. Beginning in 1947, the World Health Organization set up a system whereby 75 laboratories all over the world send cultures of influenza viruses to two international centers at Atlanta and London whenever an epidemic breaks out. Vaccines thus can be prepared in time to ward off the worst effects of the epidemics.

The same global WHO surveillance system now has been extended to cover outbreaks of other respiratory viruses and the enteroviruses. The international centers for the respiratory viruses are in Bethesda, Md., and in Salisbury, England; and the international center for enteroviruses is at Houston.

On a smaller scale, the Communicable Disease Center also has a six-city study of enteroviruses in Atlanta, Miami, Buffalo, Minneapolis, San Francisco and Seattle. For the first time the six-city study was able to prove that enterovirus epidemics go across the country in waves, that up to 30 percent of all preschool children are infected with enteroviruses in the summer, and that most outbreaks in a family begin with an infant and spread to the mother and then to the father and the other children.

Another health agency of the Government—the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases in Bethesda, Md.—is bypassing the surveillance phase and moving directly into the preparation of vaccines. The program is a "collaborative" one in which the NIAID is spending some 13 million dollars in research and production grants to laboratories, drug companies, hospitals and universities

The first target of the vaccine program is the RS virus. This has received priority because, as NIAID's Dr. Robert Chanock puts it, "In addition to being a nuisance it is a killer, taking five thousand infant lives every year. With other viruses," Dr. Chanock adds, "the infant seems to inherit immunity from the mother in the first six months. For reasons not clear to us, this does not happen with RS virus. The mother comes down with a mild disease and sometimes has no symptoms at all. But she infects the infant with RS and we have some really tragic cases. The child develops bronchiolitis, the little air branches into the lungs close up, and the baby can suffocate."

An anti-viral vaccine works on a simple principle. If you inject into the human body a small quantity of a virus, either live or killed, the body's defense mechanisms produce antibodies to fight that virus. The antibodies kill off the enemy virus and then remain in the bloodstream for varying lengths of time to attack and kill the same virus when and if it appears again. This is the theory of the polio vaccines, which give long-lasting and possibly lifetime immunity, and the influenza vaccines, which give immunity for only a year or so and must be repeated. With the RS vaccine, the objective is to get the baby through the first six months of life.

A year and a half ago, Dr. Chanock and his associates produced an RS vaccine and injected it into dozens of babies at Children's Hospital in Washington, D.C. The vaccine was totally ineffective. Now, however, a second trial is under way at Children's Hospital with a vaccine which is 100 times more concentrated than the original. Early results indicate that it may work.

The second major target of the NIAID program is to develop vaccines against three types of parainfluenza viruses. In adults, parainfluenza is just another of The Things That Are Going Around. In infants there can be severe pneumonia and sudden death. Here the NIAID has scored what seems to be an important breakthrough. Chanock ran tests at Children's Hospital in Washington with a vaccine for each of the three parainfluenza viruses. The results were astonishingly good. The next objective of the NIAID is to try to combine all three parainfluenza vaccines into a single dose. As Dr. Chanock says, "We've *got* to make these vaccines so that they hit as many viruses as possible at the same time. We can't keep sticking needles into people two hundred times a year."

The third major NIAID target is mycoplasma pneumoniae. A mycoplasma is not a virus at all but a recently discovered free-living organism which is sort of halfway between a virus and a bacterium. Mycoplasma pneumoniae produces a disease which is like that of a respiratory virus in its effects. It accounts for up to 50 percent of pneumonia cases in young adults. Last October the NIAID was able to announce that a mycoplasma pneumoniae vaccine was 83 percent effective in producing antibodies in 30 convict volunteers.

But the most spectacular NIAID-vaccine offensive is being waged against a virus called adenovirus-4. Adenovirus-4 is almost constantly epidemic in the winter months in the United States. It strikes particularly in military recruit-training camps where it is known as "cat fever" (slang for catarrhal fever). Victims of this virus come down with fever and a bad sore throat. Ninety percent recover within a week, but the rest end up in the hospital with pneumonia. One army base, Fort Dix, estimates that loss of training time and increased medical care during a single adenovirus-4 outbreak cost the American taxpayer $10 million.

In 1964 NIAID scientists developed an adenovirus-4 vaccine, using a new principle of immunization. This virus usually lodges in the throat. The scientists reasoned that if it could be made to grow elsewhere, antibodies would develop. So the virus was put in a capsule which would not dissolve until it reached the lower intestine.

This oral virus vaccine was first tested on volunteers at the Lorton Reformatory in Virginia, and then, in the winter of 1965, was given to 135 Marine recruits at Parris Island. At the same time, another group of 132 Parris Island recruits was fed a similar "placebo" capsule *not* containing the vaccine. When they finished their training at Parris Island, both groups of recruits were transferred to Camp Lejeune where a severe adenovirus-4 epidemic was raging. Not a single recruit who had taken the vaccine came down with the disease. By contrast, more than 30 of the placebo group were hospitalized with severe cases of cat fever. The vaccine is now being given to 50,000 recruits at Camp Lejeune, Fort Dix and the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. So far it has scored a spectacular rating of 95 percent effective with 1,000 recruits in a second test.

The importance of these experiments goes far beyond the limited military benefits. As Dr. Chanock says, "If we can inhibit one virus this way, it means that we can probably do the same with *all* of them. We're already trying the same so-called 'atypical route' vaccination technique with others of the 30 adenoviruses and the 80 rhinoviruses."

And Dr. Davis adds: "Many difficult problems lie ahead. But we now may be holding in our hands a great boon to all mankind." □

"Prior to the opening of *this* baseball season. . . ."

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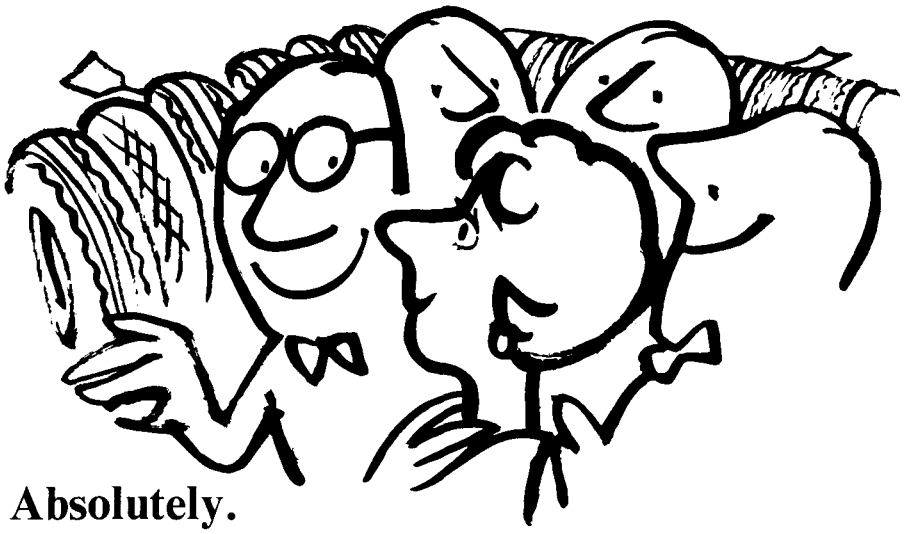
Can you trust us with your wife on tire-buying day?



Absolutely.

You say she doesn't know anything about cords and plys? You say she can't tell a retread from a radial?

Fine. We say she doesn't have to. (Neither do you, if you'd rather keep the dubious pleasure of buying tires all to yourself.)

Because, at B.F.Goodrich, we talk straight talk. Not a lot of technical tire gibberish.

All you've got to know to get the right tires from us is a few simple facts about how you drive. How much, how far, how fast and so on.

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Would we try to sweet-talk anyone into buying the wrong tires?

Nope. We're the straight-talk tire people.

The straight-talk tire people. **B.F.Goodrich**

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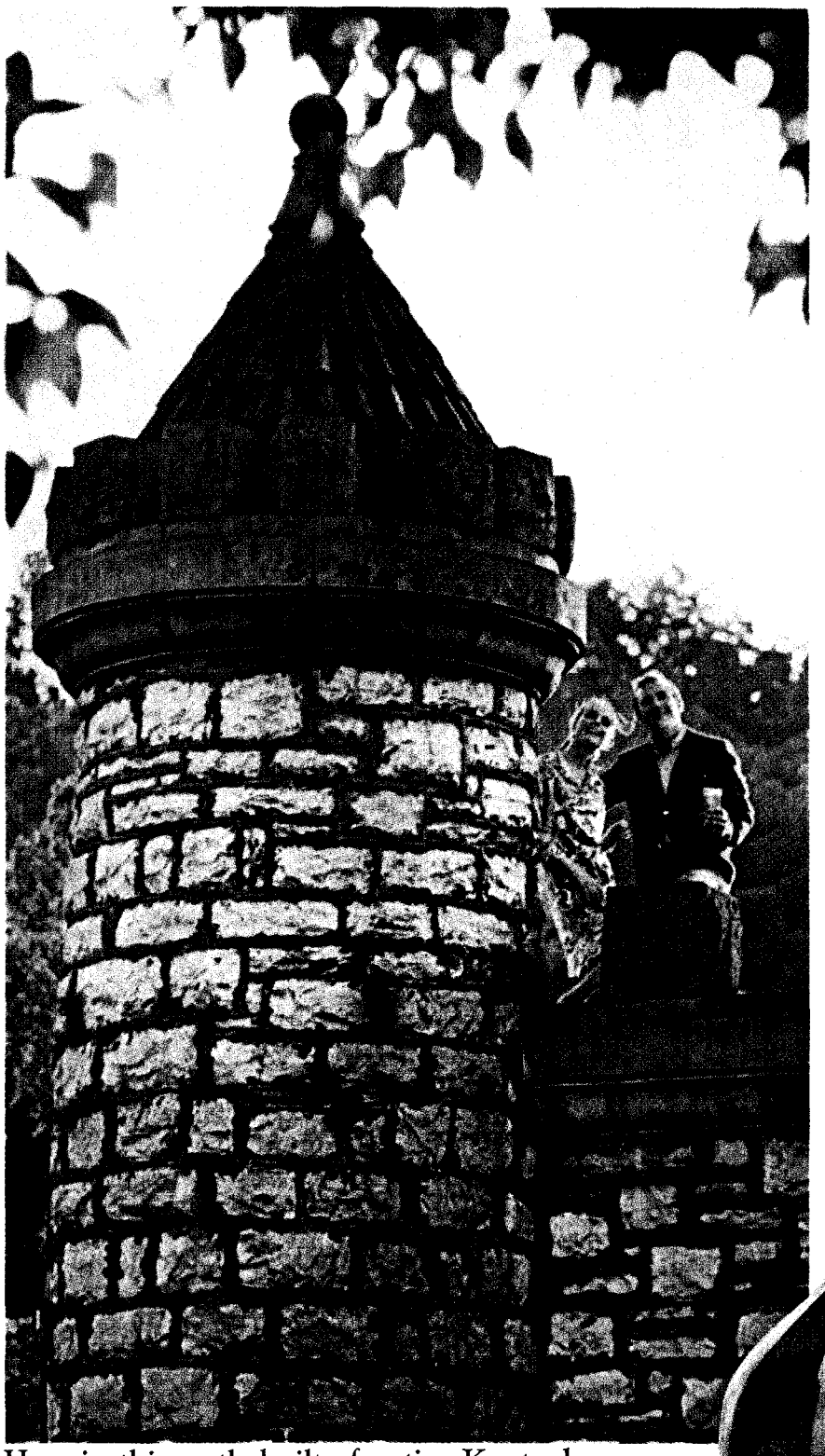
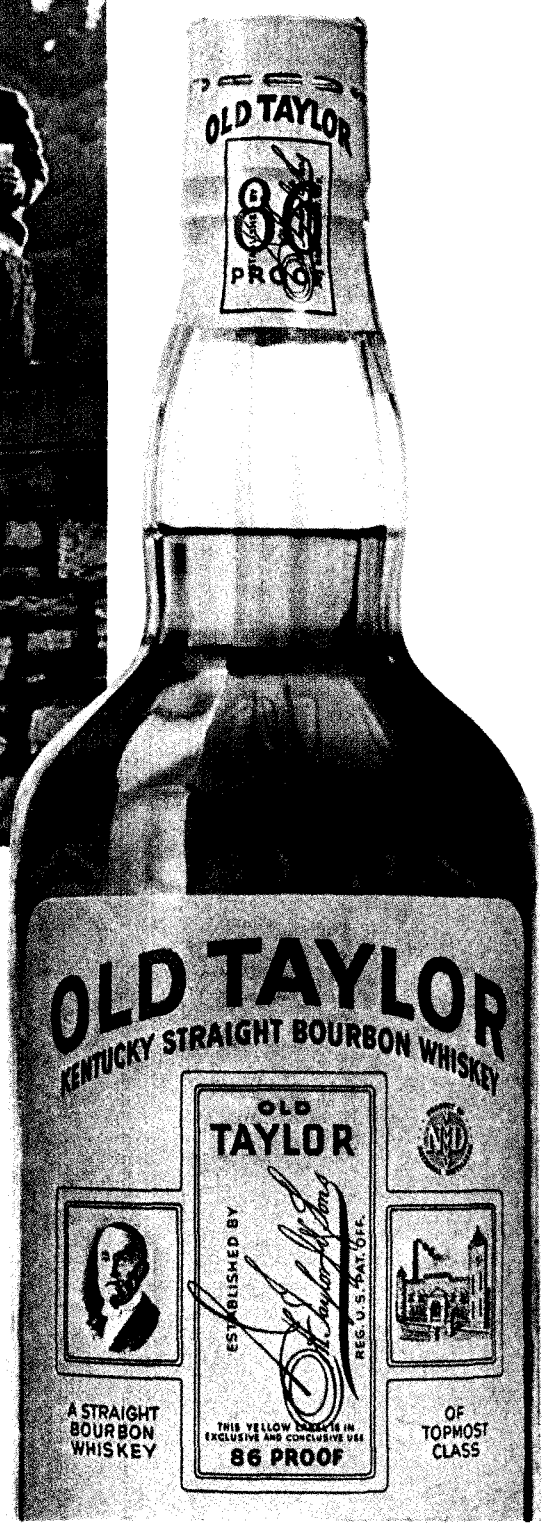
Photographed in Kentucky at the Old Taylor Distillery



People in the know, know Old Taylor—and prefer it. People in the know always have.

There are many Bourbons, only one Old Taylor. The flavor is no secret: the recipe is.

Here in this castle built of native Kentucky limestone, a great Bourbon was created...and continues to be made in the grand tradition. A Bourbon so smooth, so rich, so rewarding that today's moderns, who seek out the best in taste, make it their own. Shouldn't you?



Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor except the people who drink it

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Ky.

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BY JOHN SKOW

HAS TV GASP! GONE BATTY?

He is so square that he is cubical, and viewers who are older than 12 tend to chuckle or sneer, but the Caped Crusader is creating classic junk.

Why, you may well ask, is a nice young man like Billy West Anderson out there in Los Angeles hanging from a hook?

Why does Roger Arm so bitterly disdain spaceships?

Has E. William Henry lost his mind?

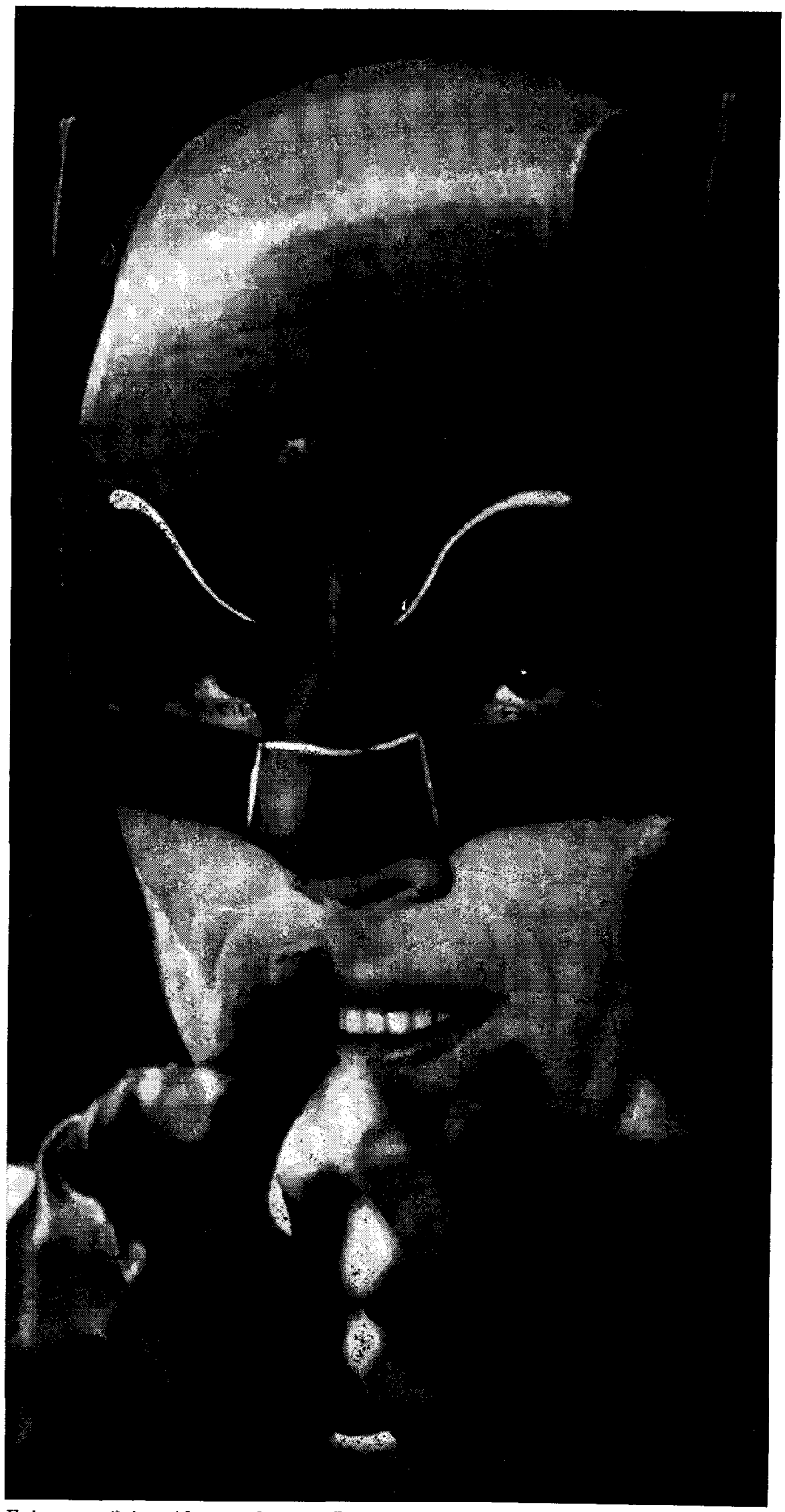
Why, furthermore, is Jimmy Juliano, a junior majoring in sociology, leaping about the Quad at the University of Connecticut at 11:30 at night (causing hundreds of scholars to set aside Samuelson's *Economics* and *Nugget* magazine and rush to their windows), dressed in a borrowed black cape, a knitted ski mask with ears attached, and black-dyed underwear shorts pulled on *over* his blue jeans?

Finally, why in the name of sanity is Gina Valentina, a sensible young lady, risking bronchial disorder by wibble-wobbling around Big Al's Bar in San Francisco wearing a mask and cape but (HOLY COW!) no shirt?

These are good questions. The answer is that, although last year's mass alarums (skateboards, elephant jokes, William Buckley's campaign to be mayor of New York) have disappeared beneath the fish heads and empty tin cans of non-history, and next year's frenzies have not happened yet, this season's dementia is already hard upon us. It is (POW! AAARGH! IMBECILITY!!!) *Batman.*

The *Batman* TV program was loosed upon the world on January 12. It immediately lodged itself in that subcellar of the national cerebellum that controls involuntary movements—political deliriums, the moods of teenagers, flying-saucer sightings, female nudity, the bayings of college presidents and, naturally, all distempers of the entertainment business. *Batman* abruptly became (SNICKER!! REVULSION!!) an obligatory topic in every conversation, a factor in the connivings of every department-store executive, a dull-day column lightener for every editorialist, the theme of every junior-high-school dance, and a password for every adult who for reasons praiseworthy or contemptible wished to slip past the sentries of the young.

Now Batmania spreads throughout the nation. The climate of foolishness produces winds of idiocy. Federal Communications Commission Chairman E. William Henry, who knows better, appeared at a Washington benefit recently wearing a Batman suit. At the University of Connecticut, Jimmy Juliano rigged himself out as Batman, persuaded his roommate to approximate Robin, and capered about the campus. University officials revealed themselves as Batfinks when they proclaimed that the capering must not recur.



Eying an evil foe with a steady stare, Batman prepares to thwart him with a Batmagnet.

Unable to stop herself, Gina Valentina confronted all of those red faces at Big Al's in half a Batman outfit. A topless Batwoman was inevitable. In San Francisco, bare-topped *frugistes* are as common as Chinese waiters, and a girl without a gimmick is just a thorax in the crowd.

Nationwide rage (KILL!! DESTROY!!) followed when ABC Television broke into *Batman* to give news of the emergency landing of astronauts Neil Armstrong and Maj. David Scott in Gemini 8. Said 20-year-old Roger Arm of Queens: "I was plenty mad because I missed out on Batman finding the clues and I missed out on the fighting." Naturally Arm was angry. Gemini was last year's fad.

That leaves Billy West Anderson. Why is he hanging from that hook? Well, someone has to *be* Batman. Anderson, whose stage name is Adam West, is it. Just now, as we look on, he wishes he were not. His archenemy The Riddler has tied him back to back with Robin (played by a slight young man named Burt Ward, who is not very happy either). The Riddler, who for some reason seems to be the owner of a candle factory (and who gets his name because of his fiendish delight in taunting the moronic Gotham City cops with riddles), is about to dip Batman and Robin into a pot of boiling wax.

This is very painful for West and Ward, who are now hung about 15 feet from the floor of a sound stage at the Desilu studios in Culver City. To hang an actor without the governor's permission you strap him into a leather-and-steel corset that passes around the waist and between the legs in a way that is uncomfortable even to look at. Then you attach the hook of a cable hoist to a hook on the back of the corset and push the hoist's "on" button.

West, who is working for the first time since a flu attack put him into the hospital four days ago, has been going since 6 A.M., when he left his Malibu Beach house, and he has been on the hook with Burt Ward since 7:30. This week's script calls for some 40

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL BRIDGES

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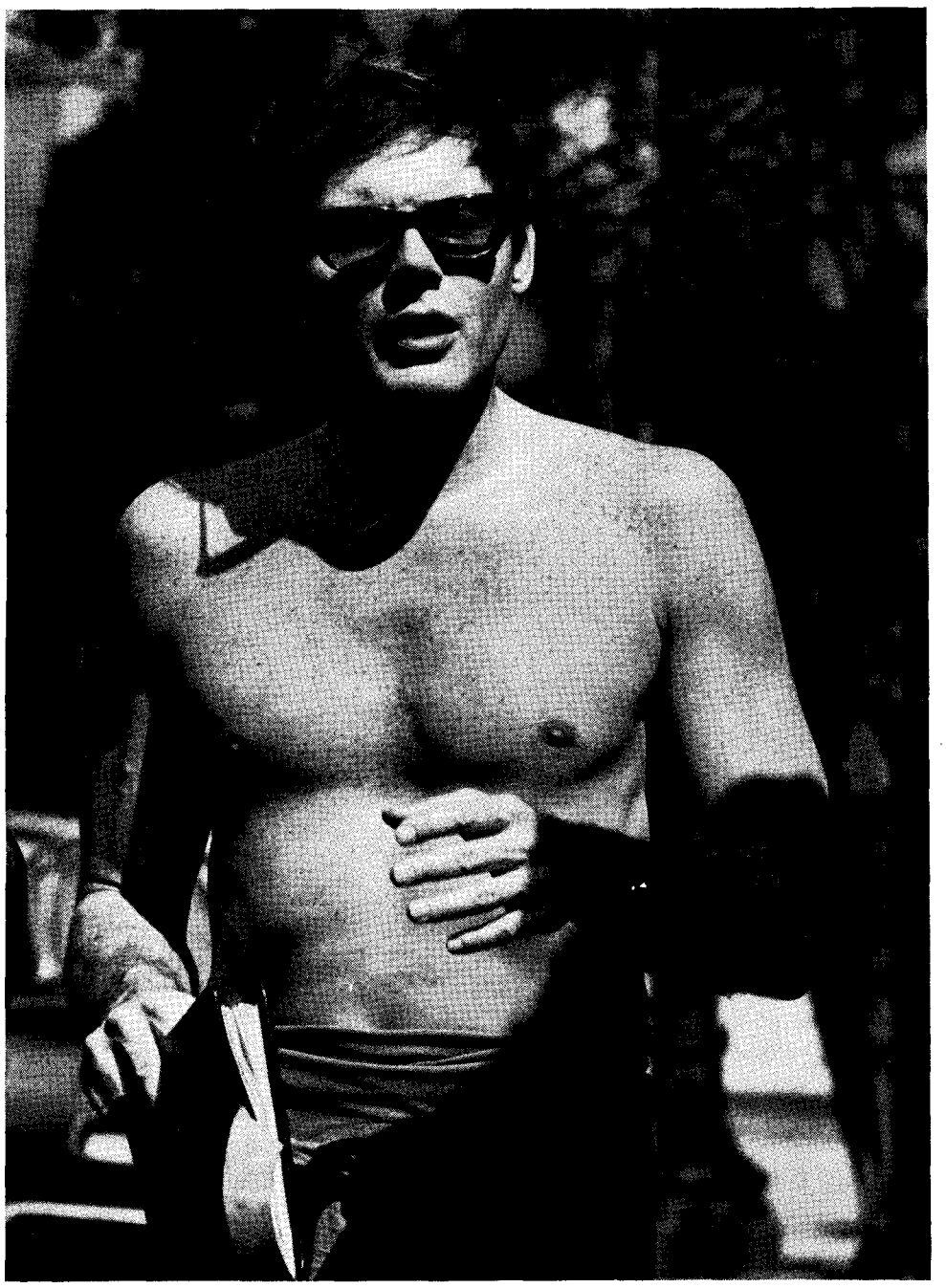
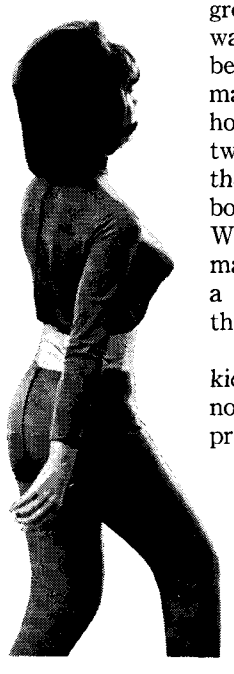


West concentrates on memorizing a piece of solid-mahogany Batman dialogue at a rehearsal.

'If all we had to do was be bad, we wouldn't work so hard.'



Curvaceous lawbreakers never get a tumble from Batman.

separate camera shots—almost one sixth of the total for the show's two half-hour episodes—to be made with Batman and Robin dangling above the boiling wax. It is all close-up work—quips flung back and forth between the gritty Dynamic Duo and the despicable Riddler—and none of it can be done with stunt men.

It is 11 A.M. now. Everyone's mouth is sour from coffee. Shooting has progressed halfway through the boiling-wax sequence, which must be finished before the lunch break. West and Ward, masked, still back to back and still hooked to their cable, are resting between takes. A piece of plywood across the big wax pot supports two green boxes on which they are sitting, slumped. West mumbles lines to himself. A makeup man peers at Robin, who has a complexion problem, and decides that repairs are not necessary.

Forty or fifty onlookers—tourists, kids who should be in school but are not, friends of cousins, and Burt Ward's pregnant wife, Bonnie—have wandered onto the set past a sign that says ABSOLUTELY CLOSED SET. NO VISITORS. They mill about and fall over things. A man wearing a business suit and a sport shirt buttoned all the way to the neck eyes an empty canvas chair labeled ADAM WEST. He wonders if he should sit in it. He does sit. He expects a policeman to grab him by the collar. No one grabs him. What has happened to the star system?

Director Jim Clark, a cheerful man who can run things without shouting, says, "OK, let's have Adam and Burt in the air." An assistant director yells for quiet, a warning bell rings, a red light goes on behind the camera, everyone keeps on talking, and the two actors are derricked into the air. West grimaces; it hurts. The men swing helplessly on their cable; they are steadied by stagehands pulling wires attached to their feet. Another stagehand drops several cakes of Dry Ice into the water-filled wax caldron to make it bubble. Clark calls for action:

ROBIN: Holy paraffin, Batman, this is going to be a close one!!
BATMAN: Too close!!!!
RIDDLER (*his raw emotions showing*): This is my dream come true! With you two out of the way, nothing stands between me and the Lost Treasure of the Incas . . . and it's worth millions . . . millions!! Hear me, Batman, *millions!!*
BATMAN: Just remember, Riddler, you can't buy friends with money.

After a bit more of this, Batman is supposed to confound the forces of evil by detonating a barrel of candlemaking chemicals (Robin! Prepare yourself for a shock!!!) with a ray of sunlight reflected from his utility belt, thus blasting himself and Robin free. "I don't know how you do it!" Robin is to say worshipfully after they recover consciousness. "There's no time for that now, Robin," says Batman, who does not wish to be praised.

The lines do not require Sir John Gielgud to interpret them. As a matter of fact, interpretation of lines is discouraged on the *Batman* show. The dialogue is supposed to be solid mahogany, and so Batman always speaks in a camp-counselor baritone, Robin in Hollywood's standard boy voice, and The Riddler (played by comedian Frank Gorshin, who is especially good at crazed laughter) in a stock-model maniacal sneer. Everyone knows his lines, and things should go briskly. A vision forms in Adam West's mind: it is a gigantic Bloody Mary, coming over the horizon like a ship. A half an hour, say 40 minutes ——

"Uh, hold it," says someone. There is a safety pin showing on Robin's cape. The Caped Crusaders are cranked down, adjustments are made, and up they go again. Halfway through the second take, West fluffs a line: "Just remember, Riddler, you can't buy friendship with, um, yeah, beautiful, could we try that again?"

The camp-counselor vitamins disappear from West's voice as he reacts to his mistake; he mimics beating his fist against his brow in remorse. For a moment there is no trace of Batman in the dangling figure; then the camera starts a third time and West is again heroic. This time it is perfect until almost the end of the scene. Then the camera runs out of film.

Take Four: Someone else blows a line, and now everyone is off balance. The mistake-makers are thinking, "Oh, for God's sake," and the rest are thinking, "No, no, nothing to worry about," and no one is thinking about the scene. Two more takes are fluffed. Now the rest are thinking, "Oh, for God's sake," and the mistake-makers are thinking, "Go to hell." Is this the end of our beloved Caped Crusaders? Will Batman ever say his lines right and get out of his damned corset (MUSCULAR DISTRESS!! TEDIUM!!!) and into that Bloody Mary?

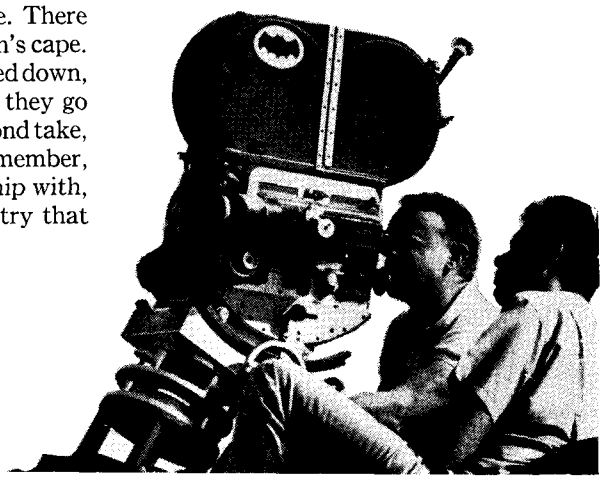
To find out, tune in again in a few paragraphs. But first ——

Why *is* a nice young man like Billy West Anderson out here in Los Angeles hanging from a hook?

It is not customary to start television programs at midseason, but the American Broadcasting Co. was in trouble. At least one of the three networks is in trouble each fall, when the ratings begin to turn brown. In this case, ABC's new programs had leaped into the hearts of millions, but not into the hearts of so many millions as those of NBC and CBS. Disasterville!! Unless ——

"At first I was a little taken aback at the idea," admitted a high-level ABC executive who was involved in the decision to send *Batman* to the rescue (the executive is no longer employed by ABC; in television one cannot afford to be taken aback by anything). *Batman* had been in the works since early summer—the original plan had been to begin showing the series next fall—and it had appalled and fascinated everyone who heard about it. Executive producer William Dozier, whose firm, Greenway Productions, contracted to make *Batman* for ABC, recalls the "terribly silly feeling" of being caught by an acquaintance reading a *Batman* comic book in the first-class section of a New York-Los Angeles jet. Dozier soon stopped being embarrassed and started being worried. *Batman* was to be an evening show; would adults feel terribly silly watching it?

No one has put it exactly this way, but it seems clear that Dozier, the ABC people and Dozier's writer, Lorenzo Semple Jr., came to a command



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decision early last fall: There was absolutely nothing that could make the adult American television watcher feel silly. The pop-art fad, one of whose twitches is an enthusiasm for old comic books, had made *Batman* almost flop-proof. As long as the pop fad lasted there could be no such thing as *bad* pop art: What in the world could it be? Of course, when the fad fizzled there would be no such thing as *good* pop art. The trick was to guess how much time was left before the fizzling set in. Dozier and ABC guessed there was time enough; the pop fad would stay alive, or if it didn't, the news of its death would take a long time to reach the sleepless dreamers who watch TV.

There is a captivating theory, advanced by citizens who become irritable and depressed when they count other people's money, that *Batman* is a success because it is television doing what television does best: doing things badly. *Batman*, in other words, is so bad, it's good. Howie Horwitz, the show's producer, is not sympathetic to this view. "If all we had to do was be bad, we wouldn't be working so hard," he says, with much exasperation.

Horwitz is entitled to be exasperated. To say that *Batman* is bad (or good, for that matter) is to be unrealistic. As cartoonist Jules Feiffer, who likes comics, wrote in his book *The Great Comic Book Heroes*, "Comic books, first of all, are junk. To accuse them of being what they are is to make no accusation at all; there is no such thing as *uncorrupt* junk or *moral* junk or *educational* junk. . . ." TV melodrama is also junk, and Feiffer's reasoning can be extended: there is no such thing as good junk, only successful or unsuccessful junk. *Batman*, faithfully translated from one junk medium into another junk medium, is junk squared. But it is thoroughly successful and—this troubles critics for whom good and bad are art's only poles—it can be surprisingly likable.

Members of the mind-bending profession—admen, art hustlers, TV reviewers—call *Batman* "camp," however, not junk. "Camp," "campy" and "camping" are this season's vogue words. The notion behind camp is mean-spirited: a sneering fake-enthusiasm for whatever is pretentious and not quite successful, a jeering private laugh at anyone square enough to take the pretension seriously. Oddly enough, camp owes its popularity to an article in the indomitably dense quarterly, *Partisan Review*. It was written by a young critic named Susan Sontag, who owes *her* popularity to her ability to make totally obscure references in such a way that the reader feels intellectually unclean for not understanding them. In her "Notes on Camp" she says the movie *King Kong* is camp. Nothing obscure here, except that she refers to the film as "Schoedsack's" *King Kong*. (EMBARRASSMENT!! DISMAY!!) The abashed reader discovers, upon inquiry to the Library of Congress, that Ernest Schoedsack was the director of *King Kong*. Only Schoedsack's mother knew it then and only Miss Sontag knows it now. This is Girl Scout camp. The author has more merit badges than anybody.

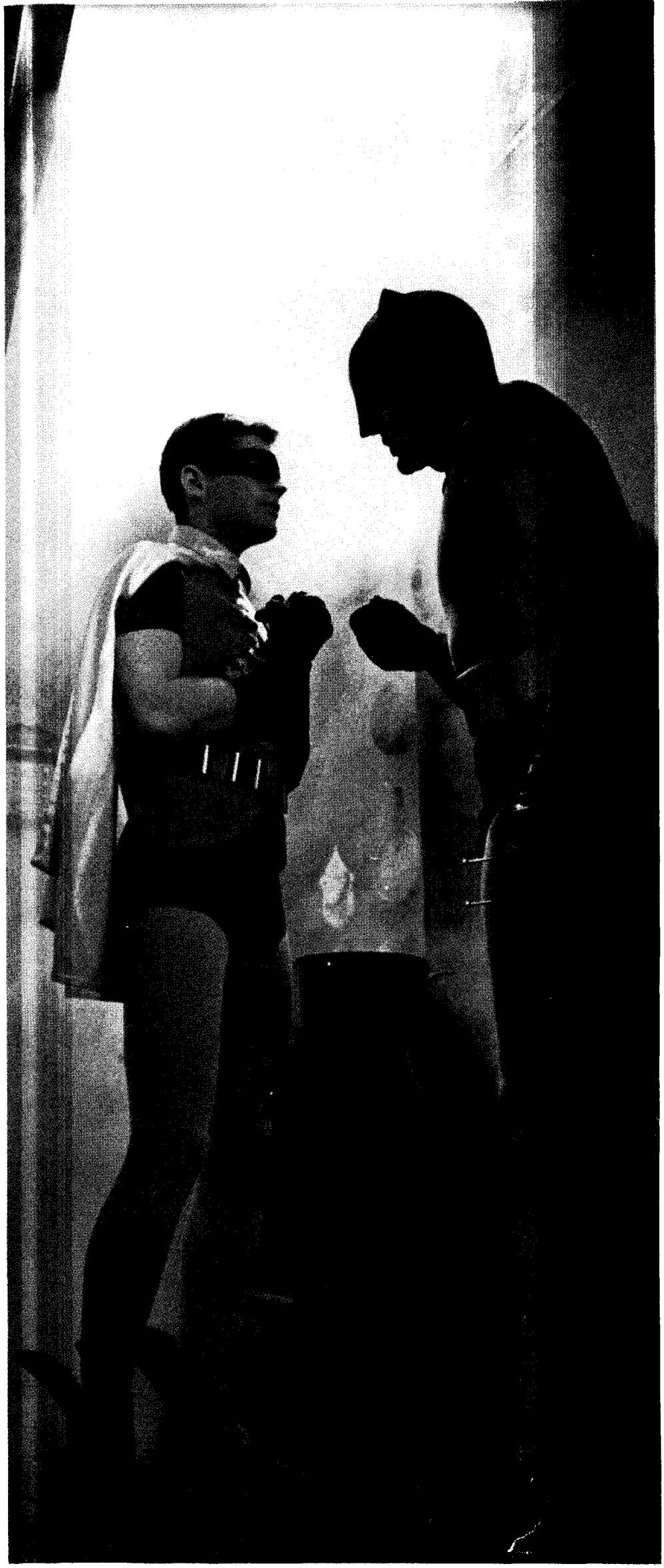
Camp, in short, is contempt set in code. That is why *Batman* is not camp. Producer Dozier says that "up to twelve years old, they take *Batman* seriously. From thirteen on, we've got them chuckling into their beer." Another beer, in that case, for California's 13-year-olds; but what kind of code is it that fools only children too young to open a pop-top? "Junk" is the word that everyone has been searching for.

"Everyone has a certain amount of guilt about *Batman*," said Lorenzo Semple Jr., who is chief writer and editorial adviser for the show (BATBARD is the title on his desk). "It was all so fantastically easy . . ."

Semple's remark was not an apology for *Batman*'s light-mindedness. "I've always hated the so-called 'serious' dramatic shows," he said. "They're nothing but semi-truths and evasions. We started out to do a pop-art thing and we're doing it." The comment was, I think, a coin thrown into the fountain for good luck by a man who knows the odds against any new show, and who knows also the dreary fact that since the quality of the writing is more or less the same for all TV series, quality has very little to do with success. (The reason the writing is of the same quality is that most of it is done by the same writers. A writer may turn out a script for *Batman* one month and for *The Fugitive* the next. Minor actors and directors move from show to show, the directors often moving so quickly they do not have time to fit together even roughly the film segments they have shot. The producer and stars stay with a series; the rest are Hessians who fight competently but not fanatically for anyone willing to pay their salaries.)

It was Semple, more than anyone else, who set the tone of the show. He is a veteran magazine short-story writer who discovered several years ago that he could live comfortably in Spain freelancing TV scripts. Semple wrote five *Batman* episodes, and drew up a list of commandments for other writers. Killing, for instance, is forbidden. "This makes our plotting more difficult; there isn't much for the villains to do except steal things," said Semple. But the taboo is necessary; much of the show depends on the "guest villains"—The Riddler, The Joker (played by Cesar Romero), The Cat Woman (Julie Newmar) and The Penguin (Burgess Meredith)—who return to plague Gotham City every few weeks. "It would be immoral for them to commit murder and then come back on the air." Semple, a mild, medium-sized, pink-faced man in his late 30's, looked serious as he said this.

The profession of producing nonsense, it turns out, is very serious. "You just asked me about espionage," Semple was saying. "It wouldn't make any



Robin and Batman about to be cooked alive by steam in a trap sprung by The Bookworm.

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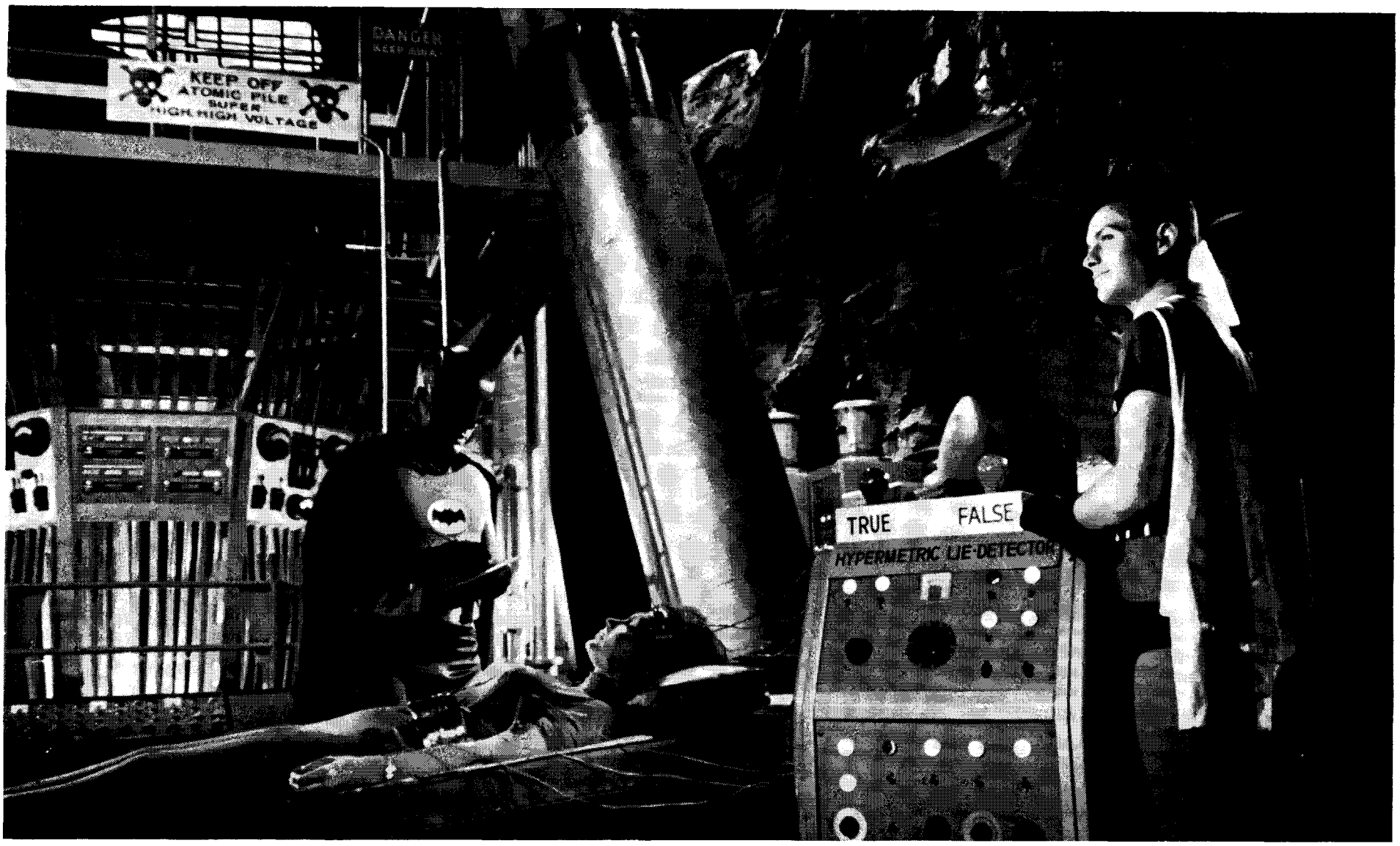
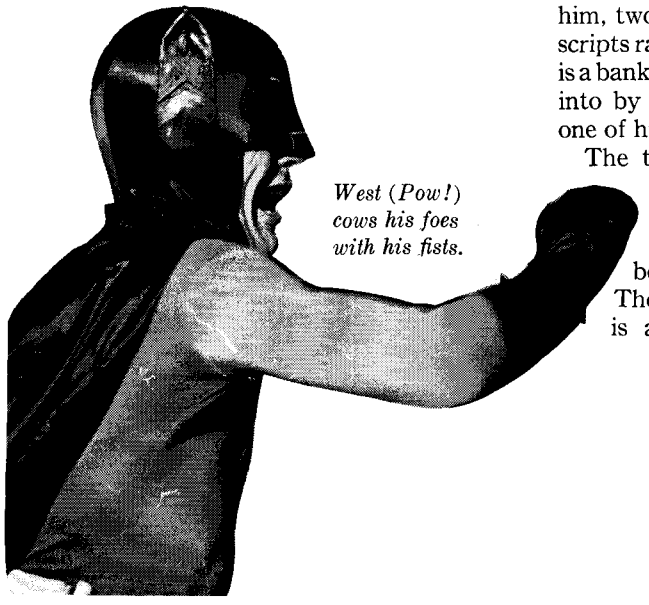


In his secret headquarters, a laboratory filled with wondrous gadgetry that blinks and flashes, roars and rumbles, Batman prepares to note down the answers of shapely villainess Francine York while Robin, the Boy Wonder, stands ready to give her a lie-detector test.

'The name of the game is take their money and go live somewhere else.'



West (Pow!) cows his foes with his fists.

sense. If there were spying in Gotham City, the police commissioner would just pick up the phone and call the CIA, wouldn't he? You have to have *some* logic. We had a bit in one of the shows where Batman is following a crook in the Batmobile, and he pulls up to the curb and starts to get out to chase the guy. But there's a cop there and he points to a sign that says NO PARKING. Batman says, 'You're absolutely right, Officer,' and backs up his car. Now that's just idiotic. I argued about it. I mean, look, he was in hot pursuit. Nobody is *that* square."

Semple caught himself sounding excited. "This town is insane. The name of the game is take their money and go live somewhere else." As I talked to him, two lines from one of the *Batman* scripts ran through my mind. The scene is a bank vault that has just been broken into by a villain called Falseface and one of his thugs.

The thug says, "We did it! We're rich beyond the dreams of avarice!"

And Falseface replies, "Not beyond *my* dreams of avarice!" The money generated by *Batman* is almost enough for Falseface. Semple, for instance, gets $1,000 on a bad week (the $1,000 is for being editorial adviser, a not-very-taxing duty; he gets more when he writes a script). The licensing firm handling the promotion of Battoys and Batgadgets says that gross Bat sales for 1966 should reach $75–$80 million, or about 50 percent more than the best year for James Bond knickknacks.

Not much of this prosperity, however, seems to have reached Bob Kane, the man who invented the *Batman* comic strip 27 years ago. Kane, who is in his mid-40's, is a pleasant, somewhat rueful-seeming man who lives in a modest, cluttered bachelor apartment in Manhattan. In the last few months he has seen a lot of reporters but he still seems surprised to find himself being interviewed. "Yeah, that's right," he had told me the week before, "I created *Batman* at 19. I was just out of DeWitt Clinton High School, it was a big thing." He smiled. "It was like I was the da Vinci of the Bronx. I was famous young. The last five years have been a little quiet."

He went on, "Camp? I knew camp like two weeks in the country. But I meant the strip to be a put-on." (This is not really convincing. The original *Batman* burned with belief, or at least with wish-fulfillment. I know. I was eight. I used to read *Batman* and go out and jump off garages. But maybe eight-year-olds jump off garages now after watching Adam West. At any rate, it is said that *Batman*-watching families with eight-year-olds in them are torn with dissension because of the "Daddy, stop laughing" problem.)

Kane has also said of his creation, "Batman is what I always wanted to be but never could." This seems more believable than his claim that he was kidding right from the beginning. Kane certainly takes Batman seriously now. Musing about his character's popularity, he told me, "Something happens to people when they see a guy in that suit. You know, people need a hero. A few years ago it was Ike, then Sinatra . . ."

Not everyone sees it that way. As we rode in a taxi a few weeks ago, Kane coyly asked the driver if he had seen *Batman*. The man said yes, and Kane asked him how he liked the show. "I think it stinks," said the cabbie. Kane looked shocked, but said nothing.

Kane does not have any of his original drawings, which would be worth

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a good sum now in the camp trade. He thinks an ex-wife threw them out. He does have a dozen big canvases of Batman, Robin and the villainous Joker, rigidly drawn and wildly colored. He painted them a couple of years ago, he says, and he is waiting for the right moment to have a one-man show. Oddly, something seems wrong about the pictures; they aren't "hard-edged" enough. (Pop artist Roy Lichtenstein, mimicking draftsmen like Kane, invented deliberately crude, "hard-edge" paintings that look like blown-up comic panels. Kane's Bat figures, on the other hand, are comic characters who have somehow turned up in ordinary oil paintings.)

Batman is still in comic books, and Kane still does much of the strip's drawing. He owns a small piece of the Batman rights (a syndication company owns the rest). He likes the TV show, and thinks Semple, Dozier, Adam West and Burt Ward have done a good job. He would like to meet them someday.

Wait a minute! GREAT SCOTT!!! Adam West?? Burt Ward?? Can they still be hanging from that (*$$$&&!!*) hook, inches from the boiling wax?

Back to the sound stage. No time has elapsed; the scene is as before. Director Jim Clark speaks, showing no emotion: "Make it work, boys, make it all work."

And they do. For some reason the sequence now seems as easy as picking money off the floor. Who did Gielgud ever beat? Only one more shot now before lunch: the explosion that will blast Batman and Robin loose. If there is one thing Hollywood knows how to do, it is an explosion. The special-effects men move briskly. Like the rest of the crew, they are middle-aged. They are dressed in short-sleeved shirts and beat-up slacks, as if they were headed for a foremen's picnic. They sit down whenever there is nothing doing on the set, but when they work there is no waste motion.

Now they are ready. The bell rings, the red light goes on. Clark calls for action—PHOOM. No exclamation mark; a man could yell louder and not get thrown out of a good restaurant. But the white cloud is beautiful and impressive, exactly right. West and Ward are cranked down. Lunch.

A tall man walks by in a bathrobe. He has uncombed red-blond hair, black-rimmed glasses, sweat on his face; he looks, except for the glasses, like a not-quite-heavy-enough heavyweight who has just finished a workout. I have never seen him before. "Hey, Adam," says one of the crew, "sign this for my dentist." It is West, all right, but it is certainly not Batman. West stops, laughs, holds his back to show how the corset felt, illustrates the sensation with an improper joke. His lack of resemblance to the Caped Crusader is extraordinary. West's face is mobile, amused. Batman has two expressions, mask on and mask off. He is so square he is cubical.

Batman is supposed to be cubical, of course, but critics had been writing as if he behaved that way because West himself could not out-act the Batmobile. (The Batmobile, as a matter of fact, is not much of a car—it is a customized '57 Lincoln that sounds like a washing machine full of rocks—but it is an expert actor. It has more flashing lights on its dash than an F-111, two drag chutes, and a hot-line phone.)

West dressed—slacks, sunglasses, no shirt, a light cardigan sweater buttoned at the navel—in a dressing room that looked like the superintendent's office at a construction project. He explained with enormous satisfaction that 20th Century-Fox, which produces *Batman* in association with Dozier's outfit, had promised to build him a dandy new dressing room—"It'll be great: stereo, bar, dozens of broads, color TV. . . ."

I asked whether Fox would build a new dressing room for Burt Ward. West gave me a funny look; he didn't know, and it was clear that he was willing to let Ward take care of himself. Later I got a funny look from Ward when I asked whether he and his wife ever saw West socially. Obviously the Caped Crusaders are only business associates, and of course there is no reason to be surprised that they are not close friends. But a backstage visitor, even when he knows better, is continually getting caught up in the on-stage illusion; he is foolishly surprised, for instance, to hear Ward talking like a self-assured, intelligent 20-year-old instead of a teen-ager with bad adenoids.

West drove to lunch in a new black Cadillac convertible he had just bought. There was a ski rack on the trunk; he grew up on a ranch near Walla Walla, Wash., and did some ski-racing there at Whitman College. Weekends, he said, he had been teaching his children to ski (he is divorced, and has a boy and a girl in grammar school).

Before *Batman*, West's knockabout acting career had taken him to Hawaii, where he spent four years as an actor-director for a TV variety show. A series of parts in such movies as *The Young Philadelphians* and *Mara of the Wilderness* kept him eating well most of the time. The romantic lead in a TV series called *The Detectives* made him a solid Hollywood citizen.

By last year West's career had begun to look promising. It was a little late in the game to be promising; he was in his mid-30's. Still, there was the possibility of a comedy film for Italian producer Dino De Laurentiis, and he had once done some nightclub singing; he might try that again.

Then came *Batman*, and for the first time in West's life, people were turning around in restaurants to look at him. He accepts the stares cheerfully and with remarkable balance; newly successful actors almost always say they want to direct *The Brothers Karamazov*, and West merely says that he would still like to do the De Laurentiis comedy when he is free.

West slumps after removing his stifling-hot Batcape at his first personal appearance. He then sang a selection of popular songs.

What was your reaction when you heard about *Batman?* I asked West at lunch. "My reaction was *Ecch!*" he said. But *Batman* had turned out to be fun. "You have to take it seriously," he said. "I want to do it well enough that *Batman* buffs will watch reruns in a few years and say, 'Watch the bit he does here, isn't that great?'"

Later that afternoon he did a bit like that. The scene was in the Batcave, Batman's wonderfully nonsensical hyperatomic laboratory. Batman was working with test tubes, and he was wearing rubber gloves. When he finished he peeled off the rubber gloves, and underneath (INSANITY!!!) he was wearing his Batgloves. ("Yeah, sure, but listen, there was the time he was going to bug The Penguin's hideout, and he used—get this—a *real plastic bug!*" "OK, but how about when the guy told him that one of the robbers was a girl with green hair, and he said, 'Darned good observation'?")

That afternoon the shooting was relaxed. "Hey, Adam, your seams are crooked," someone yelled to West, who was rehearsing a fight scene with a stunt man dressed (green union suit with black question marks) as The Riddler.

"Take off my glasses, someone," West called out as the shooting began. "Pamper me! Pamper me!" Burt Ward went by in costume, walking like a man pulling his feet out of warm tar. "His knees get wrinkled if he bends them," a press agent explained hurriedly. A few feet away, looking oddly counterfeit in Batman and Robin outfits, two stunt men blocked out a brawl with several of The Riddler's thugs. One of the thugs—an actor, not a stunt man—swooned before he got punched. "Don't anticipate, wait till you get hit," said a stunt man patiently.

Director Clark said they were about two hours behind schedule, but that they would make it. Producer Howie Horwitz stood by, for the moment pleased with things. "I think we have the greatest put-on in Hollywood history," he said. "My definition of high camp is all the other producers telling me this show isn't going to last."

Later I visited William Dozier, the executive producer. He produced *Playhouse 90* years ago, and he has a high reputation for literacy. ("He's a highly literate man," I had been told several times.) Background music played softly in Dozier's office as he told me that *Batman* would invade England this summer and that a sale to Japan was being discussed. He went on, "*Batman* will fade, of course. We won't keep all the adults we have now." In the meantime, he said, they would do a *Batman* movie. "We'll have The Joker, The Riddler, The Cat Woman and The Penguin get together to stamp out Batman, and the humor comes in when they fight about what to do." He explained, "It's an exploitation film."

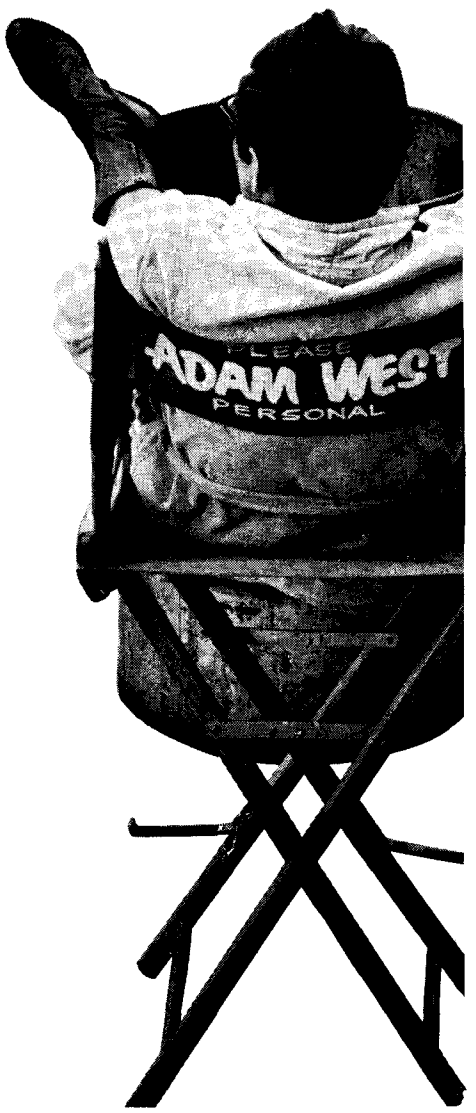
Would *Batman* be televised next season?

"Oh yes. But we have to think ahead. We want to do something not quite so childish, something for adults."

Did Dozier have a project in mind?

"Yes," he said. "We're starting work on *The Green Hornet.*" □

Relaxing between takes, West gets set for an immortal Batman bit.



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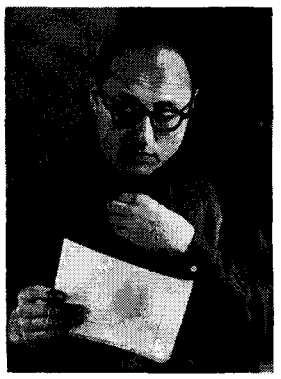
Editorials

Nguyen Cao Ky

Self-determination in Vietnam

From time to time, some skeptical critics of our war effort in Vietnam raise the question: What are we fighting for? The official answers are soothing: We are fighting against Communist aggression and for the independence and freedom of South Vietnam. It is good to keep these answers in mind when Buddhist monks organize parades against the military junta in Saigon and demand a civilian government, when student rioters have to be dispersed with clubs and tear gas, when anti-American feeling is so widespread that prominent Washington officials postpone visiting Saigon, when even South Vietnamese troops demonstrate openly against the military government. Not long ago, we hailed Premier Ky as our protégé in Vietnam, just as we had hailed General Khanh, whom Ky overthrew, and General Minh, whom Khanh overthrew, so apparently each succeeding general can count on a new round of U.S. support. If this is what we're fighting for, it presents quite a spectacle.

The pornography problem



Ralph Ginzburg

"Impeach Earl Warren" is a slogan of the far right, for Warren and the Supreme Court that he heads have long been a major force in ending racial segregation, upholding the Bill of Rights, ordering more progressive voting rules, and generally pushing American society in the direction of liberalism. But one recent decision has prompted the Court's liberal admirers to a frenzy of wrath.

"It was a grim day in the temple of justice," declared *The New Republic*. "[The] sentence is an outrage." Two score intellectuals took a full-page ad in *The New York Times* to denounce the court's ruling: "The sick will celebrate. The rest of us will mourn and do everything we can to protest." The subject of all these arguments was equally indignant about his fate. "I may be a social pariah today," said Ralph Ginzburg, "but I'll be regarded as a martyr in the future."

What outraged Ginzburg and his defenders was that the court had just upheld a lower-court decision sentencing him to five years in federal prison and a $28,000 fine on 28 counts of mailing obscene material, specifically a magazine called *Eros*, a newsletter called *Liaison* and a book called *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*. What puzzled many legal experts—and divided the court itself—was that the majority did not specifically declare Ginzburg's publications to be obscene in themselves but held that "The 'leer of the sensualist' . . . permeates the advertising for the three publications . . ." and that the ads "openly boasted that the publishers would take full advantage of what they regarded as unrestricted license allowed by law in the expression of sex and sexual matters." In a series of separate dissents, Justice Douglas argued that the ruling condemned "an advertising technique as old as history," Justice Black insisted that the Government had no right to punish "expression of ideas of any kind," and Justice Stewart warned that "Censorship reflects a society's lack of confidence in itself. It is a hallmark of an authoritarian regime."

We naturally favor an extremely liberal interpretation of the First Amendment's guarantee of free speech and free press, and we think the courts were unwise and uncharitable in imposing a prison sentence on Ginzburg, whose physical freedom is not exactly a threat to society, but we nonetheless believe that Justice Brennan's majority opinion has a good deal of merit.

The basic facts are that pornography does exist, that the production of pornography has been increasing sharply in recent years, and that the widespread sale of pornography is self-evidently bad, like a foul odor in the air. Sensuality and eroticism are not the same as pornography, of course, and there is no excuse for the Puritans who once tried to "protect" us from Joyce's *Ulysses*—or even, for that matter, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *The Tropic of Cancer*. The Supreme Court made that clear in its 1957 ruling on the so-called "Roth case." It declared that a book could be suppressed as obscene only if it were "patently offensive," "utterly without redeeming social value," and if its "dominant theme . . . appeals to prurient interest . . . to the average person applying contemporary community standards." In short, any legitimate writer could write practically anything.

No sooner had this tolerant rule been laid down, however, than every scrap of pornography could be appealed to the Supreme Court, each lurid volume laying some kind of claim to "redeeming value." At one point Chief Justice Warren referred to the mounting pile of trashy books and asked wearily, "Do we have to read all of them?" Precisely by refusing to rule on whether all of Ginzburg's various publications were obscene, the court has, it seems to us, deliberately avoided the role of censor. Instead, it has implied that there are general limits, and that anyone who advertises lurid erotica may be judged on his own promises, regardless of how he fulfills them. That makes sense.

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